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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

"NASBY —IN— EXILE."

See Fifth Page.

VOLUME LX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1892. NUMBER 35.

Poetry.

ON THE REVERSE ORDER.

I know a young pair who are wedded and poor—
For it sometimes happens that way—
Who wrestle each day with the wolf at the door—
For it sometimes happens that way.
Now, if this were a novel, we'd find them all right,
And living on love and a sup and a bite,
But I'm sure that they quarrel, and I've heard that they fight—
Well, it sometimes happens that way.

There once was a man with a mother-in-law—
For it sometimes happens that way—
Whom he daily subdued with a vigorous jaw—
For it sometimes happens that way.
Though we all know she should have been savage and grim,
And a gigantic terror, who tyrannized him,
Yet she really was docile and lacking in vim—
For it sometimes happens that way.

There once was a man who went to a "show"—
For it sometimes happens that way—
Though he was bald-headed he took a back row—
For it sometimes happens that way.
And he didn't sneak home in fear of his life—
Nor, when asked where he was, tell lies to his wife;
In his actions she saw no occasion for strife—
For it sometimes happens that way.
—Indianapolis Journal.

HOW SHE DANCES IN FLORIDA.

There's a blush and a bloom and a flash in the gloom;
The air swoons around you; you catch the perfume
Of a thousand faint summers that, subtle and sweet,
Keep time with the tunes of the Junes to her feet!

In the near light and fair light and rare light she glides
From the shore of the lake like the ripple of tides
When the moonlight is on them, faint, faster and free,
Till they surge in a storm to the lips of the sea!

And you gaze on the maze of the wonderful ways,
As the billows break round her in thunders of praise,
And she glides like a dream into shadowy lands
And leaves you to dream with a kiss in her hands!
—Atlanta Constitution.

VAGRANT VERSES.

His Ambition.

In youth 'twas ambition to
Become an actor bold;
To play a heavy part and help
The deep plot to unfold.

But when at last I trod the boards
My hopes received a jar,
For I was one of the "sticks"—
A buzz-saw was the "star."
—Somerset News.

The Open Page.

When meadows don the cloth of gold,
And maples nod in caps of green,
When all that's gayest may be seen
Freed from the gloom and winter's mould,
And flitting blackbirds loudly scold
That berries hide cool leaves between,
When rushes fling their lances keen,
Up through the brook in manner bold;
Full well I know the time o' year,
For I can read Dame Nature's book.
She's fast asleep this drowsy noon,
And does not dream I am so near.
Ah! what may we not find who look?
Step softly, lest she wake too soon.
—Boston Budget.

That's the Way of It.

He pitched his white tent in the wilds
Far from the human "set,"
And with a faith just like a child's,
He said, "I'll get there yet!"
He put him up a case of type,
A hand-press and a "stick,"
And there, where screamed the owl and snipe,
He made the letters "click."
They wondered what he was about
When in the woods they found him,
But when he got his paper out
They built a town around him.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellany.

WANG'S BABY ELEPHANT.

The Pachyderm That Will Appear With Comedian Hopper.

A bit of news that amused the actors of the town last week was that the big elephant that Comedian De Wolf Hopper rides in "Wang" has a playful baby elephant that will appear with the Siamese emperor's laughable pachyderm when the comedian reappears in the Broadway theater in August. The original "Wang" elephant used to drink a gallon of beer every night, and once had to resort to arbitration when its hind legs went on strike unexpectedly one night because the front legs got all the beer. The legs of the elephant were nimble actors who wore rubber trousers filled out with wooden hoops. The new baby elephant is at present under the skylight of Palmer's theater. It is now engaged in what is technically called "growing skin."

Composer Woolson Morse and his brother Charles went to the retreat on Wednesday last, and found the body of the baby pachyderm hanging by a steel wire from one of the rafters. A costumer sitting beneath it was sewing its hind legs. The original elephant was eight feet high, and carried its tall master around the stage without any trouble. The baby elephant is only half as big, but it has taken half a dozen men three months' time to get it as far advanced as the skinless condition. The manufacture of the baby elephant was an interesting undertaking. It was modeled, by the way, after the bronze elephants that were given away as souvenirs to those who went to see the big elephant drink beer for the hundredth time in the Broadway theater. A sculptor made a model in clay four feet in height. Sections of the model were covered with soft plaster, and casts were taken of them. A skeleton frame of the body was made next with strips of bark. When this frame was finished, it was covered with glue, and cotton batting was stuck on plentifully. Over the wadding will be stretched the elephant's skin, when the time comes to put on the finishing touches.

The making of the body frame was comparatively easy. The trouble began when it came to making the imitation head and legs. The legs were made of strips of canvas, padded with wadding, and shaped by means of wooden hoops strung together. They were jointed at the knee, and fitted with feet that are made of heavy carpeting. The head is made of cloth stretched on strips of wood, and stiffened by pasting layers of papier mache on the inside. The mouth is set on spring hinges, and a trunk, made of cloth drawn over a series of steel springs, is fastened on securely. The trunk can be curled up or wiggled by strings. The eyes are moved in the same manner, and by pulling other strings the ears are flapped in a life-like manner.

Woolson Morse's brother, who is known on the stage as Charles Manvel, will manage the new baby elephant.

"How will you do it?" a friend asked.

"Why, I'll be inside of him, and work the strings and the front legs, while my own legs are inside the elephant's hind legs."

Just how Mr. Morse is going to accomplish the feat of getting inside the baby elephant is something that no fellow could find out by looking at the elephant, and Mr. Morse wouldn't give the snap away. The men who were the front and hind legs of the big elephant got into position when the body was hung up over their heads. They drew on the legs like trousers and the body was lowered down upon them. The little elephant doesn't work that way. Its front legs are stuffed with cotton, and are lifted up and moved about by machinery. Not only can it drink, but it can also squirt water through its trunk, which is more than the big elephant can do. It can also pick up things with the end of its trunk, just like a live baby elephant. Its trunk has a suction tube and a pair of steel nippers. Its head is hitched to the body frame, and balanced on a brass bar fitted at the end with a glass ball, which allows the head to swing to and fro and up and down in a strikingly life-like manner.

The baby elephant will be on the stage nearly all the time in the new version of Wang. It will play with the emperor's numerous grandchildren. They will ride on its back, and it will sing an accompaniment to their "baby song." Its skin will be on this week, and it will go into training with Keeper Morse for three weeks. It is the only mechanical baby elephant in the world.

FUN IN CLASSIC CAMBRIDGE.

The Effect of the Dime Novel Has Penetrated That Sanctuary.

One hot morning this week two little boys, about 6 or 7 years old, and a little girl two years younger, were playing about in the back yard of one of the houses of a brick block on a certain street in Cambridge. There was a hammock in the yard, and the children had been swinging each other until they had tired of the amusement, according to the Boston Journal.

"Say, Dick,' shouted the smaller of the two boys. "Let's play robbers."

"All right, Harry. How'll yer play?" said the other boy.

"Well, I'll be robber king and you'll be one of my company. We'll go ever so far off, almost to Boston, and we must kill every single man we meet.'

"What a bloodthirsty little fellow this is," thought the writer. Then the other little fellow spoke up, saying:

"Let's capture Tharah first and shoot her. Make believe she was a princess, sleepin' in a hammock."

This plan met the approval of Master Harry, but little Sarah, lying in the hammock, deeply interested apparently in a big picture book, was oblivious to everything that was going on.

The two boys walked stealthily to the other end of the yard, and then, getting their toy pistols and tin swords out, gave some blood-curdling yells, and dashed toward the little girl in the hammock.

"S'render! S'render! Hold up yer hands! Money or yer life!" shouted the two youngsters, seizing little Sarah and hustling her out of the hammock on to the grass.

"Mah-mah! Mah-mah!" cried Sarah, loudly, rising to her feet and pushing aside the discomfited robber king and his chum. "Dick Smith and Harry Brown threw me out of the hammock. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo," and the little girl burst out crying.

"Now, Tarah, don't cry like that," said Dick, running to her side. "We was only makin' b'lieve. This ain't a truly pistol. Don't cry, that's a good girl."

But little Sarah was only making believe herself, and as she withdrew her chubby hands from before her face no traces of tears were visible, and it was seen that what had seemed to be crying was only laughter.

"You is gwate wobber kings, you is," she shouted in glee, "to be skeered by a girl."

The boys said nothing more about robber kings that morning.

COULDN'T LEARN THE TRADE

Something About Rollers in the Big Steel Mills.

Boston Journal:—H. C. Ayer, who owns rolling mills in Youngstown, and confesses to having more money invested in iron and steel works than he wishes he had, said to some friends to-day: "We learn from the newspapers that some of the striking mill men earn as much as $15 a day. These are the rollers. The statement falls short of the truth, for many men in my employ at similar work have earned $20 and $40 a day, and they can do it in evening dress without soiling white gloves. They are skilled men in their line. Upon their skill depends the merchantability of our product, and it is costlier to put inexperienced men in their place than it is to pay them $40 a day."

"I have seen them stop work and leave the furnaces full of melted iron, causing great loss in the mill, simply beply because of a change in the lengths of rolled iron, which really enabled them to earn more than before. I know a mill owner who decided that his son's future would be more serene as a roller than a proprietor, so he put him in the mill and subjected him to the same regulations which governed the other operatives. One day he was waited on by a committee of the men, who demanded that his son be taken out of the mill. They would not allow him to learn their trade. The alternative was a strike at time when it would have been fatal to the business. So the proprietor's son was unable to learn a trade even in his father's shop and had to join the clerks in the office."

LIFE IN AN ENGLISH TOWN.

Conditions of Misery Everywhere Meet the Eyes of Visitors.

Birmingham Letter:—In a little district, for they are scattered throughout the town, called Sidemoor, we find those making the largest wages at their daily toil. In a little shanty about 10 by 10 feet we find four people working, as if for life, with hammer and anvil, pounding out hob nails. Man, wife and two children.

In this little 10x10 shanty, with a hole here and there, dirt floor, with a single furnace in the center, where the iron rods are heated, stands or stoops the father, with the perspiration running from every pore (although a cool day), handles as heavy iron as possible, that he may make a trifle more, while near him his wife, with sleeves rolled up and dress unfastened at throat, with red face, endeavors to do a corresponding amount of work with a smaller sized iron while the children, who are grimy and stunted, and whose every action indicates the want of fresh air, but a dogged persistency to do a certain number of nails, wields, after rude shaping, a rough trip hammer with a tie worked by the foot, completing a cheap hob nail.

Shingling the House.

Chaplain McCabe tells a story of a drinking man who, being in a saloon late at night, heard the wife of the saloon-keeper say to her husband: "Send that fellow home, it is late." "No, never mind," replied her husband, "he is shingling our house for us." This idea lodged in the mind of the drunkard, and he did not return to the saloon for six months. When passing the saloon-keeper in the street, the latter said: "Why don't you come around to my place any more?" "Thank you for your kind hospitality," replied the former victim, "I have been shingling my own roof lately."

In Polite Society.

Tweedledum, jr. (to Tweedledum, sr. —By jove, Miss Tweedledee's looking as old as her mother!

Mrs. Tweedledee (unexpectedly, unoblivious)—Who is taking my name in vain?

Tweedledum, sr.—Let me hasten to plead guilty. As we were saying, Charles and I, you are looking as young as your daughter!—Life.

Uncle Jerry Rusk's Conceit.

The President—What's the matter with Jerry this morning? I started to congratulate him on the excellent quality of weather he's furnishing, but he turned away and walked off, with his head in the air. I think he's getting sort of conceited and vain.

Lije—Yes, he's a little weather-vane! —Boston News.

Large Heathen Temple.

The largest heathen temple in the world is in Seringapatam, India. It comprises a square, each side being one mile in length, inside of which are six other squares. The walls are 25 feet high and five thick, and the hall where pilgrims congregate is supported by 1,000 pillars, each cut from a single block of stone.

A Summer Idyl.

"Adown the stream of life," said he,
"I would like to drift for aye with thee."
The maiden looked at him and smiled
With all the happiness of a child.
"But wouldn't a steam yacht," she said,
"Be better able to go ahead?"

GENIUSES AND THEIR WIVES.

Neither Carlyle Nor Dickens Happy in Their Marriages.

Carlyle confesses in his "Reminiscences" that he was a miserable egotist in his home and with his wife. She was a wonderfully gifted woman who, for his sake and her pride in him, sacrificed her own ambition and became a veritable household martyr. He did full credit to her courage, her talents, her devotion—after she was dead—in the manner of most men, though too vain and selfish, by his own confession, to take thought of her patience, her grace and nobleness while living. Their marriage was not a happy one, says the New York Advertiser.

Carlyle lived in his books and studies, leaving all of the disagreeables and contrivings of poverty to her, that could have been made so much less trying by his sympathy and appreciation, to save him discomfort. Nor did he spare her the sight of his devotion to other women, who flattered his vanity, but who, save for his fame, would never have noticed him.

What Charles Dickens saw in his wife to do credit to his brains is not known. It very certain that after marriage she saw very little in him for people to make a fuss over. While the world was sounding his praises she discounted them at home by depreciation. She mortified him in public by saying she did not understand what they saw in his books to admire so much. To her they were tiresome.

As they grew older they grew apart, and finally became so unhappy they had to separate. Dickens found more congenial friends, who flattered him and administered to his vanity, while at home his greatness was not recognized. His wife had full knowledge of his faults and the seamy side of the idol of the public. Behind the scenes it is likely his creative genius was overtopped by his intolerance as a husband and the neglect of the mother of his children, upon whose good name no cloud had ever rested, save that brought upon it by the repudiation of the man who had solemnly promised to love, honor and cherish her until death did them part.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Jeff Would Have Kept His Promise, but It Wasn't Necessary.

Jeff Bryant and his brother Abe each owned large tracts of land near Boston, and they were bachelors.

One day the brothers agreed that the one that married first should have the other's land in addition to his own. One Sunday about nine years ago, Abe called at Jeff's house.

"Good morning, Jeff."

"How do you do, my boy," answered Jeff.

"Jeff, you remember that marriage agreement we made?" asked Abe.

"Well, I reckon I do," said Jeff. "What about it?"

"I'm going to be married Wednesday. Are you ready to keep the engagement?"

"Sure as you're alive," answered Jeff. "I hain't got no use for a man as will go back on his word."

"Well, you are right, Jeff, and you shall be my best man."

So the compact was sealed, but Jeff did not intend to give up his 1,100 acres so easily. He just fooled Abe. Instead of waiting for Abe to get married on Wednesday Jeff hitched up and called on a neighbor's daughter and proposed that very Sunday night. He was accepted, and they were married Monday.

Then he went to Abe, saying:

"Abe, that little arrangement of ours, you remember—"

"Yes; well?"

"You see, I was married this morning and want to know if you allow to keep your promise."

"Well, this is a little suddint like, but I reckon it's all right. I'll keep my word."

And he did. Abe transferred his property to Jeff. On Wednesday Abe was married as per contract, and went to live on a rented tract of land.

Singularly enough, the brothers have been good friends all these years.

FUNNY THINGS.

Bulfinch.—I was very sorry to learn the sad intelligence of your wife's demise, Mr. Eisenstein. You have sustained a great loss.

Mr. Eisenstein.—A great loss? Vell, I should say as much; I had shoost paid $18 to have her teeth filled.

"Do you suppose," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "that the prodigal son greeted his father loudly and joyfully?"

"I reckon not," said the bright boy. "His voice must 'a' be'n kinder husky."

Miss McBean (tourist, from Boston).—It's strange that the Sphinx keeps silent in the face of the remarks of these vulgar people.

Mr. Bacon (ditto, from Chicago).—It wouldn't, I reckon, if it didn't have lots o' sand.

"How to keep cool?" That is easy enough;
Just follow one simple, short rule:—
Don't warm up your intellect reading the stuff
That is written on "How to keep cool."

Come into the garden, Maud,
The whitewashing-man has flown;
But here are the grass and the tops of the trees,
We still may call our own.
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Took Care of Herself.

"I have a friend who has a very pretty and exceedingly muscular wife," said Thomas A. Holt, at the Lindell. "Like most handsome women, especially those who live in the smaller cities, she had been much annoyed by the rude staring and smirking of street-corner loungers, and she determined to resent it in a vigorous and effective manner. Her husband is an expert boxer, and, without saying anything about her plan, she began to take daily lessons in the manly art. At the end of six months she had a muscle like a prize fighter, and could strike a blow that resembled a hydraulic ram toying with a stone fence. Then she girded up her health corset and went on the warpath for the genus masher. She soon found a victim. A big fellow in a suit loud enough for a fire bell gave her a prolonged stare of insolent admiration. She repaid him with her sweetest smile, and he was quickly at her side. Then she read him a brief lecture, reached out with her left and caught one of his asinine ears and held him fast, while with her right she played a tattoo on his face that made it look like an underdone beefsteak, winding up the exhibition by knocking him into the street. It was not very ladylike, perhaps, but it had a salutary effect on the masculine irresistibles of that town."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Engagement was Broken.

"Where are my suspenders, maw?" shrieked a Jefferson avenue belle to her mother, across the upstairs hall.

"Your father borrowed them while I mended his," was the answer.

"I can't find my four-in-hand tie."

Your brother Tom wore it last night—you will find it in his room."

"But, maw, where's my silk yachting shirt?"

Algy wore it to the regatta."

There was a brief silence. Then the voice wailed across the hall again:

"Maw, I can't find my riding trou-s-e-r-s."

"Charles has them on," was the response.

Then a tired-looking young man who had been waiting unannounced in the hall below rose up and softly stole away.

"She might want my boots next," he said, wearily, and no one knows why that engagement is off.—Detroit Free Press.

Important Nautical Discovery.

Little Gertie—Oh, papa, I've just found out what makes the yachts go up and down so.

Papa—What is it my child?

Little Gertie—It's that horrid man at the wheel, pa; he keeps stirring it up behind with a long pole.—King's Jester.

A Platform Philanthropist.

Primus—I am told that your lecture last night was really a literary treat.

Secundus—Thanks, awfully. Who told you?

Primus—The box office man. He said you were $500 out of pocket by it.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Means Business.

Willie Knox—This new young man you've got means business, Sue.

Susan Knox—How do you know?

Willie Knox—He offered to trade dogs with me and give me $2 to boot.—New York Herald.

Where It Would be Read.

Mr. Sapoline—I want this soap advertisement placed where plenty of servant girls will be likely to see it.

Advertising Manager—All right; I'll have it put next to the society column. —King's Jester.

David "Buried" Hill.

Mr. David Bennett Hill's disappearance is as complete as that of Charley Ross, though less mysterious.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER IX.

A HERO'S DEFECTION.

It was some days after his aunt had left before Fred ventured to call at Professor McElroy's. Tom, however, continued to be an almost daily visitor. The Professor, Fred knew, was quite busy, and as he could not have Lide's company to himself, he unselfishly resolved to leave the opportunity he coveted so greatly to Tom. If Lide could only save him, he felt that he would himself, be willing to give up almost everything.

He met Lide twice upon the street, and each time she bowed politely, but rather coldly, and showed no disposition to stop. Her manner puzzled him greatly, for he was not aware of having given her any cause for treating him so distantly. At length he could stand the suspense no longer, and called at the house one afternoon, but she was out. The next time he was more fortunate in finding her, but there was a reserve in her manner that showed him that he had in some unexplainable way tumbled out of her good graces. After an uncomfortable twenty minutes spent in her company, he resolved to cut the Gordian knot of her behavior toward him, and learn in what way he had offended her.

"You were always frank with me, Miss McElroy," he said. "Please tell me why your manner toward me has changed so decidedly since Aunt Eunice went."

She looked at him rather mournfully. "You poor, unfortunate hero!" she exclaimed, relenting toward him, and returning, for the moment, to her old manner of treating him, "I am really sorry for you, Sir Frederick, but I cannot explain. Perhaps your father can."

He started up, an angry frown appearing upon his brow. "So it is my father's doings!" he said. "Are you going to condemn me on his account?"

"O, no. But you will appreciate my reasons when you fully understand them."

He turned as if to go. "Are you going to give up your heroism because I am unkind?" she asked.

"No. I will stick to that upon general principles, and in the hope of a kinder future," he answered.

Fred lost no time in probing the matter to the bottom. He found his father in the office, and after a nervous turn about the room, he stopped before his father's desk.

"What have you been saying to Lide McElroy that has set her against me?" he asked, in a heated way.

The lawyer looked at him quizzically. "What is Lide McElroy to you?" he asked.

"A good deal! I would marry her to-morrow if she would consent."

"Has she been turning the cold shoulder to you? I am heartily glad of it."

"You did not answer my question."

"I told her I regretted her interest in Tom because I could not, in any case, favor an alliance between her father's family and my own. I do not see why you need to be cut up over Tom's loss."

Fred turned upon his heel, and went and stood by the window. A moment afterwards he turned about again, and faced his father. "The noblest girl in Daleboro comes here to ask you to help in saving your own son from a drunkard's fate," he said, "and you not only refuse her request, but insult her by suggesting that she only wants to marry him. I supposed until this moment that I had a gentleman for my father, but I fear I was mistaken." And in the heat of passion he left the office and started for a long walk into the country.

The Hon. S. J. Bement felt decidedly uncomfortable for the third time within a week. So great was his discomfort that he was again compelled to visit the neighboring saloon in search of refreshment. The feeble-minded youth was again present in the saloon, but his former friend did not ask him to drink with him this time. The young gentleman was already cuddled down in a chair with the vacuous look of a drunken man, and even Mr. Bement hesitated to call him up for a fresh supply of the magic liquid.

A week later Prof. McElroy started out upon his lecturing tour and, as usual, his daughter went with him. She delighted in the excitement and change of these seasons of campaigning, as she called them, and the close care she took of her father during these critical periods with him, was not her only reason for undertaking them. Fred's chances for seeing Lide, therefore, during the next few weeks, were extremely limited, and he did not care to take advantage of those, even. He preferred that the effect of his father's words should gradually wear away before he again became a persistent suitor for her favor.

But he turned the more closely to his mother, not only for her sympathy, but that he might encourage her and make up to her for her own sorrow and disappointment. For Tom, as soon as Lide's constant influence was withdrawn, soon went back to his cups. Fred struggled long and manfully against this fate, but Tom's old associates were too strong to be resisted. Tom, himself, wept like a child when he realized what he had done, but he had lost hope and courage both, and it was useless to try to keep him away from the old haunts any longer.

Lide soon heard of the defection of one of her Modern Heroes, and was hardly surprised at it. She met Tom upon the street a few days after she had heard the news concerning him, and she stopped him. Tom had been drinking, but the sight of his old friend sobered him somewhat. "Tom," she exclaimed, "tell me where you have thrown my colors. I want to rescue them from the disgrace."

He looked at her, half in shame and half in a feeble attempt at joking. "I haven't thrown them anywhere, Lide," he said. "They are where you put them."

"Tom!" she cried, seizing the lapel of his coat and throwing it open. But there were no colors there. She looked up into his face with an expression of reproach.

"This is not the vest!" he said, almost gleefully. "That one hangs up in the closet at home. I am going to have them put it on me when I am dead, to show that I had one true friend in my life-time."

She could have cried with vexation. She had hoped that Tom would at least keep his promise to throw away the badge she had given him before he drank, and had thought that the dramatic difficulty of such a renunciation of her influence would prove a powerful deterrent. But appetite had found an easy way of circumventing her, and the tears came into her eyes as she realized how easily she had been defeated.

"Tom," she exclaimed, "put on the vest and come and see me this evening. It is the last one when I will be at home. Please come!"

"No, Lide. It is of no use to ask me. I have sadly disappointed you once, but I will not do it again. It is the old story to the tombstone 'finis,' this time."

"How can you joke about it, Tom?"

"What is the difference? We must die some time. Why not one time as well as another? A short life and a merry one is my motto now."

"But afterwards, Tom."

A sober look came into his face, but he quickly chased it away. "After that the deluge," he said. "Don't try to make me miserable, Lide."

"Tom, there is one friend you have not tried. I was foolish to think I could save you alone. He will prove a better friend than I have been, Tom. Try Him! He can save you if you will only let Him. Come over to-night and let me ask the Savior of men to save you from your appetite for drink. Oh, Tom, do come!"

He was silent for a moment, and then the tears came into his eyes, but he savagely brushed them away. "It is no use," he said. "You can't save me, and God won't save me, for I am not worth saving. I am going straight to hell! Lide, I know what it all means well enough. My father and those who taught me to drink are sending me there, and I can't help myself. I am lost forever!"

The despairing wail with which the last words were uttered pierced through Lide's heart like a knife. She stood as if petrified for a moment, and then renewed her entreaties, the tears running down her cheeks meanwhile. But tears and words were of no avail. She reminded him of his mother, of Fred, and of his Aunt Eunice, but he would not let the thought of these, even, move him.

"Fred has stood by me like a lover, and I know that I am breaking mother's heart," he said, "but all this cannot overcome this fearful appetite. If it wasn't for making the four of you into mourners, I would take the revolver route into hell to-morrow!"

"Tom!" she exclaimed, greatly startled at his hint. "Promise me that you will not do that!"

"I won't, Lide. I know that it would kill two at once, and I do love mother yet. If I had only let her teach me manhood instead of thinking that Dad knew more about it than she did, I wouldn't be where I am to-day. Manhood! Little they knew about it! They teach us to drink in order to become manly, and then they turn their backs upon us because we learn their lessons too well! Damn them! Why can't they be Christians, instead of heartless heathens?"

Tom was eloquent, for he was deeply conscious of the injustice of these social customs invoked under the false guise of friendship, which were crowding him, and others with him, into the very gates of hell. Lide listened to him with the dull consciousness that his denunciations were much more than half deserved. When she left in despair, a few minutes later, it was with something of his intense feeling in her own heart.

On reaching home she went at once into the library, where her father was at work, and sat down on the edge of the table in front of him.

"Papa, I have been looking into an earthly hell to-day, through Tom's eyes," she said. "And oh, papa, it is a terrible thing to think of. Why will people tempt others to drink, when they know so well what the consequences will be?"

Her father looked down with a serious expression in his eyes. "I do not know," he answered, sadly.

"It would be so easy to save the children, if the men would only help us," she continued. "But they will not. No one would lose anything worth a moment's thought. Surely not the children, who would only lose the opportunity of becoming drunkards. But they will not think of this. If drinking men could only hear that word 'lost' as I have heard it to-day, it seems to me that they would stop leading others into drinking habits."

Her father was silent. He had felt these truths in a general way, but he ha had never realized before how the finer sensibilities of woman might be wrung to desperation by these exasperating results of man's injustice to his brother man.

"Lost! lost! lost!" she repeated as if unable to get the fatal word out of her mind. "Tom is lost forever! Just think of what his mother must feel! And outside of his mother and three or four real friends, nobody cares whether Tom is lost or not! They will go on drinking just the same as if he had never lived!"

For answer her father took her hand and drew her down upon his knee in the place where many of her childish confidences had been made and the storms in the firmament of her childhood experiences had been quieted. In this position the intensity of her emotions gradually passed away, and when the clock struck the supper hour she got up without a word and went out to have the meal served.

When it was over she started out to call upon her friend Sadie, and on the way encountered Fred Bement. He had come out in the hope of meeting her, and his steps were naturally turned in the direction of her home. She saw him coming and half stopped, and when he came up, she met him with a smile and an outstretched hand. She immediately turned back as if desirous of talking with him, and finally they turned in at her own gate and sat down in the chairs on the tennis ground. They spoke of Tom and of his sad relapse into drinking habits, of his mother and her despairing grief. Lide also told him of her encounter with Tom that afternoon, and of its effect upon her, but after a little she began to talk in lighter vein.

"I have repented of one hasty act, Mr. Bement," she said. "I was foolish to condemn you because of your father's hasty words. It will be too late to play tennis when papa and I get home for good, but when we do come, please come and see us as you did six months ago. Six months, remember, not two," she added, laughing.

"Very well. Six months it is," he answered. "It will only leave four to make up."

"With an indefinite number of months, very possibly a lifetime, after the four," she said. "I have satisfied my conscience, Mr. Bement. I advise you to decline my invitation."

"I shall not do that. I am anxious for peace on any terms."

"Armed neutrality, sir. Do not confuse the issue by the use of wrong words. I have promised that I will not interfere, but I have not promised to capitulate, Mr. Bement."

"Is the order of Modern Heroes abolished?" he asked, looking at her with a protesting smile.

"Why?" she asked, laughing.

"I have fallen in love with a title you were kind enough to sometimes bestow upon me. Have I forfeited it? You seem to be condemning me to a good deal of heroic uncertainty."

"That belongs to the months that come after the four, Sir Bement," she said laughing again. "Do not try to hurry fate or a woman's favor."

"I am not anxious to hurry it," he said. "I am only anxious to be sure of it in the end."

"You are not!" she said, decidedly. His persistence was becoming a little distasteful to her. "Now let us go and call upon Sadie," she continued. "I was going there when I met you. It will break the ice for you if you should decide to seek for her smiles rather than wait for some other woman's frowns."

"Is it a duty?"

"Yes, I will make it a duty," she answered, smiling.

"Then I will go, since I am sure of your company."

Sadie saw them coming and met them at the door with a happy smile. When they entered the parlor, they found that she had already had a visitor. It was one of Fred's intimate acquaintances, and Fred greeted him with lifted eyebrows. He returned the greeting with a sheepish smile, for it was his first call in this particular quarter, although he and Sadie had seemed to be quite good friends when they happened to meet elsewhere. Lide's greeting was a pleasant, matter-of-course one, but at the first opportunity she cast an approving glance at Fred, and he answered it with one equally flattering. Harry Morton was a young man of excellent promise, and yet one whom Sadie's charms would abundantly satisfy.

Lide and Fred staid but a little while Lide excusing herself upon the score of pressing duties awaiting her at home. It was already dark when they came out, and Fred walked with her to her own gate. "The well laid schemes of mice and women aft gang aglee," he said laughing. "You see you are forestalled in your good intentions."

She laughed pleasantly. "Do you give up so easily?" she asked.

"You ought to know how easily I give up," he answered.

She hastened to change the subject. "Sadie will be as happy as a robin in cherry time," she said.

"And so will Harry," he answered. "They are well fitted for each other. He will not be condemned to suffer heroism. I almost envy him. What time do you start in the morning, Miss McElroy?"

"At 5 o'clock," she answered, biting her lip, but carefully avoiding the topic of love and lovers thereafter. He left her at the gateway, declining her politely given invitation to come in. "I know you must be busy," he said. "Good night."

"Good night, Sir Frederick," she answered.

He laughed happily, for it was an intimation to him that four months of the arbitrarily imposed delay had been blotted out.

CHAPTER X.

HEROES AND THE UNHEROIC.

In the crisp October weather that prevailed early in the morning of the next day, Professor McElroy and his daughter started out upon the last of their campaigning tours for the season. They had already been over a considerable portion of the state, the professor speaking in most of the larger towns, but a large portion of his time had been spent in the district of the great champion of protection, William McKinley. In the iniquitous gerrymander of the previous session of the legislature, he had been a special object of attack, and had a hopeless Democratic majority to fight against, but he went at the work manfully and was also generously assisted by the central committee. Lide and her father met him often in their to-and-fro wanderings about the district, and Lide, especially, had learned to admire the small, deep-browed man whose efforts had been so potent in the establishment of Republican principles.

With the natural tendency in Lide's heart toward hero worship, she had looked upon Major McKinnley as an almost ideal man. His genial good nature, his energy, his direct, gestureless manner of speaking, and his commanding presence, all combined to fulfill her ideal of one whom it would be a delight to honor and ecstacy to love. Compared with him, all lesser heroes, and those with no heroism at all, paled into insignificance. Should such a man come to her with words of love upon his lips, how gladly would she listen to them!

The train sped on through a country naturally beautiful, but especially charming in the glowing tints of the dying foliage. Lide lay back in her seat in a dreamy spirit of contemplation and drank in the panoramic beauty of the changing scenery. Her thoughts were busy, for in the abounding vitality of her young womanhood there were many feelings and emotions that sought for recognition. Love and ambition had both knocked at the door of her heart, and although they had not been answered, they had stirred up within her re-echoing emotions. Living as she was in an atmosphere of applause, with her own words, in some instances, spoken in her hearing, and with the self-confidence of one who has stood calmly and with self-possession before a large audience, it almost seemed to her that fame and the accomplishment of some great purpose were within her reach. Why should she not strive for and win the world's applause, as her father and others with whom she came in contact were doing? The thought was an inspiring one; and yet, dimly realizing the real limitations of her power, she put the question by unanswered.

She thought, too, of love's persistent call. Fred Bement had stirred within her heart something more than friendship merely. It was not love, but that feeling which precedes it, and which may easily be developed into it. She began began to feel and delight in this newly discovered power over the individual masculine heart. It was the transition period in her heart life, which in one of weaker principles or of more shallow heart emotions, might easily crystallize into coquetry. Fred could still be displaced in her affections by one who more closely filled her ideal of manhood, but love she must, sooner or later, and the fortunate one of her choice would find her a willing subject of the world-mastering passion.

Her father did not disturb her thoughts until a longer stop than usual, in an important town, had thoroughly broken in upon them. When the train started again she was quite ready to converse, and asked particularly concerning the work which he was about to undertake.

"What about this young Murdock?" she asked.

"He is a smart, energetic fellow, I believe," the professor answered. "He is a poor speaker himself, but he has the next best thing as a substitute, a speaking pocketbook. That is the reason why we have been placed under his orders for the next three weeks. His contributions to the campaign fund have entitled him to call for whatever he may want in the speaking line."

"I do not know whether I like that or not," Lide said. "He will think that as he has bought us and paid for us, we will be his property. Have you ever met him?"

"I think that we saw him at Dayton two years ago, but I am not sure."

"Murdock? Murdock?" repeated Lide. "The name sounds familiar, but I cannot conjure up the countenance that goes with it. Do you think that it was at Dayton that we met him?' she asked, smiling.

"Are you contemplating one of the magic recognitions that politicians are famous for?" he asked, laughing.

"Yes. It is sometimes very flattering to one—to a young man, especially."

"And you are going to commence by trying to flatter him. How are you going to finish with him?"

"By telling him to go about his business if he is presuming. But that will not be necessary for, of course, he has a wife or sweetheart already. Successful young men usually do have one or the other."

"And so ambitious young ladies are forestalled in their hope of marrying greatness."

"Are you becoming personal?" Lide asked, laughing. "Or was that intended as a wise general remark?"

"A general remark with an individual application, perhaps," her father answered, jokingly.

George Murdock met the two campaigners as they alighted from the train in the principal town of the Twenty-third district. He approached Professor McElroy without hesitation, and cordially shook hands with him.

"I was just trembling in my shoes for fear you had missed connections, or something of the sort," he said. "We are going to have a rousing audience to-night, I tell you! I should not like to be compelled to face it all alone."

"We never miss connections, Mr. Murdock," Professor McElroy answered. But young Murdock had already turned to Lide, having coquetted with time long enough to avoid the appearance of undue haste.

"Mr. Murdock, I believe," she said, extending her hand to him. "I think I met you at Dayton, did I not?"

"No, at Hamilton," he answered.

"Well, they are not so very far apart, you know," she said, laughing. "I have met so many, that places and faces are apt to become confused in my mind. I am glad that it was the place this time."

He laughed with her, a pleasant, musical laugh that, somehow seemed to tell her something of his character. "I trust that the face will never become confused in this case, Miss McElroy," he answered. "The place and your face were both quite fresh in my memory. But I am keeping you waiting here. Let me take your bag, professor. It is only a few steps to the hotel."

"The Beebe House? I have been there before."

"Yes. And my mother is stopping there, Miss McElroy. She will be glad to meet you."

"Does she go with you to take care of you in your campaigning?" Lide asked, with a roguish glance at her father.

"Oh, no," he answered, smiling at the inference. "I persuaded her to come over to meet you, and to help in giving the campaign a good send-off. We are late in starting, professor, but I tell you it is going to be a rattling one."

"I dare say it will, from what I hear about you," the professor said, smiling.

Lide fancied that she was safe for the rest of the way to the hotel, but she was mistaken. "Do you ever speak, Miss McElroy?" Murdock asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Papa will tell you that I have a clattering tongue, and sometimes a sharp one."

"I mean in public."

"No. One orator in a family is quite enough. Another would be a superfluity."

"I am not sure about that. I will promise you a good salary if you will help us in our campaign. It would be worth a thousand votes to me."

"How do you know that?"

"By intuition, and observation, also. Have you been in Mableville before?"

Lide bit her lip, but she could only answer his question. "Yes," she said.

"Then you know the way to the parlor, upstairs. You will find mother there, I think. I will be up in a moment."

As soon as he has seen that Professor McElroy should receive every attention at the clerk's desk, young Murdock rushed up stairs, but his mother had forestalled him. She had met Lide near the door, and had extended her hand immediately. "You are Miss McElroy, are you not?" she had said. "I saw you and, I presume, your father, with George."

"Yes. And you are Mrs. Murdock. I am really glad to meet you. I am so accustomed to being welcomed by gentlemen in my wanderings that to be met by a lady is quite a treat."

"And I am glad to welcome you for yourself, and in my son's name. You are becoming quite a famous personage. I hear of you often."

"It is only a little reflected glory, I presume," Lide answered with a smile.

"As mine is. But even that is pleasant to such as you and I. I am quite proud of George."

"George here appeared. "You've got the start of me, mother," he said, drawing up a chair to where the two were seated. "Your father will be up in a few minutes, Miss McElroy. Mother, I have been trying to persuade Miss McElroy to speak for us. Don't you think she ought to?"

"'Ought' is a strong word, George."

"Might, then. Don't you think she might speak?"

"Yes," Mrs. Murdock said, looking at Lide appreciatively. "I think she might speak—if she wished to."

"I might declaim, 'When freedom from her mountain height' for you," Lide answered. "But I am afraid that that would not win many votes."

"I am not sure about that," he said, with an appreciative look of his own. "Did you ever speak before an audience? I mean, any thing of your own."

"Yes," she answered. "That was part of my education."

"I wish it had been part of mine. Could you really keep your wits about you? I cannot."

"Quite readily," Lide answered. "There were not many to keep."

"Perhaps that is the trouble with me. There are not enough to do me any good there or elsewhere."

"I hope that you will not accuse me of instigating that nonsensical remark. It is nonsensical, is it not, Mrs. Murdock?"

"I cannot testify. I am an interested party, since I am his maternal ancestor. His acts must speak for him."

"And they have spoken loudly already. You are self-condemned for slander, Mr. Murdock."

"And you?"

"There is no rebutting testimony in my case."

"Except the circumstantial evidence. And that is quite sufficient." He looked at her in an open admiration which she could not well resent under the circumstances.

Professor McElroy soon came up and was introduced, and Lide then went away to her room to prepare for dinner. The afternoon was largely spent in Mrs. Murdock's company, while the men folks were busy in the harvest field of politics. Mrs. Murdock proved to be a pleasant, companionable lady, who was evidently in love with her successful son. Her talk was largely of him, but to this Lide did not object, for she was in a mood for hero-worshiping herself, and George Murdock seemed to promise well in this respect.

In the evening Professor McElroy escorted the two ladies to the rather ambitious opera house of the place, and they were shown into one of the boxes. Young Murdock came in to welcome them, and then dashed out again in his energetic way.

The stage was already filled with the prominent men of the place, judging them from the political point of view. Before it was time for the speaking to commence, one of the local bands came into the room to the sound of the drum, and it was followed by a crowd that evidently delighted Murdock's heart. He had already taken his place on the stage together with Professor McElroy, and in a few minutes he gave the signal to commence.

The chairman of the evening opened the exercises with a neat speech, and he was followed by a local glee club in a stirring, patriotic song. Then George Murdock stepped before the audience, and was greeted with uproarious applause. When this subsided, he addressed the people assembled before him in an evidently well-connected speech lasting, perhaps, for ten minutes. The audience again cheered when he sat down, the drums of the band joining in the general hubbub. The glee club gave another selection, and then the central event of the evening, as far as Lide was concerned, was announced.

As often as she had heard her father, she was still well pleased to listen to him whenever he came forward to address an audience. She knew his speeches and lectures by heart, and when he branched off from them, as he often did, she detected it immediately, and knew as well when he returned to the subject matter which they had jointly prepared. And yet there was no one in any of his audiences who listened more closely than herself. The man before her was not simply her father, he was her hero as well, and she was his loving worshiper.

The applause was unusually prompt and generous this evening, and Lide was by that much the happier. She did not really care for fame herself, but she delighted in the fame of her father, and the applause was probably sweeter to her than to him.

While the glee club were singing a good night song, Murdock came into the box where she sat. "Your father did grandly to-night, Miss McElroy," he said. "I thought he was splendid when I heard him at Hamilton, but he did better still to-night. You must tell him how well pleased I am. He will think it an empty compliment, coming from me."

"You all did well," Lide said, smiling happily. She was anxious to be generous.

"Did you think that I did well?" he asked. "Say that you really mean it!"

"You did much better than I expected, after your derogatory remarks this forenoon."

"And there was nothing parrot-like about it?"

"There was a little of 'the boy stood on the burning deck' about it, but I do not think the audience noticed it. They did not seem to be critical."

"As you are," he said, with a half resentful laugh. "But I thank you for being so. I assure you I shall try to satisfy the boxes after this. I shall have to make a confession about the applause. It was paid for, part of it at least. That is a part of the campaign enthusiasm, you know."

"Is it?" Lide asked in smiling dismay. "I was just flattering myself that papa was speaking to a very appreciative audience."

"He was," Murdock answered with a laugh. "I think that part of it was genuine. What I said was, at least. You will not accuse me of imposture in that, I hope."

"Not as long as you have confessed to the other. But if I had found it out myself it might have been disastrous to your general reputation in my sight."

"Thank you for intimating that you do not consider me altogether a humbug," he answered in a jovial way. "Will you come out upon the stage? I want to introduce you to a number of my friends, and it would be inconvenient to bring them all in here."

She got up with Mrs. Murdock, and both followed him out to where the stage-honored dignitaries were already shaking hands with each other and congratulating themselves upon the success of the meeting. Lide was introduced to a number and heard many acceptable encomiums upon her father's speech, and she was genial and gracious in return for them. Upon the whole it had been a happy evening, and she testified to it with a little pinch of satisfaction as she took her father's arm to return to the hotel.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"O, general satisfaction, I imagine."

"With Murdock?"

"No! with the world in general and Professor McElroy in particular. Murdock praised you highly."

"He seems to be a nice sort of young man."

"Because he praises you?"

"Certainly, Miss Pigeon. We naturally praise those who praise us. What is your opinion of him?"

"He seems to be a very nice sort of a humbug." In her foreshortened vision the newly discovered flaw was a very large one.

"A humbug?"

"He came very near confessing himself to be one," she answered with a laugh. "But I like him, humbuggery and all. It is a part of his character, I imagine. It would not be a perfect one without it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS VIEW OF IT.

How Could She Want the Earth When She Had Him?

They hadn't been married very long, judging from the tenacity with which she clung to his arm as they were walking down State street last night, but he had probably forgotten the sweet words and promises which he had once whispered in her ear, and was as cross as a bear, says the Chicago Globe.

In a timid and pleading voice she finally said: "John, won't you take me to the dime museum?"

"Naw, what do you want to go there for? It ain't no account."

She swallowed the lump which rose in her throat and walked on silently. After awhile she summoned up courage again and said: "Can't we have some lemonade?"

"What do you want to drink that stuff for; ain't water good enough?"

With glistening eyes she said with a touch of reproach: "Before we were married, John, you made so many promises of what you would give me."

"Well, you've got me. What more do you want? The earth?"

The Peachblow.

The peachblow porcelain is of Chinese manufacture, and is about 300 years old. It is not, as is sometimes supposed, the designation of a particular shade of color, but a rare and peculiar glaze, which not merely covers the surface of the vessel, but penetrates the entire texture of the article, so that if the same be broken the internal structure is identical with that of the surface. The method by which this result is reached is unknown, and much money has been expended in vain to discover it. The ware is, in a sense, therefore, the result of a happy accident. Specimens of it are rare in China to-day, where it is prized as highly as anywhere else. Most of that of which there is definite knowledge was taken from China by the Dutch in the days when they monopolized the trade with that country, and from Holland has made its way over Europe. The specimens in this country have almost all of them come either from Holland direct, or by way of France, whither pieces of it were early carried by the Dutch, arousing unusual interest among the French potters.—Detroit Free Press.

New York Item.

Said the clerk to his principal:

"There is a lady outside wishes to see you."

"Is she pretty?"

"Oh, yes."

Principal goes out, and returning after a few moments, says to the clerk:

"You are a nice judge of pretty women, you are."

"Well, how should I guess she was your wife?" replied the clerk.—Texas Siftings.

A Noble Girl.

Nellie Summergirl—We've been engaged over a week, George, dear! Don't you think we ought to break it?

George Indemand—Break the engagement! Why, love, are you tired of me so soon?

"N-no; but don't you think I ought to give the other girls some chance at you, seeing you're the only man here." —Boston News.

Information Wanted.

"Are you a member of the Dante club, Gladys?"

"Yes, and my curiosity has just been awfully excited. We had a strange visitor at our last meeting, who kept talking about a divine comedy, and all us girls are just crazy to know who wrote it and where it's being played.—Chicago News.

A Fearful Threat.

Friend of Hotel Keeper—How in the world do you stand such cooking as your wife is giving you and don't say a word about it?

Hotel Keeper—Keep still, for heaven's sake! If she were to hear you she would say that she would send at once for her mother and she would do the cooking.—Texas Siftings.

Wanted Her Opinion.

She.—Your room-mate called on me last night.

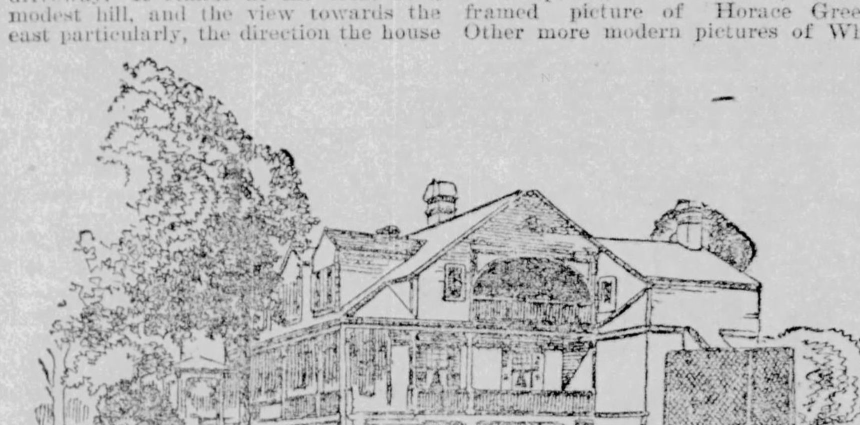
He.—How did you like my new dress suit?—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

MR. REID'S AGED MOTHER

SHE IS 89 YEARS OF AGE,

But Hearty and Happy, and Proud of Her Son—The Old Farm-house—Her Talk of the Old Days.

The little country village of Cedarville, Greene county, Ohio, is thirteen miles from Springfield. The venerable, white-haired mother of Mr. Reid lives at the old Reid homestead, a mile and a half west of the village. The old homestead has been beautified and modernized. The Reid farm makes a pretty picture with its red-tiled roof. One approaches it driving west from Cedarville through a gently rolling country, one of the most fertile sections in the state. The road passes by well-kept and well-stocked farms. The entire neighborhood bears the imprint of prosperity, and the country folk one meets on the graveled pike are intelligent and contented farmers. The approach to the Reid residence is a gradual ascent along the pike to the maple-lined driveway. The house is situated some three hundred yards off the road and faces the driveway. It stands at the crest of a modest hill, and the view towards the east particularly, the direction the house faces is striking in quiet but varied beauty.



THE REID HOMESTEAD.

The residence itself is not seen until half way along the driveway, being hid by a lane of thick-leaved but well-trimmed maples. The large, dull blue modern barn northwest of the house and nearest the road is the first object that attracts attention. This is situated in the center of an eight or ten acre field, bordering on the road, with here and there a sleek-looking cow grazing on the thick clover.

Mrs. Reid has been a striking-looking woman, taller than the average. Though somewhat bent, she is remarkably well preserved for one of her advanced age. Her face is full and strong, and although her eyes are dim, she wore no spectacles. She uses them in reading only. Her interesting and but slightly seamed face is crowned with snow-white hair, combed smoothly back over a high, broad forehead. She was dressed in a modest black and white striped calico gown, and wore an old-fashioned white lace cap on her head. She possesses an excellent memory for dates and incidents, and converses with vivacity.

"Yes, yes," said the old mother, when her distinguished son was spoken of, "Whitelaw has done well and has been very lucky. He has held many honorable positions, and the Lord has been wonderfully good to him and preserves him. Why he has been clear across the continent many times from ocean to ocean, clear to San Francisco, and yet he has been preserved. He has been across the ocean, and yet the Lord's good hand has kept him. He has been honored and yet Whitelaw should and does remember that with honor comes greater responsibility."

WHITELAW REID'S FATHER.

Then she took up the old times.

"You see," said she, brightly, "young girls don't do the way they used to. Why, before I came here to live I spun, and wove over a hundred yards of linen. Do you know anything about spinning? You don't? Well, then, I won't tell you about it. I've done all kinds of work in my time, picked up the chips my husband used to cut from the trees, spun my household linen, clothed my children and done my household duties besides."

When she spoke of the record of the family the fine old face beamed with pride. "I was born," said she, "in Caledonia, Vt., and will be 89 years old next March. My husband was born near Lexington, Ky., May 13, 1795, and died in 1865. When I was 16 my family moved to Garrison Creek, Ind., and we took the long journey by wagons. When I married Robert, November 28, 1826, he decided to move here and bought 100 acres, he cleared himself. He was a carpenter, too, and built the entire house, made the doors, floors, mantlepieces and everything. Then when he was done I came, in June, 1827."

She drifted to her children, Gavin, who died in 1862, and his young wife who followed nine months later, leaving two children, one Ella, yet living, who has been with Whitelaw Reid to Paris; of James Whitelaw Reid, born October 27, 1837, and the only daughter, Christiana, who married a confectioner of White River Junction, Vt., and died there, leaving a son, who is married and lives in the same place.

WHITELAW REID'S MOTHER.

When her age was spoken of she said: "Oh, I am very old, far past the Bible's limit, and you see in me a monument of God's mercy, in that I am spared to witness so much happiness and honor. But I am getting feeble. I can not hold Whitelaw's babies as I used to, but they come to my knee that I may caress them."

She invited the reporter into the low-ceiling, old-fashioned room, which she first entered 65 years ago.

"When Whitelaw went to college," she said, "he had a hard time to get along. One day I packed up a crock of butter, a loaf of bread, a sack of meal and later a boiled ham. I wrote to him to get some buttermilk and mix it with the meal and make some cakes. He wrote me back it was the best meal he had eaten for a long time. He has greatly honored me, and I often say as David did to Saul, 'What have I done that I should be thus honored?'"

The old room bears quaint evidences of antiquity, carefully preserved from all touches of modern luxuries except a luxurious Brussels carpet covering the floor. It is square and quite large, about 15x15 feet. This was the only room the father and mother of the Republican candidate for Vice President had for some years, and here her family were reared. A low door is at the southwest end, another from the west leads into a modern-sized apartment, and another opens to the north. A high, old-fashioned mantel above a wide fireplace occupies a considerable of the east end of the room. The doors are of heavily paneled walnut, the panels running from side to side instead of up and down, as in a modern door. A heavy square walnut table placed against the west wall was supported by one huge central leg. Upon it was a well-worn Bible. Two prim-looking, small-sashed bookcases, filled with time-worn books, occupied part of the north side. The bookcases, windowsash, doors and table were all made by Whitelaw Reid's father.

The walls are covered with pictures, some ancient, some modern. Hanging on to the chimney jamb, above the mantelpiece, are pictures of old Mr. and Mrs. Reid, both then in their prime. On another wall is a large picture of Whitelaw Reid at the age of 19, representing him with long hair, full-faced and handsome. Below it is a picture of a famous Cincinnati editor, S. B. Reed. On an opposite wall is a picture of a strikingly handsome man, with dark whiskers, large eyes and a high, broad forehead. This is Gavin, the dead brother of Whitelaw Reid. Near by is a quaint, old-fashioned, narrow-framed picture of Horace Greeley. Other more modern pictures of Whitelaw Reid's children, from babyhood to early girlhood, were noticed.

The modernized portion of the house has been built around the north and west sides of the old one-roomed structure. The first story is weatherboarded and painted in brownish green. The second story and attic is of red tiling, interlined with terra-cotta bricks and siding paper. In the rear, and leading down from a spacious double-seated portico is a porte cochere, through which a drive runs to the well-kept lawn. The interior finish is varied, pleasing and unique. The hall is finished in poplar. It runs east and west, and is very wide. A large, modern mantelpiece occupies the south side, and a broad oak stairway ascends from the north side. The library is touched up in a neat black walnut mould. The salon, or state room, is finished in cherry, and the kitchen in yellow pine.

On the second floor a row of double red-tiled dormer windows jut out from the front and little balconies add to the coziness of the place.

One of the sleeping apartments is finished in butternut, another in maple, a third in cherry and a fourth in walnut, each with a neat and commodious bath-room. The third story contains two small rooms well provided with skylights.

Mrs. Reid has an aged sister in Cedarville, but both are so feeble they do not visit each other very often. Her distinguished son visits her twice a year. Mr. Reid brought his accomplished bride to the old mother immediately after his marriage.

The reporter had a pleasant interview with Mrs. A. F. Taft, a former assistant of Whitelaw Reid when he was principal of the village school at South Charleston, Clark county. Mrs. Taft said Mr. Reid came to South Charleston in 1856, a mere boy of 19. He taught there two years. His assistants were W. M. Lawrence, now a prominent business man somewhere in Kansas; Misses Fannie Warner, Pierce and Mrs. Taft, then Miss Mary Sweet; Miss McQuirk, of Xenia, and Miss Caldwell, of Cedarville. Mr. Reid was the youngest of the corps of teachers, but was splendidly equipped. His geniality and wit made him a general favorite among the bright set of young women who composed the society of the village, and he was much sought after. He, however, was a hard student, and passed the greater part of the time in study.

He was a strict disciplinarian and "licked" refractory pupils with a vim that was most effective even if most painful.—New York World.

TO THE HILLS.

Ah! distant hills, ye must be happy so!
To lie along the sunset with no pain,
To watch the olive deepen into gray,
The silver stars bring on the night again.

To watch them burning in the open sky,
Or flashing from a lake so dark and deep,
To ponder covered with your shadowy pines,
The while your rivers murmur in their sleep.

To hear the first thrush to the morning star,
Break wild, hidden within your very heart,
To send your eagles wheeling up the sky,
To signal from the height the dawn's first dart.

To take the lightning on your fearless front,
To feel the passionate storm wind surge and blow,
To know that calmness in the wild distress,
Ah, distant hills, ye must be happy so.
—The Independent.

She Knew the Trouble.

Bungsby—Jones, my dear fellow, I have determined to marry, and I have picked out the girl.

Jones—Why, I am astonished. I thought you said you would never marry because women never appreciated what it is to lose buttons off your clothes.

Bungsby—That is true, but this girl wears suspenders. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Cowcatcher.

Carruthers—I've just figured out what the cowcatcher on locomotives is for—it's for deaf men.

Mrs. C.—Why for deaf men?

Carruthers—Don't you see? They can't hear the whistle, of course, but by looking around the can see the cowcatcher!—New York Herald.

Contempt of Court.

Judge Capias—I understand that you were going to dedicate your last book to me.

Young Author—Well, I did intend doing so, Judge, but I didn't think you would half read it. You pass so many sentences, you know.—King's Jester.

On the Wrong Tack.

New York Press:—The Paris anarchists are calling for blood, thus showing how little they understand things. It is soap they really need.

Blood Poisoning

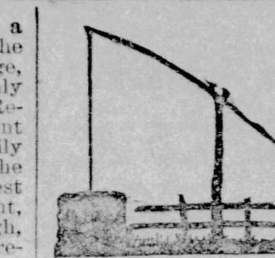
Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent nurse of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I was cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**"

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.



Well, instead of sick and suffering; healthy and vigorous, instead of worn-out and weak; bright eyes, clear skin, rosy cheeks — you wouldn't think it was the same woman, and it's all due to the use of a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

What this medicine has done for thousands of delicate women, it will do for you. If you're overworked and debilitated, it will build you up—if you're borne down with the chronic aches, pains, and weaknesses peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, invigorates the system, purifies the blood, improves digestion, and restores health, flesh, and strength.

For all the painful irregularities and diseases of women—periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" and weaknesses, it's the *only* remedy so effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

Harper & Bros. bring out in a very neat form the sixth and last book of the Farm and City series by Will Carleton. This is named "City Festivals," and possesses the characteristics of the other volumes, and doubtless will appeal to those with whom he is always at home, namely, the masses of the people that feel that he has a sympathy with their daily living.

From the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, comes "Darwin and After Darwin," by Prof. George J. Romanes. It is an exposition of the Darwin theory and discussion of post Darwin questions. The author contemplates three separate works, of which this is the second in order, the first not having yet appeared, being devoted to the purely historical side of biological science. This one gives the general theory of organic evolution as it was left by the stupendous labors of Darwin.

The following is a list of publications in pamphlet form from different publishers:

D. Appleton & Co., New York, issue in their Town and Country Library a volume of short stories entitled "La Bella and Others," which are said to be certain stories recollected by Edgerton Castle; "Jean de Kerdren," by Jeannie Schultz, author of "Story of Colette and Others," which, as the name indicates, is a French romance; "A Thorny Path," by the well-known German writer, Georg Ebers, who has written so many popular stories that have been translated in the English as is this one by Clara Bell. It appears in two volumes.

From G. W. Dillingham, New York city, come "A Maine Girl," by Irwin L. Coolidge; "Husbands and Homes," by Marion Harland; "A Vagabond Heroine," by Mrs. Annie Edwards—these two appeared in the series of Best Novels by Best Authors—"Bellevue; A Story of the South," by John E. Davis, and "A Model Town and Detectives," by Allan Pinkerton.

Another book, also from Dillingham, is "John Thorndyke's Prejudice," a novel, by Joanna H. Mathews, author of the "Bessy Books."

From Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York, comes "The Hand of Destiny," by Ossip Schubin, translated by Mary A. Robinson. This is the second number in the Fair Library.

In the Pacific Library, issued by the Clemens Publishing Co., San Francisco, appears "Mark Twain," it being a biographical sketch by Will M. Clemens.

John Ireland, 1199 Broadway, New York, issues in neat pamphlet form a French story entitled "Therese De Quilliam; or, On the Convent's Threshold," by Frances S. Gray.

From G. P. Putnam Sons, New York City, comes a very interesting story, "Cynthia Wakeman's Money," by Anna Katharine Green, who is such a favorite with those who like a good story with an interesting plot. It is published in pamphlet form.

Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York City, issue "A Son of Esau," by Minnie Gilmore. The scene is a new and flourishing town in the Far West, where society is mixed, though not really worse than in some places which profess to be a great deal better.

"OSSIP SCHUBIN."

How This Russian Girl Began as a Novelist.

About fifteen years ago the manuscript of a certain novel was handed to A. Alfred Klaar for criticism. The authoress, who called herself Lola Kirschner, was then living with her sister, who was devoting her life to painting. At that time the novelist must have been about 24, for Dr. Kurschner's somewhat indiscreet literary calendar gives 1853 as the year of her birth. Her first idea was to become a singer, but after a short period of instruction she lost her voice. Encouraged by Herr Klaar's favorable

OSSIP SCHUBIN.

opinion of her first attempt, she wrote another novel and sent it to Dr. Julius Rodenberg, but she concealed her name and her sex and styled herself "Ossip Schubin," and Dr. Rodenberg at first took her for a Russian who was confiding her talent to him. Just then, too, Russian literature was the fashion in Germany. The secret of the pseudonym, however, has been out for some time now, and a portrait of Lola Kirschner, by Gussow, has made the round of the European galleries.

A Trust in the Peanut Business.

The next meeting of the American Peanut Union of Virginia and North Carolina will be held in Tarboro, N. C., Thursday, August 4. The union is composed of one delegate from each of 68 sub-alliances in the state of Virginia and eighteen in North Carolina. A president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, chaplain, doorkeeper and assistant doorkeeper constitute the official organization. It meets at will, and at different towns in the peanut belt. Its object is co-operation and mutual protection against trusts, rings and speculators. It purchased through a committee appointed for the purpose 300,000 peanut sacks last season, and saved several thousand dollars to its patrons. It establishes the price of peanut sacks in the section it operates. It has erected and has in full operation several factories for cleaning the product of the farms. Its goods are distributed in every section of the country. It has accomplished much benefit for the farmers, and is likely to grow and be still more useful. The success of this organization shows that farmers can easily co-operate to their own advantage, and Farm and Home hopes to see the movement extended in other sections of the country.—Farm and Home.

Not Well Informed.

She—Your friend may be an educated man, but he doesn't read the papers.

He—What makes you think so?

She—He has on a ready-made necktie.
—Clothier and Furnisher.

She Knew.

"Father, what is the whisky trust?"
The sire, in answering, was too late;
And so the mother said: "It must
Be where they put it on the slate."
—Exchange.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The President's Expenses.

W. C. S., Howard, Kan., writes: "What has each President spent during his term of office, over and above his salary? The People's party is telling that the Republican Presidents have been getting $40,000 over and above their salary, and pretend to show proof to that effect."

The President of the United States gets his salary, and not one cent more. What these ignorant demagogues evidently mean is the expenses of keeping up the White House and grounds, which is paid by the government, and always has been, and always will be—for the reason that over half of the White House is the Executive department of the government, and the remainder is the President's private residence. The President pays his own private servants—cook, chambermaids, etc. The government pays for those employed to attend to the business of the Executive department, the same as it pays those in the War department, or Treasury department, or other governmental departments.

The official staff of the White House, comprising the men necessary to transact the enormous business of the Executive department and to care for the building, are as follows. The number of persons and the salaries have been the same for many years:

	Salary per year.
Private secretary	$3,200
Assistant secretary	2,250
Two Executive clerks, $2,000 each,	4,000
Two ordinary clerks, $1,400 each	2,800
Doorkeeper to President's office	1,600
Messenger to President's office	1,200
Usher	1,400
Five doorkeepers, $1,200 each	6,000
Three messengers, $1,200 each	3,600
Watchman	900
Fireman	864
Total	$27,814

These men are all paid by the proper disbursing officer of the Treasury department, and the President does not handle one cent of the money. The President pays for the food consumed, of course, at the White House table. In short he pays just that part of the expenses he would if he lived in a private house, and had his office in some other building.

We cannot understand what all this has to do with political issues. Are the members of the People's party such fools as to be gulled by obvious falsehoods, which any man of common sense can detect at a glance? If so, they are not fit to be trusted with office of any kind. Only men of intelligence should have control of public business.

When They Became States.

D. R.: There are 44 states and seven territories in the Union.

States.	Ratified the Constitution.
1—Delaware	1787, Dec. 7.
2—Pennsylvania	1787, Dec. 12
3—New Jersey	1787, Dec. 18
4—Georgia	1788, Jan. 2
5—Connecticut	1788, Jan. 9
6—Massachusetts	1788, Feb'y 6
7—Maryland	1788, April 28
8—South Carolina	1788, May 23
9—New Hampshire	1788, June 21
10—Virginia	1788, June 25
11—New York	1788, July 26
12—North Carolina	1789, Nov. 21
13—Rhode Island	1790, May 29
States.	**Admitted to the Union.**
14—Vermont	1791, March 4
15—Kentucky	1792, June 1
16—Tennessee	1792, June 1
17—Ohio	1802, Nov. 29
18—Louisiana	1812, April 30
19—Indiana	1816, Dec. 11
20—Mississippi	1817, Dec. 10
21—Illinois	1818, Dec. 3
22—Alabama	1819, Dec. 14
23—Maine	1820, March 15
24—Missouri	1821, Aug. 10
25—Arkansas	1836, June 15
26—Michigan	1837, Jan. 26
27—Florida	1845, March 3
28—Texas	1845, Dec. 29
29—Iowa	1846, Dec. 28
30—Wisconsin	1848, May 29
31—California	1850, Sept. 9
32—Minnesota	1858, May 11
33—Oregon	1859, Feb. 14
34—Kansas	1861, Jan. 29
35—West Virginia	1863, June 19
36—Nevada	1864, Oct. 31
37—Nebraska	1867, March 1
38—Colorado	1876, Aug. 1
39—North Dakota	1889, Nov. 3
40—South Dakota	1889, Nov. 3
41—Montana	1889, Nov. 8
42—Washington	1889, Nov. 11
43—Idaho	1890, July 3
44—Wyoming	1890, July 11

TERRITORIES.

Name.	Organized.
1—New Mexico	1850, Sept. 9
2—Utah	1850, Sept. 9
3—Arizona	1863, Feb. 24
4—Indian*	1834, June 30
5—District of Columbia	1790, July 16
	1791, March 3
6—Alaska	1868, July 27
7—Oklahoma	1890, May 2

*The Indian Territory has as yet no organized territorial government.

Quinine Once More.

T. B., Trimble, Tenn.: Probably these facts will answer what you want to know: Quinine is made from the bark of the cinchona tree, and stripping the bark off kills the tree. The latter is a native of Peru. The steady barking of the trees rendered it scarce, and the price steadily advanced for a number of years. About 1870, if we remember rightly, the experiment of the cultivation of the cinchona tree was tried, and large orchards were set out in Ceylon and India. These got old enough to begin barking about 1878, and since that the production of cultivated bark has steadily increased. This resulted in driving down the price, which is now lower than ever before. The tariff had no more to do with reducing the price than it has with the rainfall. Some four or five years The Blade published several long articles, giving facts and figures, on this subject, which exploded the free trade lie, and this is the first time it has been brought up for several years.

Prohibition.

O. A. G., Fayette, O.: The election of a political Prohibitionist as President or governor would have no bearing on the immediate adoption of prohibition. The Supreme court of the United States has declared the liquor question not to be a federal one, but one belonging to the states themselves. Prohibition cannot be adopted by a state without a majority of the legislature being in favor of it, and the law would not then be effective unless the people of the state, by a heavy majority, were favorable to its rigid enforcement. An instance of this is the law against profane swearing. The majority of the people do not approve of swearing, but they are not in favor of enforcing the law against it. Hence it is a dead letter on the statute books.

Hammerfest.

T. P. H., McKim, W. Va., calls in question the statement made in the Bureau last December, that Hammerfest, Norway, is the most northern inhabited town in the world, and thinks it should be Upernavik, Greenland. Upernavik is further north: it is in latitude 72 deg. 50 min., while Hammerfest is in latitude 70 deg. 40 min. But Upernavik is not to be considered a town, for it is a mere village of native huts, while Hammerfest is a civilized town, of nearly 2,000 inhabitants, with a large fishing industry. Hence Hammerfest is entitled to be considered the most northerly inhabited town on the globe.

Pension Questions.

S. M. T., Miser, Tenn.: The pension rates on the diseases you mention vary from $2 to $72 a month, according to the degree of disability.

J. C., Cairo, W. Va., asks: "A soldier, married before the war, draws a pension. Afterwards he is divorced. He dies. Can his widow draw a pension?" No. He leaves no widow. His divorced wife has not the shadow of a claim.

W. T. S., Wheeling, W. Va.: You can pre-empt or homestead 160 acres in your name. You do not need to do it on your father's service.

That "Cold Process."

E. S. Hulin and others write to us asking whether the so-called "cold process" of canning fruit is a good thing or not. We do not know. We have seen letters in Eastern papers denouncing it as a fraud, but know nothing of it ourselves. Will some reader send the process to the editor of the Question Bureau? We don't want letters advertising it, nor letters denouncing it, but simply the complete process. We will then decide for ourselves whether it is a fraud or not, and tell the Blade readers our finding.

Miscellaneous.

D. R.: A cistern should be cleaned at least once a year. Kindly read Rule 2.

A. B., Fielder, S. Dak.: We have no formula for making wine on a small scale.

W. M., Prairieville, Mich.: Your question is answered in the question bureau of this issue.

A. F., Denver, Mo.: Indiana is the state which has the largest school fund—$8,395,135.

J. J. O. G., Toledo, O.: The capitol of Albany, N. Y., has already cost $24,000,000 and is still unfinished.

J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich.: We never heard of an "unknown traitor of the Revolution." Who can tell us anything about him?

M. D. M., Happy Land, Ala.: We do not recall any appointments of colored men to Presidential offices during Cleveland's term of office.

Subscriber, Allmosa, Col.: We can not express any opinion, either in this column or by mail, as to who is the "best poetical critic in the United States."

G. F., South Otselic, N. Y.: You will find a reply to your question in an article on tin manufacture, in the question bureau of the Weekly Blade of July 28.

E. H. M., Stanbery, Mo.: For information regarding the civil service address John T. Doyle, Esq., secretary, U. S. Civil Service commission, Washington, D. C.

J. M. S., Huntington, Ind: We are informed that they were wine grapes which Bidwell destroyed, and hence not of value for any other purpose except table use, perhaps.

H. L. W., Interlachen, Mich.: There are two reasons why we can not give you the address of the fruit-can manufactory for which you ask. First, we do not know; second, to give it would be to advertise them. Read Rule 3 above.

L. P., Jamestown, Ky.: Clerkships in the United States pension bureau are what are known as civil service positions. For information write to John T. Doyle, Esq., secretary, U. S. Civil Service commission, Washington, D. C.

E. A. S., North River Mills, W. V.: The first negro slaves which were brought to the United States were sold from a Dutch vessel which landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1619. We do not know who is the author of the quotation you cited.

F. M., Emmet, Idaho: The pamphlet you mention is simply a tissue of exaggerated statements and point-blank falsehoods, not worth the attention of any intelligent man. Only ignorant people put any credence in such stuff. If the charges were true, the men mentioned would be execrated by every one.

J. W. W., Logan, Kan.: The Empress Josephine died in Malmaison, near Paris, March 29, 1814. The great battle of Chalons, in which the Huns, under Attila, were defeated by Theodoric, was fought near Chalons-sur-Marne, A. D. 451. Chalins-sur-Marne is in France, 90 miles east of Paris. Saracen is pronounced as though it was spelled Sarasen. Kindly read Rule 2.

STEPHEN ALLEN'S RULES.

A Series of Maxims by Which He Guided His Conduct.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster (steamboat destroyed by fire on the Hudson river in the fall of 1853) was Stephen Allen, an aged man of purest character, formerly mayor of the city of New York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a true copy. Read it carefully:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always skeak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If anyone speaks evil of you let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you prosper.

Small and steady gain gives competency and tranquility to the mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see plainly a way out of it again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young and spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

DOING NOBLE WORK.

Pundita Ramabai and Her Labors in India.

It was on March 11, 1889, that Pundita Ramabai, with the money that had been contributed in America opened at Bombay her school for young widows. Religious and social influences were arrayed against it in the strongest manner. To enter it was to become an outcast. And even those who were at heart friendly to the enterprise expected only failure. The school opened with just one inmate, a girl who had become a widow at the age of 8 years. Six months later there were twelve of them. A year later there were 25 of them. One of them became a widow at the age of 5, another at 7, another at 8, six between 8 and 10, and four between 10 and 13. Only

PUNDITA RAMABAI.

two or three knew only the alphabet. But under Ramabai's instruction they have made good progress and are now intelligent. One child in the school is not a widow, but a wife. She was married between 3 and 4 years old and was taken to live with her mother-in-law. There she was treated with cruelty. The woman used to hang her up by a cord tied around her ankles and then beat her with a heavy stick.

Most of Ramabai's pupils are Brahmins, though a few belong to the Varsya caste. They observe the strict rules of their caste in all matters of dress and deportment. Besides instruction in ordinary branches of learning, they are all taught needlework, cookery and the other elements of the housewife's art.

Bandmaster Gilmore's Daughter.

The renown of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the bandmaster, is world-wide, and deservedly so. He is now playing at Manhattan Beach, and with him there are his wife and daughter. The latter, Miss Minnie Gilmore, is a literary girl.

She is a poetess, and still in the golden young years when poesy keeps the heart beating in rythm with all that is beautiful in creation. Some years ago she gave some of her musings to the public under the title of "Pipes from Prairie-land." Now she has published a story, "A Son of Esau," which opens in a border town of the West, and promises several interesting characters. Miss Gilmore writes well. She numbers all the distinguished literati of the East among her acquaintances.

MISS GILMORE.

—People who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit and are glad to say a good word for it. Have you tried it?

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Button Farcy.

E. G., Kansas: Your letter indicates button farcy in your mare. This is a contagious disease, and differs only from glanders in the part of the system attacked. The buds or "buttons" are usually found in groups. The buds burst and discharge a healthy pus through the skin. The inside of the thighs are frequently the point of the disease. The muscles of the neck may be hard, or the swellings may be in the side or in the leg. In the latter case the trouble may be taken for rheumatism. A horse with acute farcy should be destroyed, as he may spread the disease to an entire stable of horses. In chronic farcy milder cases may be cured, although there is no certainty that treatment will prove successful. The ulcers should be touched with a stick of lunar caustic. If the sores run, they should be washed with a ten per cent solution of carbonic acid. To tone the system, which is necessary, give in a pint of water, twice daily, for several days, as a drench, arsenic, 4 grains; extract of nux vomica, 1 drachm.

Garget.

W. H. B., Ohio: The udder of your cow is not in sound condition. You should be careful about giving too much saltpetre, as it may result in injury. There is no better thing than first, to give the cow three-fourths of a pound of salts in a quart of warm water, in which there is stirred a cupful of molasses. Then give an ounce of saltpetre in drinking water twice a day for about five days, but as you have not stated how much saltpetre you have given your cow, perhaps it would be better not to give this after the physic. Milk the teat at least three times a day. Gently rub that part of the udder from which issues the clotted milk, with powdered camphor, 1-2 oz.; extract of belladonna, 2 ozs.; lard, 2 ozs. Mix well and rub in twice a day with gentle friction. Inject into the teat, with a small syringe, saleratus, 1 teaspoonful; water, half a pint. There are many other formulas, but there are none better than the above.

Losing Hens.

L. H. A., Minnesota: It may be that the fowls you speak of have suffered from apoplexy, superinduced by overfeeding. Fowls fed too freely are subject to the trouble named. Feed less, give plenty of grass, and keep them away from damp ground. Give each one a teaspoonful of castor oil. It will be well for you also to examine the afflicted one for gape worms.

Received.

Poultry-Keeper for July. Published at Parksburg, Pa.

Pacific Coast Farmers' Monthly, San Jose, California.

Garden and Forest. This useful and interesting publication has a value that should give it a wide circulation. It will be found a very valuable help to any one interested in horticulture, landscape, art and forestry.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Bee House.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Will some reader of The Blade give a good plan or suggest how to build a bee-house, and, if necessary, what to put them on? How often should bees swarm for their own good? SILAS MYERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pea and Bean Weevil.

Insect Life, the periodical bulletin of the Division of Entomology of the United States department of Agriculture, contains in the June number, besides various notes, reviews, and extracts from correspondence, an illustrated article on the pea and bean weevils, which includes a summary of the life history of these insects and notes on their earlier stages. Several remedies are known. A perfect remedy for the pea weevil consists in confining seed peas in a closed vessel for two seasons. Infested seeds of either peas or beans may be disinfected by placing them in a tight receptacle with camphor, chloroform, ether, or better still, bisulphide of carbon. Before planting it is well to throw them into water, when the "buggy" seed will float, and may be separated from the perfect ones and destroyed. The ox bot or ox warble of the United States is treated in an article by Prof. C. V. Riley. Its life history, which is given in full with numerous figures in illustration of the different stages of this insect, may be summarized as follows: The eggs are attached to the hair, particularly to the flanks, and to the legs near the heels. They are then taken into the stomach by the cattle when they lick themselves, and here they are hatched into larvae or grubs, which fasten themselves to the walls of the stomach. Three molts are undergone in the course of which the grub penetrates the skin, where it feeds within the sacs or swellings on the back of its host. In time it works its way out, enters the ground, and becomes a perfect fly within the old larval skin.

The Proper Way to Sow Seed.

Many garden seeds fail to grow because the soil is not pressed firmly on and about them, and one reason it is not thus pressed is because it is left in coarse lumps. A small portion, or mere points, of these lumps are the only places which come in contact with the seeds; they do not receive due moisture through these small points, they dry up, do not grow, and ultimately perish. The remedy is fine pulverization of the soil. This will encase the seed on all sides, and cause them to germinate. The hoe will break the crust and cut off and kill the weeds; the steel rake will not only break the crust, but it will reduce this crust to powder; and it will do much better than killing the weeds—it will crumble the starting sprouts before they reach the surface. The steel rake, therefore, becomes a most important garden implement. It is very essential, before seeding, to prepare a finely pulverized bed, and it is the cheapest tool for raking over the newly seeded garden bed, for the triple purpose of breaking the new crust, reducing the soil as fine as Indian meal, and of preventing the weeds from appearing. Keep the steel rake going. It is the enemy of all the starting weeds in the clean bed, and it keeps a fine mellow surface where there would be a hard crust among the young and tender plants. —Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

Potatoes.

According to the report of the Statistician at Washington, the acreage devoted to potatoes is returned at ninety-four and two-tenths per cent of the large area of last year. In the South, where the breadth of cotton has been shortened, a considerable increase in the area devoted to this crop has been made, but in the New England and Western states, where the largest yield is obtained and the bulk of the crop is grown, there is a considerable decrease. The condition of this crop is almost invariably high in July, as the vicissitudes incident to its growth are met with later. The present return, ninety, however, is low. The lowest ever before reported was in 1890, when it stood at ninety-one and seven-tenths. This poor condition is the result of too much rainfall in the districts where the great portion of the crop is grown.

Early Ripening of Tomatoes.

An old umbrella was used in the Rural New Yorker's experiment field as a part of a scare-crow. After it had served, or failed to serve, its purpose—that of keeping sparrows from the hybrid wheat plots—the black cotton portion was torn off and wrapped about bunches of young, green tomatoes in the crossbred tomato plot. We are now surprised to find that these tomatoes have ripened before any others except those which were placed in heavy manilla bags. Bagging tomatoes, which as we at first reported, hastens ripening and assures a smooth, comely surface as in the case of bagging grapes, is impracticable. That is to say, it is more trouble than it is worth. But how about simply wrapping the bunches or clusters, which usually consist of from four to six or more, in old rags or papers? We do not suppose that the black color of the umbrella hastened ripening, because the covered clusters were in the dense shade of the tomato foliage. This is easily done at a trivial cost of time, while the covering material is without value. Readers of The Rural New Yorker, and experiment station workers are requested to try the effect of wrapping clusters of tomatoes with paper, old rags or any other material at hand that will suffice, as do bags, to protect them from insects, fungi, or the direct action of the weather.—Rural New Yorker.

Interesting Notes.

A writer in Hoard's Dairyman says a herd of common cows while fed upon millet gave milk testing nearly 5 per cent fat, and when the millet gave out the percentage fell to 3.6.

There is a stage when green oats may be profitably fed to cows. It is just when the oats are coming in head. At this time the stalk and leaves are sweet, containing much of the nutriment afterward concentrated in the grain.

Shearing time is one of the best times to cull out the poor sheep from the flock, and begin to get them ready for the butcher. It is easy then to tell their age, to know whether they are in a healthy and thrifty condition, whether they raise good lambs and yield a good fleece. If they do not come up to requirements in these respects let them go as quickly as they can be made ready.

The saying that "practical men ascertain facts, and scientific men prove them," is well illustrated by the statement in the Agriculturist that "a pound of wool contains four or five times as much nitrogen as a pound of lamb chops." Bakewell, the great Leicester breeder, probably did not know this fact, but his observations taught him to select sheep that matured early and grew rapidly, rather than those which produced a great fleece of wool.

Any feed that has a distinctive smell or flavor should be fed to milch cows only after the milking is completed. It is a very good idea to give them a little hay or a dish of bran or other grain to keep them quiet while milking, but turnips, cabbage leaves and even ensilage will impart something of their own peculiar odor to the milk and to the butter made from the milk, if fed during the process of milking.

ROOFING | **IRON OR STEEL**

CORRUGATED—"V" CRIMP—STANDING SEAM and other styles for Roofing, Siding and Ceiling. Write for prices. THE CINCINNATI CORRUGATING CO., PIQUA, O.

A Boston journal says: "The prices of all kinds of meats are advancing. Meats have been made unnaturally and unreasonably cheap for several years by the closing out of the great herds of cattle on the Western plains, where they had free pasturage. It is a good thing for the country to pay fair prices for all its food products. What is made by getting food below cost is more than offset by injury to the farming industry, on which the prosperity of the whole country depends."

How to Tell Good Eggs.

The following are indications by which eggs may be known to be fresh or stale: A fresh eggs sinks in water; it has a lime-like surface to its shell, while a stale egg is glassy and smooth; a boiled egg adheres closely to the shell when fresh, but the shell easily separates from one that is stale; eggs packed in bran have a musty smell and those packed in lime are stained and show the chemical action of the lime on its surface; a fresh egg has a clear, transparent appearance when looked through by the aid of sunlight, or the light from a lamp in a dark room, but a stale egg has a dark, murky appearance; the air sack (or air bladder) at the large end of an egg is very small if the egg is fresh, and becomes larger as the egg grows older and stale—a certain test; if an egg is very stale it may, by shaking, be made to give off a rattling sound. The best test is the size of the air sack at the large end. If one prefers to wait until the egg is cooked then the adhesiveness of the shell will give the facts, if it is boiled. When broken in a saucer, the clearer the white and more perfect the yolk the better.—Poultry Keeper.

Feeding for Eggs.

The profit of a poultry yard depends to a great extent as to how it is managed. This is true of any business. The idea should be to make every fowl pay as large a profit as possible. There is a great difference in markets, and one should be governed by them; for instance, in one market there is more demand for eggs than fowls. Then it should be the business of the dealer to cater to the trade. As a rule, I think there is more profit in eggs than fowls, unless they are early spring broilers. With proper care and feed, one can increase the number of eggs to a great extent. Hens cannot lay or produce eggs unless their food contains the elements of which the egg is composed. That is a large share of albuminous or egg-producing elements. In addition to the quantity of albumen required in the organism of the fowl, the laying hen requires an extra amount of ovarian organization, the white of a hen's egg being about 12 per cent of albumen, and this must be furnished in her feed. By making a chemical analysis of the different grains, you will find that wheat contains a larger amount of albumen than any other grain. Therefore it is the grain to make the base for egg-producing food. The other important items are when the fowls do not have a large field to range in, to give them once a day, if possible, a feed of chopped meat and more or less green food. Chickens are like the human family in one respect—in that they like a change of food. As a proof, take fowls that have been fed on one kind of grain for some time, and do not seem to have the appetite that you would seem to think they should have, give them a little cooked food, such as cake made from coarse corn meal and scraps together, or some other grain that you have been feeding, and you will see that they will jump for it and eat it in a style that will be satisfactory to the most exacting. While wheat is one of the best feeds for producing eggs, it is one of little value for fattening purposes, compared with corn, as corn contains a great deal of fatty or oily substance, which puts the flesh on fowls in a very short time. Pure water is also a very essential item to the health of the fowls; or, if you have milk to spare, that is better still, as it not only moistens the food, but also contributes albumen, which goes to the formation of the egg.—American Stockman.

The Delaware Peaches Gone.

It is the general opinion of the peach growers that not more than one-twentieth of a crop will be marketed from Delaware this year, while the crop of last year was over 4,000 car loads. The prospect for at least half a crop was predicted in the early spring, but it has dwindled down to nearly nothing. The frosts and cold rains damaged the peaches so badly that most all fell to the ground during the June crop.

A few Hales, Amsdens and Smocks—early varieties—may survive, but they are premature. They are being shipped now, which is about three weeks earlier than heretofore. The Crawfords and other yellow varieties, which are the most profitable, are all gone. But there is a bright side to the present failure. Gov. Reynolds has appointed commissioners, whose duty it is to inspect every orchard and mark every tree affected by the ravages of the "yellows," and order the tree destroyed. It is thought that the disease which causes premature fruit will be exterminated this season. Then everything will be favorable for a large peach crop next year.

SLUMBER SONG.

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak;
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;

He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep,
But we, we love their lullaby song,
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Shaggy old Fritz, in slumber sound,
Moans of the stony mart;
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you around
Hitched to our new milk cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine,
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine;
But now, little tulip, sleep.

A Dream-One comes to blanket the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that blink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And, rocking your cradle, she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"
—Eugene Field.

HOME DECORATION.

An extremely effective screen may be made by enameling with pink a bamboo frame and attaching three quaint-looking fans in the center. In and out the screen a dark green scarf is wound, and ends in a graceful fall above the fans.

Shadowed silk with a pale gray background showered with clusters of grapes makes a pretty drapery for mantels.

At small summer dances the doorways are wreathed with flat bands of sweet peas.

Large wooden troughs are made of pieces of wood placed together like a raft and covered with gilt cones. These form novel receptacles for a wealth of large-leaved plants and blossoms.

Growing palms are introduced into china wine coolers.

A unique dessert service is made in imitation of shells. It is white with a design of brown seaweed, and is lined with delicate pink.

In the Wrong.

It is clear that that chunk of gingerbread did not impair Mr. Gladstone's vigor of mind. "In all the great controversies of the last 50 years," he says, "the leisure classes have always been wrong." The same may be said of the idle in this country and of all times. The idle man, whether millionaire or tramp, is the devil's attorney.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Modified Proposal.

"I have no lot," said the city clerk;
"I've not cash enough for that;
But to cheer me on in my life work,
Say, dear, will you share my flat?"

H. CLAY KING.

A Brief Recital of the Facts of His Celebrated Case.

Colonel H. Clay King, the famous Tennessee lawyer, whose sentence to execution has just been commuted to imprisonment for life, has for a generation been one of the best known men in Tennessee. He is a member of a distinguished family, his services in the Confederate army were conspicuous for bravery, and as a lawyer he stood near the head of his profession in the state. In fact he is an authority, his book on the criminal law being widely accepted, and often quoted. He became infatuated with Mrs. Gideon Pillow, a

COL. H. CLAY KING.

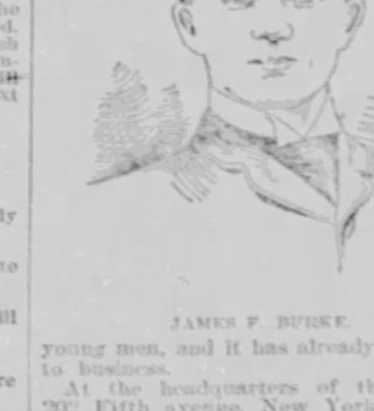
fair client, and fought her cases through all the courts, spending his own fortune at her behest. In the cases she finally instituted against him, the leading counsel was David Paston, of Memphis. A year ago King lay in wait for him at a street corner and shot him dead. He was tried and found guilty. He appealed and the appeal was decided against him.

The woman in the case is Mrs. Gideon J. Pillow, a native of Mississippi, who commenced her matrimonial experiences with a man named Trigg. After his death she wedded Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, the Confederate commander who stood sponsor for Fort Pillow, the place where it is charged that Gen. Forrest caused the slaughter of the negroes during the sanguinary struggle. When she became the mistress of Col. King, he installed her in a handsome Memphis mansion, and allied his interests with those of the widow. Finally he was induced to deed over to her all his property, exacting a promise that it was not to be filed until after his death. She broke her promise, and forced Col. King to bring suit to recover his estate. David H. Paston became the attorney for Mrs. Pillow and while Mrs. Pillow was on the stand secured an admission from her that King, while living with her, had often accused his own wife of unchastity. It was this development at the trial for which King held Paston personally responsible, and which ended in the killing. Mrs. Pillow still lives near Memphis, but is poor and forsaken. She had lost the case against King. His wife has become reconciled to him and has been prominent in the efforts to secure a release or a commutation of the sentence.

IN THE COLLEGE FIELD.

Republican Organization to Disseminate Protection Doctrine.

The American Republican College League is not hampered by any of the embarrassments which make Chairman Carter's lot an unhappy one just now. It is made up of energetic, wide awake



JAMES F. BURKE.

young men, and it has already got down to business.

At the headquarters of the league, 202 Fifth avenue, New York, there is the greatest activity, and if the spirit of young Republicanism succeeds in communicating itself to the more matured elements of the g. o. p. things will soon be getting pretty interesting for Chairman Harrity and his associates in the management of the Democratic campaign. One of the main purposes of the organization was to counteract the strong anti-protection sentiment in most of the colleges, and at the headquarters of the league half a dozen clerks are kept busy every day sending out literature setting forth the blessings and beauties of the protection idea.

President James F. Burke, who brought about the establishment of the league, not only does his share of the work, but is frequently seen on the platform in Republican meetings. He is a logical and interesting speaker, and seldom fails to win applause from his audience. Mr. Burke is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He lives in Western Pennsylvania, and has been a campaigner for several years. Secretary James M. Perkins is a Yale man. He is quite as energetic as Mr. Burke.

"THE OLD AND THE NEW."

The wind is wailing through leafless trees,
And sweeps bare boughs with his fingers cold,
Till they yield with sighs, sad melodies,
Mourning the year whose days are told.
Sobs—sighs,
So time flies,
Ache to the heart and tears to the eyes.

The old year yields up its dying breath,
And the wailing wind sobs a last good-by,
And the hush of peace which follows death
Reigns for a space in earth and sky.
Rest—peace,
Troubles cease,
Ended at last with the old life's lease.

But now the stillness is stirred again,
By a tremulous breath as in gladness drawn,
And as new life springs from the old life's pain,
From the old year's death is a new year born.
New birth!
Joy and mirth!
Fresh hopes waken for all on earth.
—Spectator.

—By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

That Useless Congress.

Objector Holman's in his hole
And pulled the hole in after;
The question asked, "Where am I at?"
Has filled us all with laughter.
The economic hue and cry
Was thin as thinnest tissue;
The records show they've spent the cash;
They've also lost their issue.
—Fitz Nigel.

At the Summer Hotel.

You're thirsty, and some lemonade
You'd welcome with a zest.
So you simply press the button,
And the bell boy takes a rest.
—Boston News.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Christ's Sufferings Were Necessary That the Sympathies of the People Might be Aroused and the World Redeemed.

This week Dr. Talmage, who is still in England, preached from the subject, "Useful Sufferings," the text taken being Luke xxiv: 46: "It behooved Christ to suffer."

There have been scholars who have ventured the assertion that the pains of our Lord were unnecessary. Indeed, it was a shocking waste of tears and blood and agony, unless some great end were to be reached. If men can prove that no good result comes of it, then the character of God is impeached, and the universe must stand abhorrent and denunciatory at the fact that the Father allowed the butchery of his only begotten son. We admire the brave six hundred men described by Tennyson as dashing into the conflict, when they knew they must die, and knew at the same time that "some one had blunder'd;" but we are abhorrent of the man who made the blunder and who caused the sacrifice of those brave men for no use. But I shall show you, if the Lord will help me, this morning that for good reasons Christ went through the torture. In other words, "it behooved Christ to suffer."

In the first place I remark, that Christ's lacerations were necessary, because man's rescue was an impossibility except by the payment of some great sacrifice. Outraged laws had thundered against iniquity. Man must die unless a substitute can intercept that death. Let Gabriel step forth. He refuses. Let Michael, the archangel, step forth. He refuses. No Roman citizen, no Athenian, no Corinthian, no reformer, no angel volunteered. Christ then bared his heart to the pang. He paid for our redemption in tears and blood, and wounded feet, and scourged shoulders, and torn brow. "It is done." Heaven and earth heard the snap of the prison bar. Sinai ceased to quake with wrath the moment that Calvary began to rock in crucifixion. Christ had suffered. "Oh!" says some man, "I don't like that doctrine of substitution; let every man bear his own burdens, and weep his own tears, and fight his own battles." Why, my brother, there is vicarious suffering all over the world. Did not your parent suffer for you? Do you not sometimes suffer for your children? Does not the patriot suffer for his country? Did not Grace Darling suffer for the drowning sailors? Vicarious suffering on all sides! But how insignificant compared with this scene of vicarious suffering!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

Christ must suffer to pay the price of our redemption.

But I remark again: The sufferings of Christ were necessary in order that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men are won to the right and good through their sympathies. The world must feel aright before it can act aright. So the cross was allowed to be lifted that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men who have been obdurate by the cruelties they have enacted, by the massacres they have inflicted, by the horrors of which they have been guilty, have become little children in the presence of this dying Saviour. What the sword could not do, what Juggernauts could not subdue, the wounded hand of Christ has accomplished. There are this moment millions of people held under the spell of that one sacrifice. The hammers that struck the spikes into the cross have broken the rocky heart of the world. Nothing but the agonies of a Saviour's death throe could rouse the world's sympathies.

I remark again: "It behooved Christ to suffer," that the strength and persistence of the divine love might be demonstrated. Was it the applause of the world that induced Christ on that crusade from heaven? Why, all the universe was at his feet. Could the conquest of this insignificant planet have paid him for his career of pain, if it had been a mere matter of applause? All the honors of heaven surging at his feet. Would your queen give up her throne that she might rule a miserable tribe in Africa? Would the Lord Jesus Christ, on the throne of the universe, come down to our planet if it were a mere matter of applause and acclamation? Nor was it an expedition undertaken for the accumulation of vast wealth. What would all the harvests and the diamonds of our little world do for him whose are the glories of infinitude and eternity? Nor was it an experiment—an attempt to show what he could do with the hard-hearted race. He who wheels the stars in their course and holds the pillars of the universe on the tips of his fingers needed to make no experiment to find what he could do. Oh! I will tell you, my friends, what it was. It was undisguised, unlimited, all-conquering, all-consuming, infinite, eternal, omnipotent love, that opened the gate, that started the star in the East, with finger of light pointing down to the manger; that arrayed the Christmas choir above Bethlehem, that opened the stable door where Christ was born, that lifted him on the cross. Love thirsty at the well. Love at the sick man's couch. Love at the cripple's crutch. Love sweating in the garden. Love dying on the cross. Love wrapped in the grave. You cannot mistake it. The blindest eye must see it. The hardest heart must feel it. The deafest ear must hear it. Parable and miracle, wayside talk and seaside interview, all the scenes of his life, all the sufferings of his death, proving beyond controversy that for our ingrate earth God has yearned with stupendous and inextinguishable love.

But I remark again: "It behooved Christ to suffer," that the nature of human guilt might be demonstrated. There is not a common-sense man in the house to-day that will not admit that the machinery of society is out of gear, that the human mind and the human heart are disorganized, that something ought to be done and done right away for its repair and readjustment. But the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and hate and recklessness, and infernal energy of the human heart for sin would not have been demonstrated if against the holy and innocent One of the Cross it had not been hurled in one bolt of fire. Christ was not the first man that had been put to death. There had been many before him put to death; but they had their whims, their follies, their sins, their inconsistencies. But when the mob outside of Jerusalem howled at the Son of God, it was hate against goodness, it was blasphemy against virtue, it was earth against heaven. What was it in that loving and innocent face of Christ that excited the vituperation and the contumely and scorn of men? If he had bantered them to come on, if he had laughed them into derision, if he had denounced them as the vagabonds that they were, we could understand their ferocity; but it was against inoffensiveness that they brandished their spears, and shook their fists, and ground their teeth, and howled, and scoffed, and jeered, and mocked. What evil had he done? Whose eyesight had he put out? None; but he had given vision to the blind. Whose child had he slain? None; but he restored the dead damsel to her mother. What law had he broken? None; but he had inculcated obedience to government. What foul plot had he enacted against the happiness of the race? None; he had come to save a world. The only cruelty he ever enacted was to heal the sick. The only ostentation he ever displayed was to sit with publicans and sinners, and wash the disciples' feet. The only selfishness he ever exhibited was to give his life for his enemies. And yet, all the wrath of the world surged against his holy heart. Hear the red-hot scorn of the world hissing in the pools of a Saviour's blood! And standing there to-day, let us see what an unreasonable, loathsome, hateful, blasting, damning thing is the iniquity of the human heart. Unloosed, what will not sin do? It will scale any height, it will fathom the very depth of hell, it will revel in all lasciviousness. There is no blasphemy it will not utter, there are no cruelties on which it will not gorge itself. It will wallow in filth, it will breathe the air of charnel-houses of corruption, and call them aroma; it will quaff the blood of immortal souls and call it nectar. When sin murdered Christ on the cross, it showed what it would do with the Lord God Almighty if it could get at him. The prophet had declared—I think it was Jeremiah—had declared centuries before, the truth, but not until sin shot out its forked tongue at the crucifixion and tossed its sting into the soul of a martyred Jesus was it illustrated, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Again: "It behooved Christ to suffer," that our affections might be excited Christward. Why, sirs, the behavior of our Lord has stirred the affections of those who have heard of it. It has hung the art galleries of the world with such pictures as Ghirlandajo's "Worship of the Magi," Giotto's "Baptism of Christ," Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Tintoret's "Agony in the Garden," Angelo's "Crucifixion," and it has called out Handel's "Messiah," and rung sweetest chimes in Young's "Night Thoughts," and filled the psalmody of the world with the penitential tones of sorrow and the hosannas of Christian triumph. Show me any other king who has so many subjects. What is the most potent name to-day in the United States, in France, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland? Jesus. Other kings have had many subjects, but where is the king who has so many admiring subjects as Christ? Show me a regiment of a thousand men in their army and I will show you a battalion of ten thousand men in Christ's army.

Show me in history where one man has given his property and his life for any one else, and I will show you in history hundreds and thousands of men who have cheerfully died that Christ might reign. Aye, there are a hundred men in this house who, if need were, would step out and die for Jesus. Their faith may now seem to be faint, and sometimes they may be inconsistent; but let the fires of martyrdom be kindled, throw into the pit, cover them with poisonous serpents, pound them, flail them, crush them, and I will tell you what their last cry would be: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Oh, yes, the Lord Jesus has won the affections of many of us. There are some of us who can say this morning, "Lord Jesus, my light and my song; my hope for time, my expectation for eternity." Altogether lovely thou art. My soul is ravished with the vision. Thou art mine. Come, let me clasp thee. Come life, come death, come scorn and pain, come whirlwind and darkness, Lord Jesus, I cannot give thee up. I have heard thy voice. I have seen thy bleeding side. Lord Jesus, if I had some garland plucked from heavenly gardens, I would wreathe it for thy brow. If I had some gem worthy of the place, I would set it in thy crown. If I had seraphic harp, I would strike it in thy praise. But I come lost and ruined and undone, to throw myself at thy feet.

No price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee.

Some of you are persecuted. There are those who hate you. They criticise you. They would be glad to see you stumble and fall. They have done unaccountable meannesses toward you. Sometimes you feel as if you would like to retort. Stop! Look at the closed lips, look at the still hand, look at the beautiful demeanor of our Lord. Struck, not striking back again. Oh! if you could only appreciate what he endured in the way of persecution, you would never complain of persecution. The words of Christ would be your words: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but if not, thy will be done."

"It behooves Christ to suffer" persecution, that he might show you how to endure persecution.

Some of you are bereft. It is no random remark, because there is hardly a family here that has not passed under the shadow. You have been bereft. Your house is a different place from what it used to be. The same furniture, the same books, the same pictures, but there has been a voice hushed there. The face that used to light up the whole dwelling has vanished. The pattering of the other feet does not break up the loneliness. The wave has gone over your soul, and you have sometimes thought what you would tell him when he comes back; but then the thought has flashed upon you, he will never come back! Ah! my brother, my sisters, Christ has sounded all that depth. Jesus of the bereft soul is here to-day. Behold him! He knows what it is to weep at the tomb. It seems to me as if all the storms of the world's sorrow were compressed into one sob, and that sob were uttered in two words: "Jesus wept."

I close my sermon with a doxology: "Blessing, and glory, and honor, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the lamb, forever. Amen, and amen!"

DELICATE WOMEN
Or Debilitated Women, should use
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ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Cruel, Cruel

To its victims is that inexorable foe to human peace, that destroyer of rest and frequent termination of human life—rheumatism. Like many another physical ill, it is easily remediable at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels the rheumatic virus from the blood through the kidneys. There exists the amplest evidence to prove that in cases that have resisted other treatment the Bitters has produced thorough and permanent results. But to temporize with this malady is folly. Attack it at once with the Bitters and it may be nipped in the bud. When mature it is the most obstinate of complaints. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, neuralgia, incipient gout, constipation, malaria and liver complaint beats a hasty retreat when the Bitters is summoned to the rescue. A wineglassful three times a day.

Keeping Himself in Good Repute.

A Washington man who likes to encourage his boys in outdoor sports recently undertook to help out in the game of foot ball. At evening his ten-year-old son said:

"You ought to honor your father, oughtn't you?"

"Of course."

"I'd feel mighty bad not to."

"That's right."

"So I wanted to ask you please never game of base ball. At evening his ten-can see you."—Washington Star.

She Could Listen to It.

Mrs. Gadder—I'm happy to inform you that I have been converted—got religious, as they say.

Mrs. Tawker—I'm glad, and yet I'm rather disappointed, too.

Mrs. G.—Why so?

Mrs. T.—Because I had a choice piece of scandal to tell you, and now I suppose it won't do for you to listen to it.

Mrs. G.—Oh, go on and tell it. I'm not to be baptized till next Sunday.—New York Press.

One in Five.

One child in every five in the Northern half of the United States dies before it has lived a year.

The Camp Fire.

☞Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

Union Ex-Prisoners of War.

The twentieth annual convention of the national association of Union Ex-Prisoners of War will be held in Washington, D. C., during "Grand Army week," in September, 1892.

The G. A. R. encampment has arranged a most comprehensive system of reunions during the week, to be held on the Grand Army Place, (White Lot,) directly south of the Presidential mansion. There will be commodious tents assigned to Union ex-Prisoners of War, in which the headquarters of the national association will be located, and where the secretary or an assistant will be in attendance from Monday, September 19, 1892, ready to give Union ex-Prisoners of War any information in regard to the national association which they may desire. All ex-prisoners are requested to register their names as soon as they arrive, to facilitate comrades finding them.

The annual convention of the national association will be held in Circuit courtroom, U. S. Court-house, (City Hall) on Wednesday, September 21, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Local associations, which have not yet done so, should at once elect delegates and alternates and provide for their presence at the convention, and thus insure this being an interesting and profitable meeting of the association.

Local associations that have made a report of their condition and are not in arrears for dues, are entitled to representation in the national association, in the ratio of one delegate for every fifteen members in good standing, and one additional delegate for a final fraction of more than one-half of that number; provided, however, that each local association, whatever it numbers, is entitled to at least one delegate. All local association presidents, for the time being, are entitled to sit as delegates, but no proxy or substitute can act for them.

Delegates must be furnished with credentials signed by the president and secretary of their associations, and where the same has not already been done, a copy should be forwarded to the secretary of the national association as soon as possible after receiving this circular.

Secretaries of local associations should immediately make report of all members, officers and delegates, and cause to be remitted to the national association the per capita tax for 1892, at the rate of 25 cents for each member of their association in good standing.

It is desired to call particular attention to the fact that by the provisions of the constitution, all associations in arrears for reports and dues, are excluded from representation in this convention.

There are a number of local associations which, from a scattered membership, lack of interest, and other causes, have fallen in arrears for reports and dues. All such are urged to call a meeting and take the necessary steps to secure representation in this convention, as matters of very great importance will come up, and we need a large and united membership in order to succeed in our aims.

All Union ex-prisoners, whether delegates or not, are most cordially requested to attend at Washington, and help make it the largest and best ex-prisoners' reunion since the war.

The secretary will have with him at Washington, a full line of badges, state pins, and prison slides, where comrades desiring may order the same.

Until that time, for all matters relating to the national association, address Major L. P. Williams, secretary and treasurer, Box 227, Washington, D. C.

No Coon for Dinner.

Editor Camp Fire:—We all know that human nature is made up of some very queer material, and there is nothing like soldiering, in actual war, to bring it out. The circumstance which I am going to relate happened in that eventful year wherein so many sanguinary battles were fought in the vicinity of Chattanooga, that we, of Semple's battery, were ordered to report to Gen. Longstreet's division, then stationed on Missionary Ridge, to assist in preventing Sherman's army from marching through Georgia. So with all possible haste we advanced in that direction, as we knew, by what our officers said, that the order was urgent. After much swearing and lashing of horses and pushing of guns, we came up with Longstreet's small division, holding Missionary Ridge against a superior Union force. We took our position with plenty of enthusiasm, and soon after we were marching to meet the enemy in a death struggle for what we deemed our rights, as all participants in that memorable struggle know how bravely both armies fought.

A company of infantry was ordered to clear the field, so our guns could be placed on an eminence overlooking the enemy's position, which had been strongly defended all that day. On the battlefield were a few trees. The infantry fought bravely, but inch by inch the ground was yielded, while in the midst of the struggle a coon was seen to jump to the ground from one of those battle-scarred trees, and run in the direction of the enemy. No sooner was the coon sighted, than loud cheers and yells went up from the boys in gray; for the coon is very dear to the Southerner's heart. Before we had time to think, out bounced a tall, double-jointed soldier, dressed in ragged clothes, with an old-fashioned beaver hat, adorned with a turkey feather, upon his head. What cared he for this world's vanities when a coon seemed so near? No, not even to the shot raining thick and fast did he give a thought, but "lit out" for that old coon for all he was worth. Straight for the enemy the old coon went, while close behind went that droll madcap, with all the speed his long legs could stand.

"Will he catch the coon before he is lost in that long line of blue?" is hastily asked among our men; "or will he lose his life for that wild varment?" The excitement was intense along both lines, the blue and the gray, when the coon suddenly veered aside, and darted up a tree like a flash. The soldier stopped short, and with a look of disappointment yelled out, "No coon for dinner to-morrow, boys! No coon for dinner!" Then rapidly retracing his steps, he picked up a gun from the ground, and was soon in the midst of the fight. After the battle I asked him, how he came to do such a fool-hardy thing. He coolly replied that he "never thought of the danger, but he hated to see that darned coon fall into the hands of the Yankees."—F. V. Burdell, Richmond Co., Georgia.

How It Feels.

Editor Camp Fire:—Having been absent from the charmed circle of the Camp Fire for some time, I thought it time to report with a "sour oak chip." How does a person feel under artillery fire? That is a hard question for a person to answer, only for himself. He feels just as if—he—was—badly scared; and his feelings don't belie his condition when he hears his first shell screaming, hissing, shrieking and rushing overhead, as though the fight between the heavenly host and Satan's minions was being again enacted, as described by Milton. The fact is, a man doesn't get "used to it" at all, but faces the music with a determination born of despair. There is not nearly that much fright in a minie, as there is in a long mollie. My first experience was in 1863, with round shot and shell, with their awe inspiring "whirree—whirree—whirr." I wanted to run; I couldn't. My knees lost all power of steadiness, my mind was dazed, I couldn't speak, in fact I couldn't move a muscle—I was scared! Just the same are men in our Southern climate during an epidemic of Yellow John. Desperation gives many a man a reputation for bravery and philanthropy.

The "boys" will be glad to learn that Uncle Dan Knight is comfortably located at Santa Clara, Cal., after a most painful and tortuous trip from Colorado.

Will some of the old 10th Tennessee cavalry toss on a few cedar rails, and tell the boys of their many forays?

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

PROVED BY LIVING WITNESSES THAT THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES
cure more people than any other one remedy under the sun.
NO HARM
can come from their use. A genuine current of electricity, continuous, can be made mild or strong, or reversed at the pleasure of the wearer. All of the above fully confirmed and indorsed, by hundreds who have tried them, in our
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
Also description, cuts, prices and other valuable information, printed in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Truss will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents postage.
The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company,
MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY,
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205-211 State Street, corner Adams, CHICAGO, ILL.
New York Office, 826 Broadway.
THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

What has become of the sage of the Camp Fire, Fred. Rogge?—Bub, Florence, Ala.

Memories of Mission Ridge.

Editor Camp Fire:—I think I may say that I appreciate the campfire feature of the Blade, but it seems to be left to a few to keep it burning. It has been a good while since I contributed a chip, and I feel something like I had neglected my duty—and that is something I was not in the habit of doing when I was in the army. I can say what I don't think many can say, I don't think I missed being in my place and ready for duty to the amount of one week from sickness or playing off in all the four years and two months I was in the service. But I was going to bring a chip or two to throw on the fire. I kept diaries from beginning to end, and saved them all. After the war I copied what I wanted to preserve into one little blank book, so that I have all the movements and dates all right of the 41st O. V. V. I., the regiment that was recruited by Gen. W. B. Hazen, at Cleveland. Our company was the "Hazen Rifles" until the regiment was full and the companies lettered.

Comrade Rossitor, of Co. I, gave a little account a short time ago, of our part in taking Mission Ridge, but he didn't state that our brigade, which was commanded by Gen. Hazen, took about 75 pieces of artillery. That's the way I have it in my diary, but there was only a small proportion of them on the Ridge. The rebs had pulled a good many of them off down on the other side, among the gullies and brush, as far as they could by hand, for they did not have their horses handy, not thinking that they would want to take the guns away so suddenly. We hauled them back up again by tying a stout rope to a piece, and a good many taking hold. That night we just fenced in Gen. Hazen's headpuarters with them. In my diary I have it that we were first up. Of course there were other troops up "nearly simultaneously," as Gen. Nelson would say. But we had the advantage of them (the rebs) there, as they had withdrawn a great part of their infantry to head off Sherman, who was about across the Tennessee river just above, and they could not depress the muzzles of the cannon so as to fire down on us. So we did not have many casualties that time. When I started to write I was thinking of telling of some of the tight places we were in, but I guess I shall have to leave anything more I might say for some other time, if it would be acceptable.—T. V. Richmond, Co. D, 41st O. V. V. I.

Sketches are always acceptable. Send them along, comrade!—Ed. Camp Fire.

He Raised Two White Flags.

Editor Camp Fire:—After my regiment was captured at Union City, Tenn., on March 24, 1864, we went South as prisoners of war. While at Humboldt, Tenn., Capt. P. K. Parson, of Co. E, Capt. J. J. Baty and Lieut. Helmer, of Co. K, and others made their escape. While in hiding near Huntington, Tenn., they sent word to the 2d Tenn. mounted infantry at Waverly Landing, on the Tennessee river. Co. G, Capt. Hampton's company, was sent to escort them to camp, and while en route one comrade named Smalley, who, desiring to visit his wife, dressed himself in a large butternut coat and pants to match, then looking more like a guerrilla than an United States soldier. While Co. G was returning Comrade Smalley failed to make connections and was left behind. He followed in hot pursuit, and the guerrillas after him. In the night Co. G was ferried across the river, and next morning eight men were found missing, Henry Douglass being one of the eight. At 4 o'clock the next morning we concluded to go to Waggand's Landing and get breakfast, and Capt. Hampton started a posse back across the river in the ferry-boat in search of the missing eight. The guerrillas opened fire, from a picket fence, on the boat; and at this juncture Comrade Smalley made his appearance, taking shelter under the west bank of the Tennessee river. The gunboat there at anchor mistook him for a Johnny and opened fire on him with a shell. This frightened the guerrillas and they retreated. Comrade Smalley then tore off part of his shirt and waved it in the air. The captain of the gunboat asked Capt. Hampton if that was one of his men. The captain, viewing him through his field-glass, said no. Then the second shell was dropped within a few feet of Smalley, which bespattered him with mud and water. Smalley then took the remainder of his shirt, and was waving two white flags in the air, while J. F. Rogers and Sion Parish were firing on him from the port-holes of the gunboat with their new Springfield rifles. Comrade Smalley, thinking this no place for one in disguise, started up the bank of the river at breakneck speed, waving his two white flags, and on reaching the top of the bank he met with Comrade Henry Douglass and the other seven missing men, which brought the crisis to a close. I would love to hear from Capt. Baty and Lieut Helmer through the Camp Fire.—F. W. Morris, Cos. K and C, 7th Tenn. Cav.

"Let Her Waller!"

Editor Camp Fire:—I served two and one-half years as captain in the 13th U. S. colored troops, and will give you a few anecdotes from that branch of the service. My company were very pious and frequently asked permission of me to hold divine services in a grove near by, which request was always granted. I will here give you the chorus to one of their revival songs.

"Run, mother, run, and get your crown
Se si up and se si down!
My soul's bound for glory!
And that's what the debbil kept grumblin' about!"

On one occasion an aged sister, becoming very huffy, tripped and fell head over heels. When some of the good sisters went to pick her up, the pastor yelled out at the top of his voice, "Let her waller! Let her roll! The Lord tripped her!"

One good brother rose to give testimony, and said: "Bredren, I had a dream last night. I had a talk with the angels." "Well," said the pastor, "what did the angels say?" He answered, "De jubilee am comin' de jubilee am comin'!"—Wm. Bensinger, Capt. Co. C, 13th U. S. C. T.

The Fort Scott Theater.

Editor Camp Fire:—In the fall of 1862 the 9th Kansas was stationed at Fort Scott. During our stay there the citizens were carrying on a theater, under canvas. They would not let us in because they didin't like the boys in blue. I and 15 more of my comrades went to the theater and each took a knife and stationed ourselves at a rope apiece and at the whistle every rope was severed, the canvas fell to the ground, and we all struck for our camp. Before we got through town the police surrounded 15 of us and took us to the Rock guard-house. Andrew Hammons fell into an old cellar and lay there until everything was still, when he came out and reported to our captain, Earl. He buckled on his sabre and revolvers, came down town and walked into the guard-house. The guard never opened his lips. The captain told us boys to fall into line and marched us out. That ended the theater.—David H. Henson, Co. A, 9th Kan. Vol. Cav. (I should like to hear from the boys who were at the fall of the canvas.)

The Sunday School.

The First Christian Martyr.

LESSON IX., SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.

Golden Text—He kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.—Acts 7:60.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts 7, 54-60; 8, 1-4.)

54. When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth.
55. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.
56. And said, behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.
57. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord.
58. And cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul.
59. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.
60. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.
1. And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem, and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles.
2. And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.
3. As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and hailing men and women, committed them to prison.
4. Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.

Illustrative Applications.

When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth (v. 54). Nothing cuts to the heart like the truth. And nothing makes the teeth of a hearer gnash against a speaker like an unpalatable truth. It is not when men lie about us that we lose all control of our tempers; but it is when they have spoken some unpleasant truth to us, or about us, which we haven't the face to deny. It is only when our tongues fail us for a decent answer, that we take to teeth-gnashing against anybody.

But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven (v 55). Even if a man is full of the Holy Ghost, it is safer, and every way better, for him look up into heaven while men are gnashing their teeth at him, than to look into the faces of his enemies. And if good men would look away from those who are gnashing their teeth at them, they would have less temptation to gnash their teeth back again.

And saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. That was a more attractive sight than a group of angry men gnashing their teeth for rage. And Stephen would have missed that sight just then if he had not lifted his eyes toward heaven. Both sights are still to be seen by those who seek them. And many an avowed follower of Christ looks squarely into the faces of those who hate him, instead of lifting his eyes toward heaven, as the Holy Ghost would have him do.

They cried out, and stopped their ears (v. 57). Of course, they did not hear any more of the truth from Stephen while shouting out their cries of anger and stopping their ears. But their failure to hear the truth under these circumstances neither changed the truth nor excused their ignorance of it. Stopping one's ears never does either of these things. Yet there are many who stop their ears against God's truth, and then think it is hard that they are to be held responsible for not believing what was said while their ears were stopped.

He cried, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge (v. 60). That was his return for their gnashing on him with their teeth, and stoning the life out of him. And he could make such a return, because he was full of the Holy Ghost, and because when he was hated and misused he looked up steadfastly into heaven. We say, some times, that we can not be expected to bear everything without resenting it; and that what is heaped on us just now is more than any one ought to submit to. But if we were more like Stephen in spirit, we should find that the provocations we are under at the present are not so much worse than his, after all. If we are full of the Holy Ghost, and have our eyes fixed on Him whom we are set to represent and to witness for, we shall be more anxious for the forgiveness of those for whom our Master died, than for their punishment here or hereafter.

There arose a great persecution against the church; and they were all scattered abroad. They therefore that were scattered abroad went about preacing the word (vs. 1-4). When the disciples were all gathered together in Jerusalem, the Holy Ghost came upon them. When they were all scattered abroad, they went about preaching. The world has reason to rejoice that there was that gathering, and that there was that scattering. The seeds of the Christian church were gathered and scattered to a purpose—to God's great purpose. And the scattering was quite as important as the gathering. So in many a scattering since that day. Families have been scattered that they might carry blessings and receive blessings which they could not have given or received while all were together. And nations have been broken up in order that their fragments might be scattered as good seed in better soil elsewhere. When we find that God permits trials of any kind to scatter his gathered people, let us remember the persecution of the apostolic church, and wait in confidence for the new disclosure of his unfailing purposes of good.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes Delicious Lemonade.
A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

STYLISH LINGERIE.

Dainty Summer Novelties for Neck Adornment.

There is such a large and varied assortment of exquisite trifles for the neck that one's taste may be easily satisfied, and suitable selections made for every occasion. Ribbons are extensively used for neck ornamentation and sheeny bands and loops of satin or filmy folds of gauze enter into combination with the fairest and fanciest of summer toilets.

Rosy silk muslin, cloudy chiffons and airy laces are fashioned into jabots and collarettes of bewitching beauty. One fairy-like affair of primrose yellow is so arranged that it may be draped softly about the neck, knotted loosely at the throat and the ends twisted and caught to the bodice in a very graceful manner.

Black or white gowns are deliciously enhanced by the addition of a chiffon scarf, in the subtile pistache shade, which forms a series of fluffy, wavelike folds from throat to waist. One very picturesque design in shell pink silk muslin consists of a large, spreading bow-knot, fastened to a stock and finished at the ends with full ruffles of finely pleated silk muslin. Quaint bits of beauty, arranged as bows at the top end in a shower of irregular folds, with here and there the gleam from a jeweled stick pin which holds the floating fabric in place.

Little Johnny Didn't Learn.

My papa says over eight thousand churches were built in this country last year. I asked him if it was 'cause the old churches was too crowded or 'cause th' congregations got to fightin', an' he tole me to run off an' play, so I don't know yet.—New York Herald.

THE BEST
S.S.S. Is the best Blood Medicine, because it assists nature to throw off the impurities of the blood, and at the same time tones up the entire organism. This is just contrary to the effect of the various potash, mercury, sarsaparilla mixtures, which bottle up the impurities in the system, thus producing much sickness and suffering. Therefore, for a
BLOOD MEDICINE
you cannot do better than take S. S. S.
"As a physician, I have prescribed and used S. S. S. in my practice as a tonic, and for blood troubles, and have been very successful. I never used a remedy which gave such general satisfaction to myself and patients.
"L. B. RITCHY, M. D., Mackey, Ind."
Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

WE WANT YOU
to act as our agent. Will treat you well and pay liberally for your services. The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1600, Portland, Me.

CAREFUL ADVERTISING.

An English Court Makes an Important Decision.

A singular case was decided lately in a London court room. It was in the days of the raging of the grip that Mrs. Carlill read in a newspaper the advertisement of the Carbolic Smoke Ball company. The company promised to give £100 to any one who should have the influenza after buying and using one of the balls, according to the printed directions. Mrs. Carlill inhaled the preparation of carbolic acid regularly—that is, three times a day for two weeks. In spite of her forty-two seasons of inhalation, her self-disinfection was in vain, and she caught the influenza. When she demanded the forfeit, the company objected. One of the grounds of the refusal was that the plaintiff did not take the carbolic acid into her system at the office of the company; but this condition was not in the advertisement. An action was brought. Mr. Justice Hawkins tried the case without a jury, and directed a verdict to be entered for the plaintiff for the stated sum with costs.

There were four questions of fact and law. First, there was a contract. A promise was made publicly and in print to give each person who followed the directions of the company and then caught the influenza the sum of £100, and there was a statement that the company had placed a large amount of money in a bank that was specified to meet possible claims. Nor did the advertisement to be binding require a stamp. Again, the offer was not a wager, and the agreement was enforceable by action. Here the judge framed a definition that will be of interest to all members of the sporting fraternity. "If either of the parties may win but cannot lose, or may lose and cannot win, it is not a wagering contract." The Smoke Ball company could not win, for the buyer never promised to pay money or do anything if the nostrum protected her from the disease. There was, therefore, no wager. And finally, the contract was not an insurance.

This story of a lawsuit may be used in the pointing of various morals. The judge said that sensible people might be sure that the company was not in earnest when it made the proposition; on the other hand, "such advertisements do not appeal so much to the wise and thoughtful as to the credulous and weak portions of the community." This statement, however, cannot go unchallenged; for there is little wisdom in the day of panic, and the sick man who finds no certain remedy or sure relief is often ready to consult the astrologer or the Indian medicine man; to submit to electricity or the laying on of hands. Certainly in this particular case, the "weak and credulous" Mrs. Carlill was wiser in her generation than the children of light. But the great lessons of this decision apply to advertisers. The Carbolic Smoke Ball company was possibly too confident in its belief in the efficacy of the compound; when it backed the belief by a promise, it should have been ready to fulfill the promise after a purchaser was thus doubly afflicted by the disease and the supposed preventive. Or the promise was only exuberant rhetoric, like unto the advance notices of the traveling circus. In other words, it was a bluff, and the surprise was great when the purchaser did not at once throw down her hand. Advertisers of medicine may thus learn the value of calm and chaste diction. It is a good thing to arrest the attention or to lure the reader by an apparently incongruous anecdote; there is room for humor or classical allusions, but a promise of pecuniary reward in case of failure may steel the buyer against the potency of pill or potion.

BIGGEST GUN ON EARTH.

The Great Krupp Gun, 87 Feet Long, That Shoots Fifteen Miles.

Chicago Times:—Through the courtesy of Herr Lauter, an expert German engineer now in the city in the interest of the great ordnance manufactory at Essen, we have obtained a cut of the biggest gun on earth. The sketch was made by Herr Lauter, and shows the gun as it will probably be exhibited at the fair.

When Lieut. Baker suggested to the Krupp representative that this gun be left on the trucks, Herr Lauter said it would depend altogether on whether they had their own car or were com-

THE BIGGEST GUN ON EARTH.

pelled to use one manufactured in this country. A special track will have to be laid on the fair grounds on which to haul the gun. A heavy foundation will also have to be prepared on which the gun can stand. In speaking of the matter yesterday Lieut. Baker said:

"Our biggest guns are about 45 feet in length. The Krupp gun will be, I think, about 87 feet long. If it were fired on the lake front the concussion would be so great that it would shatter nearly all the window glass in Chicago. It would carry a ball from the lake front up over the housetops of Evanston, a distance of fifteen or eighteen miles. Its initial velocity is 4,500 feet per second."

The gun will be shipped to America by a special steamship and transferred to Chicago from the seaboard by cars made especially for it.

Realized on His Patriotism.

New York Press:—Ex-Congressman L. E. McComas, of Maryland, and present secretary of the national Republican committee was, when in Congress, one of the most popular men in that body, and especially with the newspaper correspondents. He is a good story teller, and yesterday gave an illustration of the uncertainty of some elections. "On my return home at the close of a hot contest, when I was a candidate for Congress, I met an old darky in the wood who himself had voted earlier in the day, and, much to my regret, had voted for my opponent. He was fairly loaded down with provisions. In a basket on his left arm were a few dozen eggs, some butter, a can of oysters and other things to eat, while in his right hand he carried a fine Kentucky sugar cured ham. I knew by the quantity it was far in excess of his financial ability to purchase. I said to him, 'Uncle, what made you sell your vote?' To which he replied, 'De fac is, Mistah Komus, dis am de fust time I was ebber able to r'lize on my patahtism.'"

IN THE SWIM.

The man who never attempts to sing at any other time will break out in a picnic wagon.—Atchison Globe.

Why doesn't some thrifty and inventive soul bottle this atmosphere and sell it for glue?—Chicago News.

Oddly enough, the women and girls who are now stemming the currant are not in the swim.—Philadelphia Record.

Even the bad actor should be given the benefit of the doubt. It may be the only benefit the public will give him.—Picayune.

"I hate to give these clothes away," remarked Jagson as he opened the mildewed chest, "but it is a case of must."—Elmira Gazette.

"Don't you know better than to put your arm around a lady's waist?" she cried indignantly. "I know few things better," he said.—Boston Post.

The caterpillar is here again and the summer girl will meet the supreme test as to whether or not she is worthy of her suspenders.—Washington Star.

Between too much heat and too much storm there is no making anything of the weather. If it isn't going to blazes it's going to thunder.—Philadelphia Times.

Providing Himself.

Hicks—While I was out to-day I bought a tent, a folding cotbed and a big tin bread box.

Mrs. Hicks—What do you expect to do with all that rubbish?

Hicks—Never you mind; I may take it into my head to go to the World's Fair.—New York Herald.

Before and Behind the Scenes.

Before the Public, much praised he
Political Economy;
But when he went the Boys to fix—
"Economy?—Oh, fiddlesticks!"
—Puck.

OVER HER GRAVE.

Gruesome Place Chosen by a Widower for His Marriage.

The strangest as well as the ghastliest marriage on record was contracted at Homer, Neb., the other day.

James Henderson, one of the high contracting parties, was a widower, his first wife not being dead a year.

A few days after he began paying attention to Sally Means, a Homer spinster. The marriage was arranged for, says the Detroit Sun.

Henderson is a spiritualist, and believes in communications, spirit rappings, etc. Ten days ago, before the arrangements for the second union had been fully consummated, he received a spiritual message. It told him that the spirit of his first wife was in a perturbed state.

His approaching union was the cause. Henderson was sadly perplexed. Another communication told him that he was liable to be haunted.

To propitiate the wounded spirit, and to lay the "haunt," Henderson and Miss Means were married at midnight in the graveyard in which his first wife was buried, clasping hands across her grave. The day following the marriage the bride was taken suddenly ill and has not yet fully recovered.

CREAMY COMPLEXIONS.

How They Are Affected by Electric Light.

When the electric light first came into vogue great alarm was created among the fair sex by the statement that the new light was an active agent in the creation of freckles. Since then the world has grown wiser, says a writer in Electricity, but still the ultra truthfulness of the modern luminant in revealing the actualities of feature and the artificialities of complexion met with in every ball room has militated greatly against its popularity.

A prominent New York society leader has earned the gratitude of millions of her sisters by the discovery that all its objectionable characteristics can be removed by covering the incandescent lamp with pale yellow silk.

The effect on the complexion is said to be "creamy and fascinating," and it may be taken for granted that henceforth the stanchest advocates of the electric light will be found among the sex that has found a new way of causing it to render tribute to their attractiveness.—N. Y. Journal.

Public Charity as It Is.

The story which comes from Kingston, N. Y., that an aged man whose only offense is poverty has been compelled to seek the shelter of the common jail under the stigma of vagrancy, in order that he may not die of starvation, cannot be considered flattering to either the community in which he has lived for forty years or the laws under which such a condition of things may exist.—New York World.

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ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1892.

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REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

ARM FOR THE FIGHT.

It is good policy, where you go into a battle, military or political, to be well armed. In the strife between the contending forces of protection and free trade now going on, we are making The Blade a weapon of effective service in the interests of the Republican party. No paper in the country gives so many facts and figures as does The Blade. From now on, it will be still better and more forcible. Its Gatling gun broadsides are annoying the enemy wonderfully, if we may judge by the return fire—not of facts, but of venomous charges and assertions.

Hence every Republican who works for the success of his party can do no better than to circulate The Blade broadcast. Help us by sending us—

First, the name and address of the chairman of the Republican committee of your county;

Second, the name and address of the chairman of every Republican club—campaign or otherwise;

Third, the name and address of every Republican voter in your neighborhood who is not a subscriber to The Blade, in order to send each a sample copy;

Fourth—Drop us a postal card asking for our campaign terms. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

ADLAI PEDDLED PISTOLS.

Adlai's denials of his copperheadism will avail him but little unless he can bring strong testimony in rebuttal of the affidavits on record against him. Here is one from Parker Gardner, of Wabash, Indiana, a reputable old farmer, who says:

In the year 1862 I was a resident of Wilson township, De Witt county, Ill. At that time was acquainted with Adlai E. Stevenson, Democratic candidate for Vice President, he being a resident of Bloomington, Ill. I stood in my own yard in Wilson township early in the summer of the year aforesaid, and saw Stevenson and James Ewing, present partner of said Stevenson, on horseback, come off the prairie and went to the residence of a Mr. Ellsworth, a neighbor, where he sold two revolvers—one for Ellsworth and one for his son. Stevenson and Ewing then went across to the south side of Salt creek, where there was a camp of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and Stevenson there sold eighteen revolvers to members of the order. James Spratt, now living in the same county, informing me that he had bought two revolvers himself, and that Stevenson was peddling the arms for the purpose of enabling the men to resist the draft. Mr. Ellsworth at the same time informed me that his object in purchasing the revolvers was to arm himself against the draft officers, and that Stevenson so understood the purpose for which they were to be used.

PARKER GARDNER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 6th day of August, 1892.

OLIVER H. BOGUE,
Notary Public.

THE TORIES GO OUT.

The division in the British House of Commons, at midnight, on the question of "no confidence" in the Salisbury administration, was a political event of the highest importance. Every effort was made to have as full a vote as possible on both sides—the Gladstonians, in order to show their fullest strength; the Tories, to keep the Liberal majority down within the narrowest limits. As a number of members could not arrive until 11 p. m., the night was spent in speech-making, and the Tories took occasion to point out the inherent weakness of the Gladstonian combine of factions, which, while an unit on the principle of Home Rule for Ireland, yet are at sword's points as to the plan by which this shall be carried out. This acknowledged difference of opinion in the Gladstonian ranks gave a sting to the Tory demand that Gladstone was attempting to ride into power without daring to let the country know the programme he proposes.

The division occurred with almost the entire membership of the House of Commons present—a most remarkable thing in itself, and evincing the tremendous interest that is taken in the political situation. The vote on the motion was 350 to 310, showing a majority of only 40 for Gladstone when all the factions on the Liberal side of the house vote unitedly. It is evident that the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, the Irish Nationalists, the Labor members, and the Home Rule Liberals, can not possibly all pull together on any one plan for Irish Home Rule. The extremists of the Irish party will demand powers for the Irish Parliament, which would amount almost to practical independence of Imperial rule, and this can not and will not be conceded by the Liberal party. On the other hand, any plan that would command the support of the English Liberals will prove unsatisfactory to the Irish members. Hence there is good reason for the Tory taunt that the incoming Gladstone administration is doomed to a very stormy and very short career.

Adlai, in his speech at Louisville, paid a brief tribute to Abraham Lincoln as one of Kentucky's sons. Adlai's views as to the great Emancipator appear to have changed since the years in which he was plotting treason against the government of which Lincoln was the head.

The Democratic press is howling with glee because the Alabama negro voted the Democratic ticket. The "Force Bill" editor must have taken a vacation when that was written. There is no fear of "negro domination" when he votes the Democratic ticket.

Field, the People's party candidate for Vice-President, predicts that the Republicans will carry his state—Virginia—next November. He appears to be trying to scare his own party voters back into the Bourbon ranks.

A Republican club is a splendid thing with which to knock down a Democratic plurality.

Wonder if Cobb, of Alabama, has found out "where he was at" by this time?

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

There is no power more potent than that of example in molding human character. The little child looks up to its parents with absolute confidence in their perfection, and his earliest aspirations are to "be a big man," and "do like papa does." If the parental line of daily conduct and conversation is what it should be, the child grows up with his ideal unsullied; but if precept and practice disagree the influence of the parent is weakened or lost, and the model is too often the practice instead of the precept. The child is far more apt to copy what his father does rather than to follow what he says. All the warnings of the latter to abstain absolutely from all intoxicants will be unheeded after the child once sees his father indulge, or smells the fumes of the alcoholic poison upon his breath.

The principle of unconscious yet potent teaching by example extends much further than over the period of childhood and youth. Very many young men begin the habit of drinking through the habit of an employer, or of fellow-workman or fellow-clerk. Tens of thousands have eventually wrecked their lives by assuming that there was no harm in a practice in which they found their employers or their fellows habitually indulged. Another instance of the force of example, in a slightly different way, in the use of liquors is seen in the use of wines upon private tables. A comparatively few of the ultra-fashionables set the example, and the others copy them blindly, in the desire to also be considered fashionable. This is a striking example of the imitative instinct in our social life. In some respects we, like a flock of sheep, following blindly a leader, even though the leap be over a precipice, and we go to our deaths upon the rocks below.

In view of these facts, and the further one of the terribly insidious nature of the drink habit, it becomes the plain duty of every parent who wishes his sons saved from the vice of intemperance; of every employer of young men; of every one, in short, who has any influence (and who has not?) over his fellows, to abstain entirely from all indulgence in strong drink. Leave it alone; let it go to its own place. That erratic evangelist, Sam Jones, once said that "liquor is a good thing in its place—but its place is hell." Its place is hell, because it is part of hell itself, and wherever it goes it takes hell with it. If it controls your life, it makes your existence a hell; if it enters your family circle, it makes a hell for some of your loved ones, and brings grief to the others. The example of a father may bring hell into the lives of his children, and of his children's children, even to the third and fourth generations.

In point of fact, in the unconscious teaching of example lies one of the greatest dangers. The drinking habits of an employe or foreman, or of an older workman, may drag a dozen younger men about the establishment down into the mire. The genteel tippling of the merchant or banker is a menace to his clerks. The sparkling wine upon a fashionable table may eventually work ruin to hundreds. It will not do for us to answer with the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It will not do to say that you can control your appetite, and may indulge, if you wish, in an occasional glass. The Apostle Paul reminds us of our duty to each other when he says: "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours becomes a stumbling-block to those that are weak." That must be the line of our conduct toward our fellow man.

The pulpit too often neglects its duty in this, that it does not bring this matter more frequently and more powerfully before the people. There are thousands of professing Christians who think it no harm to take an occasional glass of some stimulant; there are church organizations which do not require total abstinence as a condition of membership. There needs to be a waking up in this regard. The vice of drunkenness destroys both body and soul, and the church, whose mission it is to save souls, cannot afford to ignore this fearful evil. Religion must be arrayed against the use, sale and manufacture of all intoxicants. The evils that result from the traffic must be impressed upon the popular mind. Let us bring them to the attention of the masses, that they may begin to inquire, "What shall we do to deliver ourselves and our children from this overshadowing curse?" Then there will be a rapid progress of the movement to overthrow the saloon, crush out the Rum traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

There is a wide difference between Democratic promises and Democratic perfomance. In the national Democratic platform of this year, adopted last June, the following promise is made:

We pledge the Democratic party, if it be intrusted with power, to relentless opposition to the Republican policy of profligate expenditure which, in the short space of two years, has squandered an enormous surplus and emptied an overflowing Treasury after piling new burdens of taxation upon the already overtaxed labor of the country.

The utter falsity of that promise is seen in the fact that the appropriations of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress, just closed, in which that body the Democrats have a majority of 151, amount to $507,711,131, as against $463,398,510 appropriated during the first session of the Republican Fifty-first Congress.

E. W. Voight, a business partner of Don M. Dickinson, and a man of great influence among the German voters of Detroit, who has hithereo been a prominent Democrat, now announces that he is unable to follow his party into the British free trade camp, and that he will vote for Harrison and the protective policy. His business is the manufacture of fiber for paper-makers, etc., and five-eighths of the cost of production is the cost of labor. The European manufacturers get their labor so much cheaper that under free trade the manufacture in this country would be wiped out utterly.

There is fun in Nebraska politics, growing out of the rivalry between the Omaha Bee, Republican, and the Omaha World-Herald, Democratic. The Bee earnestly worked for the nomination of Judge Lorenzo Crounse as Republican candidate for governor, and succeeded. The nomination is a very strong one, but the fun comes in the fact that the judge is the father-in-law of the editor of the World-Herald. The Bee thus spikes its rival's guns so far as the head of the ticket is concerned.

Cleveland is evidently trying to copy Gladstone's habit of writing frequent letters to his constituents on political topics. "It's English, you know," and Grover is a groveling admirer of things English—especially of free trade.

When Cleveland and Hill speak it will be by the long distance telephone.

"Nasby in Exile."

A Humorous Book of Travel by D. R. Locke ("Nasby")—An Offer No One Can Afford to Miss.

Read the different offers made on the fifth page of this issue for the above work. "Nasby in Exile" is an unique book. It not only is valuable as a book of travel, but there runs through it a vein of satire and humor—and such a vein as only "Nasby" could write—making it as good in its way as Mark Twain's "New Pilgrim's Progress" was in its line.

The manners and customs of European people—the things in daily life and travel that the observing American meets at every turn of his peregrinations—are here set down, and commented upon in the half-humorous, half-satiric manner, which gave the "Nasby Letters" world-wide fame. The spelling is not of the Nasby pattern, but the qualities that made the name of D. R. Locke illustrious as the greatest of American satirists are all there, and shine forth from every page. Read the offers on the fifth page, and send in your order. Call the attention of your friends who are not readers of The Blade to it. They will thank you for the information.

Send for campaign terms for the Weekly Blade. We are sending it for three and six months, in clubs, at a less cost than that of the white paper on which it is printed!

Let everybody send for campaign terms. Drop us a postal card by return mail, asking for them.

SMASHING THE GERRYMANDER.

The evils of gerrymandering are patent to every one. The gerrymander is simply an unfair method of dividing a state into Congressional or legislative districts, so as to give to one party an undue preponderance. It neutralizes the will of the people, prevents a political change when they demand it by their votes, and substitutes the rule of a minority for that of a majority. It is a pleasure to see that in three states the courts have overset notoriously unfair gerrymanders on this ground alone. In Michigan the legislative apportionment was decided unconstitutional, and the legislature, convened in hot haste, was compelled to pass a new and fair act in its place. The result will be that Michigan will elect a Republican legislature this fall.

In New York, Judge Rumsey, of the Supreme court, declared unconstitutional the legislative apportionment made by the last legislature. The constitution of the state declares that these districts shall, "as nearly as may be," contain an equal number of inhabitants. This was the point in the Michigan case, and also in the Wisconsin one decided a few weeks ago, and Judge Rumsey's decision is in line with those of the courts in those states. As an example of the violation of the constitution in New York, we will take some of the districts in the metropolis for for illustration. The Ninth district has 164,936 and the Tenth 206,463; the twelfth contains 105,720 and the Thirteenth more than twice that number, or 241,138. These are merely specimen cases. The only argument raised in defence of the apportionment was that the whole matter is within the discretion of the legislature, and that the courts have not jurisdiction to review its proceedings. To this Judge Rumsey replies:

That some discretion in that regard is vested in the legislature cannot be denied, as it must have been left, in the nature of things. But it is just as clear that the discretion is not absolute, because it is expressly directed that the apportionment should be equal "as near as may be."

There is a wide distinction between such a limited discretion and the absolute power in the legislature to do as it pleases. The provision of the constitution, as I have shown above, is mandatory, and not by way of advice or suggestion only. The limited discretion to be exercised is not a mere arbitrary one, but one to be extended only as far as may be necessary. When it appears, as it does here, that the narrow and limited discretion is departed from so widely that it cannot possibly be departed from on the ground of necessity, or even of convenience, then the conclusion is inevitable that no constitutional discretion has been used. But the people have expressly required that the limit of necessity should be observed.

The power to apportion is limited by the conditions of the grant, and those conditions inhere in it. When the legislature disregards them it goes beyond its constitutional power. If the constitutional limit is overstepped and the legislature enacts that which the people have forbidden, I see no reason why the courts should not take their stand at that point and assert the supremacy of the fundamental laws.

There is in this good sense and good law. The courts should have the power to see that the intent of the constitution is not violated to subserve partisan ends. The New York case has been appealed, and a hot legal fight will be made by the Democrats to preserve the present apportionment. The case goes first to the general term of the supreme court, which convenes in Buffalo on August 16. From there it will be taken by consent to the court of appeals, which meets at Albany on October 1.

The Argentine Republic is suffering severely for its financial foolishness of a few years ago. Its national indebtedness now amounts to about a billion dollars of our money. The government now offers its creditors from 2 to 3 per cent, instead of 6 per cent interest, for ten years, after which time the rate is to be 3 or 4 per cent. This is the first step in the direction of repudiation, and that will doubtless be the end.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria must have been hoping mad on learning that the Liberals hissed in Parliament when that portion of her speech was read in which she intimated that there was no business needing attention, and that they might as well go home. All the same the Widow Wettin will find that there will be some very important business transacted before the session closes.

The work of organizing Republican clubs is going on rapidly in Indiana, and the organizers report that, notwithstanding the campaign is not yet open, the interest in the contest is so great that there is no difficulty in forming them, and that very promptly.

Representative John G. Warwick, who was best known from his being McKinley's Democratic successor in the House, died in Washington on Sunday night. The vacancy will have to be filled at the November election.

The last batch of the 67 indicted ballot-box stuffers have admitted their guilt, and will soon be on their way to the penitentiary. The Democratic vote in New Jersey will be very largely reduced as a consequence.

If the branch of the Democratic party which supports Cleveland is called the mugwump, then those who are for Adlai should be called jagwumps.

Whisky must be scarce in Chicago, for a wrecking party from that city is searching for a cargo of it, sunk in Lake Erie.

SILVER IN INDIA.

The financial storm which has been gathering for many months in India, because of the decline in silver, appears to be ready to break. The London cables a few days ago reported a Calcutta special to the London Times, which states that the alarming fall in the rates of exchange due to the decline in silver, has brought a crisis in business affairs, and that the Calcutta papers are urging the government to close the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver, as a remedy.

The silver rupee is the monetary unit among the 284,000,000 of natives in India. Its face value is 48 cents of our money; its bullion value is only 31 or 32 cents. For years after the great decline in silver began, and after its consequent demonetization by European nations and ourselves, the rupee still passed for its face value among the people of India. The result was that a vast stream of silver poured steadily into India, and the mints were kept at work coining it. The Indian government, desiring to prevent depreciation of the rupee, introduced "Council bills" as a medium of exchange between Europe and India.

These Council bills are payable in silver in Calcutta, and are sold in London to English merchants wishing to make remittances to India. These remittances were formerly made in silver bullion. This, of course, largely diminished the stream of silver flowing to India, and greatly reduced the market demand for that metal, thus aiding the decline in its price. But the expedient was ineffective to prevent the decline of the rupee in purchasing power. It has been going steadily downward, until it has reached a point at which the financial disturbances, which always accompany an depreciated and fluctuating currency, have become so great that the people of India are demanding an entire stoppage of silver coinage as a remedy.

This condition of things should lead England to pay more attention to the coming international silver conference. The purpose of that body is to discuss methods of giving silver a wider monetary use, and if a plan shall be devised for this which shall be adopted by the legislative bodies of the different nations represented in the conference, it would certainly at least arrest the decline in silver for a number of years, and probably appreciate its value.

WHAT JACKSON SAID.

Apropos of the declaration of the tariff plank of the Chicago platform, that the Democratic party holds a protective tariff to be unconstitutional, the Minneapolis Tribune is reminded of the language President Andrew Jackson used, on this very point, in his message to Congress of December 7, 1830, during the nullification troubles. As the degenerate Democracy of to-day claims Jackson as a Democrat, the following will show that Old Hickory by no means agreed that a protective tariff is unconstitutional:

The protective tariff is objected to as unconstitutional. * * * The power to impose duties on imports originally belonged to the several states. The right to adjust those duties, with a view to the encouragement of domestic branches of industry, is so completely identical with that power that it is difficult to suppose the existence of the one without the other. The states have delegated their authority over imports to the general government, without limitation or restriction, saving the very innocuous reservation relating to their inspection laws. This authority having entirely passed from the states, the right to exercise it for the purpose of protection does not exist in them, and consequently if it be not possessed by the general government it must be extinct. Our political system would thus present the anomaly of of a people stripped of the right to foster their industries, and to counteract the most selfish and destructive policy which might be adopted by foreign nations. This, surely, cannot be the case; this indispensable power, thus surrendered by the states, must be within the scope of the authority on the subject expressly delegated to Congress. In this conclusion I am confirmed by the opinions of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, who have each repeatedly recommended the exercise of this right, under the constitution, as by the uniform practice of Congress, the continued acquiescence of the states, and general understanding of the people.

Thus it will be seen that not only Jackson, but Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, who were among the framers of the constitution, maintained the constitutional right of Congress to levy protective duties. It has remained for Watterson, following the old slavery idea of the South, to inject an untenable proposition into the Democratic platform this year—one that will aid in the crushing defeat which that party is to suffer at the polls next November.

ADLAI AND HIS BOGIE.

The humbuggery of the Democratic national campaign is well illustrated by the fact that Adlai Stevenson, the tail of the Cleveland kite, in his speeches in Kentucky made the so-called "Force bill" the chief text of his remarks. Passing by the fact that there is no "Force bill," we wish to ask what there is in the situation in Kentucky that Adlai should labor to excite the fears of the Democratic voters? Is there any danger of "negro domination" in that commonwealth?

By the census of 1890, the total population of Kentucky is divided between the races as follows:

White population	1,585,526
Colored population	272,981

The colored population forms but 14.69 per cent, and the white 85.30 per cent, of the total population of the state. Does this show any danger of "negro domination," in case every negro were not only allowed to vote, but even if the colored voters all cast their ballots en masse for the same ticket?

But perhaps Adlai fears that the colored race is increasing more rapidly than the whites, and that, in the course of a century or two, they might overtake and outnumber the latter. Let us look at the percentage of increase for the decade from 1880 to 1890:

Whites, increase, 1880 to 1890, 15.1 per cent
Negroes, increase, 1880 to 1890, 0.5 per ct

Here again we see that the whites increased seven and one-half times faster than the colored population of Kentucky. Or, to put it in other words, the proportion of negroes and of negro voters is decreasing as compared with the whites.

Was Adlai ignorant of these facts, which he could have ascertained without the slightest trouble? It would be ungenerous to charge him with such woful lack of knowledge. But then, on the other hand, if he knew these facts, why did he attempt to scare the white Democrats of Kentucky with a bogie which he knew had no existence except in imagination? In 1861 and thereabouts it was a common boast in Kentucky, as elsewhere in the South, that "one Southern man could whip five Yankees." Now it would seem that Adlai is afraid that one negro voter is better than seven and a half Kentucky Democratic voters!

The Missouri Republicans are making an earnest and active campaign this year. That state has been steadily growing in Republicanism, and it is by no means impossible it will be won next November for Harrison and Reid.

Isaac Pusey Gray is in a good lead in the great relay race for the silence championship.

"WILD-CAT" BANK BILLS.

The plank in the Chicago platform favoring a return to the old and objectionable plan of removing the tax on the circulation of state banks, so as to allow the country to be flooded with private bank notes, is not meeting with favor anywhere among intelligent voters, even in the Democratic ranks. The Philadelphia Record, a strong Democratic sheet, takes occasion to pointedly commend Secretary Charles Foster's remarks on the national banking system, in his recent speech at Vermillion, O., saying:

The secretary of the Treasury insists that the national bank system as it exists is far preferable to a revival of the state bank issues. There is not the least doubt of this. A better system of securing note holders against loss was never devised. But how are the national banks to increase or continue their issues, with the national debt steadily declining and with the growing competition of Treasury certificates at the rate of $70,000,000 a year?

That is a problem to be solved, but it is by no means an impossible one. It can certainly be solved without returning to the old plan, which the national banking system replaced, of an irregular and fluctuating bank currency, which was so unpopular that the people nicknamed this unreliable currency "wild cat," "red dog," and other terms of contempt.

Every intelligent man agrees that the United States bonds should be paid off as rapidly as possible—that the nation should get out of debt as soon as it can. This precludes the one solution which has been proposed, of extending the $550,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds for 50 years at 2 per cent interest, to form a basis for national bank circulation. No such plan is wise. But it is perfectly feasible for Congress to designate municipal and railroad bonds, under stringent stipulations as to their character, which would furnish complete security for the note-holders. Such a plan is the one to adopt.

THE ALABAMA ELECTION.

The Alabama election will show, when the official count is completed, some 10,000 or 12,000 majority for Jones, the "regular" Democratic candidate. He has carried 29 counties in the state to 37 for Kolb, the "bolter" Democratic and Farmers' Alliance candidate. Of the Jones counties, thirteen have a majority of negroes and sixteen a majority of whites. Of Kolb's counties, one has a large negro majority and five small majorities, while thirty-one have small white majorities. Kolb seems to have a majority of the white vote in the state from 2,000 to 5,000, while Jones has a large majority of the negro vote.

The Kolb men claim fraud in the large "black belt" counties, which gave Jones large majorities, and have filed contests on the local tickets. Kolb himself declares his purpose to contest the governorship before the legislature on the allegation of fraud. That body has a clear majority of anti-Kolb men. But the Jones men point to the fact that the constitutional provision for such a contest has never been made operative by the enactment of laws, and no machinery is provided for it. Some 50,000 Kolb men who have been Democrats, are denouncing ballot stuffing as openly as ever the Republicans did. The present plan of the Kolb leaders is to put out an electoral ticket of their own, in November, and claim to be the "white men's party."

There promises to be fun down in Alabama before the year is over, and the old-line Bourbons are scared. A special from Birmingham to the Louisville Courier-Journal voices these fears thus:

The gravest apprehensions are, therefore, felt that the Republicans may slip in between the divided Democracy. The hopeful side of the situation is that the regular Democrats are thoroughly organized, and expect many of Kolb's followers to fall in line on the Force bill.

LOST HIS VEST BUTTONS.

One gentleman who purchased "Nasby in Exile" thus gives his opinion of the book:

I am in receipt of "Nasby in Exile," and have read it till I feel that the Blade Co. is indebted to me one set of vest buttons, and the sewing on.

E. S. HITLIN.

Another subscriber, in Tennessee, has this to say of the book:

Two years ago I purchased a copy of your valuable book, "Nasby in Exile," and after a careful perusal it affords me infinite pleasure to state that I have derived more solid comfort and useful information from the subjects so ably discussed in its pages, than from any similar work of its size I ever read. The vein of humor—characteristic of all the author's literary productions—which runs through the entire volume, commands at once the interest and attention of the reader, and causes the mind to grasp and retain the many golden gems of thought that beam from every page. My subscription to the Weekly Blade will soon expire, and I shall remit $1 for the paper and another copy of the book, which I shall preserve for its real merit, and a souvenir to the memory of one whom I admired as a writer.

J. L. BEAL.

A letter from a recent purchaser, at Gouverneur, N. Y., says:

Your book, "Nasby in Exile," given as a premium for a subscription to your paper, received and read. I don't know when I have found a book which pleased me so much. The descriptions of travel, the manners and customs of people, together with the comical incidents and illustrations, make it a very interesting book, and claims your close attention from beginning to end. Nasby, Mark Twain and Sam Slick write very much in the same style, only Nasby takes the lead.

C. A. HILTS.

Twist the figures as they may, the defenders of the Fifty-second Congress, if it has any defenders, can not deny that its appropriations have exceeded those of the Congress which they so loudly attacked for its extravagance. Senator Allison, that veteran student of official operations of the government and Congress, states that the appropriations by the first session of this Congress exceed by $40,000,000 the appropriations of the last Congress. There is no escaping from the fact that this will be a billion-dollar Congress, and that it will exceed the billionism with which the Democrats sought to bring the last Congress into disrepute.

The Wisconsin gerrymander case will come up in the state supreme court within a few days, and the Republicans are confident that the iniquitous and unjust reapportionment will be finally knocked out.

Si Hawkins, of Rising Sun, Ind., and others, have now a chance to grow famous by dropping a postal card to Grover Cleveland and getting a letter in return.

The New York Herald thinks it should hereafter be called "Cobb tea." That would be superfluous. There are already enough synonyms for whisky.

If the Democrats of the House, as the New York World says, really "did their best," it is awful to think what their worst would have been.

The man who said the astronomers knew as much about Mars as Cleveland did of the tariff was too severe on the astronomers.

Let the voters, when listening to Democratic tariff-smashing harangues, remember that prosperity is better than politics.

What Alabama lacks in population she makes up in the number of times each citizen votes.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

Why the Silver Dollar is at Par

A correspondent, writing from Orie, Kan., has this to say:

I have been interested in the series of articles running in The Blade on "The Silver Question." There is yet a point or two not quite plain. Why does the silver dollar, as now coined, circulate at its face value when not warth it in bullion? If we should have free coinage of silver, why is it that our money would go to the silver basis, when it is not so now, although it is said about all the home product is coined? If the silver in circulation would not be much increased, why the difference simply because in one case it would be free coinage? How is the silver purchased and coined by the government thrown into the general circulation?

Our correspondent has certainly not read the silver series closely, for these points have been covered therein. However, we will synopsize the facts again, for the benefit of inaitentive readers. The Gresham law declares that when two kinds of money circulate side by side, on equal terms, but one of less actual value than the other, the less valuable will drive out the more valuable. This process does not begin until the amount of the less valuable becomes large when compared with the more valuable.

The silver dollar is the only silver coin which is an unlimited legal tender in the United States. It circulates side by side with gold, although it has less intrinsic value. But gold has practically free coinage, while silver has not. Then, too, the compulsory coinage of the silver dollar was stopped by the silver law of 1890. The secretary of the Treasury has power to order more coined when he needs them. The silver which is bought each month is not coined, but simply stored away. It is bought with Treasury notes, which are redeemable in "coin," that is, gold or silver.

Here is one great reason why the silver dollar circulates at par with gold. The amount of silver dollars is less than the gold circulation of the country, and is not being appreciably increased. France keeps her five-franc silver pieces (her only silver coin which is unlimited legal tender) at par with gold by limiting the coinage. She and other countries of the Latin Union suspended the free coinage of silver in 1874; and in 1878 they suspended all new coinage of silver. The amount of silver five-franc pieces in circulation in France has not increased by one single piece in the past sixteen years.

Our correspondent is mistaken in supposing that the silver purchased each month is coined. It is not. It is piling up, month by month, in the Treasury vaults. There have been very few silver dollars coined since the silver law of went into eect. The mint at Philadelphia is now stated to be coining about 100,000 per month, the San Francisco and Carson City mints are to undertake to supply the same quantity soon, and the New Orleans mint will coin $300,000 this fall "to meet the Southern demand during the marketing of the cotton crop." One of the chief obects of this coinage of the silver dollar just now is to provide funds wherewith to transport silver dollars to different portions of the country where they are required. This charge is required, by law, to be paid out of the profits arising from seigniorage, and the profit fund is now exhausted. It will be replenished out of the difference between the bullion value and the coinage values of the silver dollar.

Now, how would free coinage of silver, with unlimited legal tender powers, drive silver to its bullion value? Just so soon as the Treasury refused to pay gold for Treasury notes, on demand; or, in general terms, when it paid out silver for its obligations, every man who held gold coin or gold certificates would keep them and pay silver in preference. Gold would at once go to a premium above silver, for it would be needed in international exchanges, in which silver only goes for its bullion value. The silver dollar would drop to its market value—about 66 cents in gold.

The silver is purchased by the government with Treasury notes. These go into the hands of the men of whom the silver is bought, and is paid out by them, of course, thus getting into general circulation.

MINISTER EGAN.

The Democratic press has been barking at Minister Egan for over a year, and demanding his removal. As Egan is of Irish birth, and committed the heinous sin, in Democratic eyes, of being a Republican, the howl for his removal has had no force. Egan has been going along steadily, attending to the interests of the United States in Chile. He has finally completed an agreement with the Chilean government for the settlement of all unadjusted claims against Chile through the agency of a claims commission to meet in Washington. The claims to be considered by this commission are not confined merely to matters of recent occurrence, but include claims extending back over a long period of time. The conclusion of this agreement indicates a marked improvement in the condition of our relations with Chile. As a matter of fact, the United States minister reports that a most friendly spirit has been evinced by the Chilean government in the negotiations leading up to the conclusion of the agreement. Mr. Egan deserves the thanks of every intelligent American for putting affairs between the two countries into business shape.

The English press has been so outspoken in favor of Cleveland and the free trade policy of which he is the exponent, that acute observers in the land of Johnny Bull begin to see that it is working injury to the Stuffed Prophet's campaign. The Liverpool Echo, of July 21, thus calls on its newspaper brethren to keep their mouths shut during the remainder of the campaign:

The discussion of the question at issue from the English point of view has only one effect in the states, and that injurious and paralyzing to those who are fighting the battle of free trade. Every public expression of opinion in this country hostile to the McKinley tariff, from a British point of view, is telegraphed across the Atlantic, and eagerly reproduced in the Republican papers throughout the country. As we said before, the apostles of free trade if they wish to further the principles they are so proud of should rigidly hold their tongues during the present Presidential campaign. Their utterances do incalculable harm to the Democratic cause, and if Mr. Cleveland is after all defeated it will be largely owing to the too loudly and indiscreetly expressed sympathy proceeding from these shores.

Poor Adlai! He is thoroughly vexed because his disloyal and cowardly course during the war has been made public, and he declares the stories are "base lies." Unfortunately, they are supported by numerous affidavits, and the plea of "not guilty" will not avail him.

Cleveland keeps up his correspondence with ambitious nobodies, and the leters are regularly printed. We fail to find any evidence, however, that he has any epistolary connection with David B. Hill.

Gray and Hill still preserve a chilling and haughty silence, which sends the shivers down the Democratic spine in spite of the hot weather.

Where is Isaac Pusey Gray at?

Campaign Prices

Of the Weekly Blade for the Presidential Year—Special Points for Every Republican.

Our short-time rates for the Weekly Blade for the Presidential campaign are now ready for anybody on application. We have made them so low as to barely cover the cost of the white paper on which The Blade is printed.

The Weekly Blade is the only weekly newspaper which is edited with a view to its circulation in every state and territory of the Union. It is the most popular paper in the country, and has the largest circulation of any weekly political newspaper in the United States.

Unlike all other Republican campaign literature circulated during the canvass, The Blade has many interesting features outside of politics. These are carefully read by all the members of the family, and it is not thrown away, as a pamphlet would be.

We take more interest in the Republican cause during a Presidential campaign than any other Republican weekly newspaper. The issues of the election are discussed in a plain, clear, easily understandable way.

While we have made our short term rates as low as we can possibly afford, with a view to obtaining large lists at every postoffice, we want correspondence from the Chairman of every Republican campaign committee who sees this, especially from those who desire to circulate from 100 to 500 or more copies of The Blade in their counties. To those we will make special terms. Write for them!

In every case, we expect to send The Blade direct to every subscriber; consequently we want the postoffice address of each individual who is to receive the paper.

We also want lists of names from anybody and everybody who takes an interest in Republican success, and will take the trouble to send them. To each name we will send specimen copies of The Blade. We hope every reader of The Blade will send us from 10 to 100 names, and that immediately.

We also desire the address of the chairman of every Republican county committee in the Union, and hope that some reader, in every county, will send the name and address of the chairman of his county, at once.

Upon the terms we have made for short time subscriptions, anybody can raise a club of 20 to 50 names in a few hours, and that at a profit to themselves, as well as to the benefit of the Republican party of the nation.

CAN NOT BE PLEASED.

The Democraic party has, for so many years, made its campaigns simply on wild denunciations of Republican policy and measures, that its orators and leaders seem to have lost sight of the fact that a constructive policy is needed to supplement their destructive one. If all Republican methods and measures are to be thrown overboard, they certainly should remember that something equally good, and better, if possible, is required in their place. But they offer nothing which commends itself to the sober sense of the intelligent voter.

An illustration of the determination not to be satisfied with anything in the way of Republican management is the Treasury balance. In 1884, the "surplus" in the Treasury was the bogie with which they tried to frighten poorly-posted voters. They declaimed at length of the dangers to the body politic from Uncle Sam having more money in his pocket than he needed for his daily expenses, and were tremendously excited lest it should be stolen from him by some pickpocket. They put Cleveland in the Presidential chair, and elected a majority of the House of Representatives; but the chronic incapacity of the party to formulate business methods were quickly shown. All that was done was to keep on loading Uncle Sam's pockets by letting the surplus accumulate. There was not wisdom enough in the party to stop the process.

In 1888, the Republicans came into power, and they took hold with business-like common sense. They disposed of the idle millions accumulated by paying off bonds, thus reducing the interest burden. They thought it sound sense that if Uncle Sam's pockets were bulging with idle cash, he would better pay off some of his debts, as far as possible. This was done. Then the accumulation of any further surplus was stopped by the passage of the new tariff law, which put sugar and a long list of other imports on the free list, and reduced the revenue by reducing the amount of duties collected.

But this does not please the Democrats any more than did the surplus. They keep up their howl, but now it is over the allegation that there is danger there will not be money enough in the Treasury to pay current bills, and that a deficit is possible. If such a thing should happen, it would not be a matter of alarm. It is impossible to estimate the receipts of the government for a year within several millions, and it might occur, under the wasteful and extravagant appropriations of the present Democratic Congress, that we should spend more than we had; but the money is steadily coming in, and it would be but a few days until there would be plenty of money to meet the appropriations, as we receive from customs over $14,000,000 every month, and half as much more from internal revenue.

OUGHT TO RESIGN.

The Honorable W. C. P. Breckenridge, who some time ago was chosen as orator of the day at the opening of the World's Fair, ought to resign his place on the programme. He has gone on record as an enemy of this great American Exhibition of Progress by his vote in Congress, being paired against the World's Fair appropriation bill.

To be consistent, this Kentucky exponent of Southern hatred should not remain in a position he, himself, has declared is useless and of slight consequence. No orator can be successful with an opposing audience, and Chicago will not, nor can she be expected to, forgive this man for his opposition to a measure so righteous and beneficial and necessary.

It is a fact worth pondering, that the bank clearings for seven months of 1892, as compiled by Bradstreet's, show a total of $35,312,276,132, or nearly 14 per cent more than in seven months of 1891. In other words, the volume of business during the seven months of 1892 to the first of August was nearly 14 per cent larger than in 1891; for speculation has been no more active, if indeed as active, in 1892 than in 1891.

Had Adlai Stevenson been in Congress this year, what a connoisseur of jags he would have made!

CURRENT EVENTS

Braced up—the suspender-wearing girl.

Wooden sleepers on railways last about 15 years.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Mr. Gladstone sleeps or stays in bed until afternoon.

The first saw-maker's anvil was taken to America in 1819.

Percussion caps were first used in the United States army in 1830.

A quarter of each generation die before attaining the age of 17.

Expedition Island, off the coast of Australia, has mysteriously disappeared from view.

A nailless horseshoe that is fastened to the hoof with a clasp is coming into use in Paris.

Pupils in the schools of Japan are taken out rabbit hunting one day in every autumn.

Col. Taliafero, the Alabama legal and political celebrity, is six feet and five inches tall.

The pocketless is rapidly coming into favor with women who dislike having their pockets picked.

Four-fifths of the engines now working in the world have been constructed during the last 25 years.

The first type-setting machine was patented in England by Dr. William Church, of Connecticut, in 1822.

The fire brigade of London is called out more frequently on Saturday than on any other day of the week.

It is seriously proposed to purify the Thames by importing a school of crocodiles to act as river scavengers.

A German writer attributes to American girls the invention of flirting. Then Eve must have been an American.

The baby clothes made by Mrs. John Adams for her son, John Quincy Adams, will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

A number of prehistoric skeletons were recently unearthed in Rome. They were of males and females, and averaged seven feet in length.

The caterpillar is here again and the summer girl will meet the supreme test as to whether or not she is worthy of her suspenders.

The Danish government has issued a decree forbidding the importation of dogs from any foreign country except Sweden and Norway.

An ice yacht has traveled a mile in 1 m. 10s., a running horse in 1 m. 35 1-2s., a torpedo boat in 1m. 50s., a steam yacht in 2m. 12s.

There are about 11,000,000 women in Italy, and some 2,000,000 are engaged in industrial occupations, while more than 3,000,000 labor in the fields.

There were five Mondays in February of the years 1616, 1644, 1672, 1700, 1712, 1740, 1763, 1796, 1808, 1836, 1864, 1892. The like will occur in 1904.

Rubber heels, to facilitate marching, are to be attached to the shoes worn by French soldiers. Experiments with them have given decided satisfaction.

Pointed waists with the yoke cut cut squarely off above the waist so as to look like a Carmellite collar, are among the newest effects seen in bodices.

A Parisian meteorologist has written a book of 300 pages to prove that the electricity of thunderstorms is caused by the friction of rain-drops on hailstones.

The queen is said to view the advent of a new ministry wiht feelings of greater interest than she has evinced on any similar occasion in all her long reign.

Samples of tea grown and cured at Summerville, S. C., have been received in Baltimore, which expert tea dealers have pronounced superior to East India tea.

Out of 50,000 guesses on a big cake of soap on exhibition in Berlin only two were correct. The cake was a soapmaker's advertisement, and it weighed 1,122 pounds.

Olive Thorne Miller, the authoress, knows about as much ornithology as a professor. She devotes six months of every year to the study of birds and bird-life.

Joseph E. Washington, representative in Congress from Tennessee, is a descendant of the "Father of His Country" and one of the wealthiest young men in his state.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing in China, striking examples of early Oriental engineering skill.

Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme court, weighs 225 pounds, and declared to a reporter the other day, "There is nothing in the world I care to talk about for publication."

The "well of frozen air" is near Dayton, Ga. The drill passed through a five-foot stratum of frozen gravel into a series of cavities from which gusts of freezing air come with perfect regularity.

M. Paule, who recently died in Paris, was the inventor of the "peg top" trousers which were so much worn by American volunteer firemen and village sports about a quarter of a century ago.

If the dead of London were each allowed a grave 2 by 6 feet, with a very thin wall of earth between, each year her 80,000 corpses would fill a cemetery of about 23 acres.

On her father's death a Reading daughter presented a bill for the years she had taken care of him. This is a noteworthy instance of combining filial piety and business.

The total number of gold pieces struck at the English mint last year was 87,886,317, as against 70,894,445 in 1889. This was by far the largest ever executed in one year. Their value was £8,325,903, 9s. 4½d.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, the Russian translator, of Boston, has personally raised $7,000 for the famine-stricken Russians during the last few months, and sent the money to the Tolstois for distribution.

Miss Hillyard, the new lady tennis champion of England, is spoken of as a short, slight, agile and prepossessing young lady, in almost all respects the opposite of the lady whom she succeeds in that position.

Kate Field, in her Washington, asks Secretary Tracy to name the new cruiser Secretary Tracy to name the next new cruiser the Isabella, in honor of the friend of Columbus, and supports her plea with an eloquent argument.

Aunt Sarah Heath, of Bedminster, N. J., now 103 years of age, and when she has all of her family around her the "little ones" include five grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren, and six great-great-grandchildren.

A popular skirt-edge trimming on new French dresses is to cover crinoline about an inch wide with silk or other dress fabric, making three strands, and then braiding them exactly as one braids the hair, only much looser.

The numerous strikes of suspender-makers are easily accounted for in the present fashion of women to add "galluses" to their wardrobes. The demand for suspenders is greater than at any other time in the history of the market.

An original method of inducing the residents of Alsace-Lorraine to become Germans has been discovered by the Volk, the organ of Herr Stoecker. This journal proposes that the state shall give a dowry to every native of Alsace-Lorraine who marries a German.

The new Watteau hats have brims of even length all around, slightly curved in front and on the sides. The space where the crown should be is filled up with a mass of roses, orchids, or some other flowers, with their foliage, which is all held together by a bow of satin ribbon.

The pretty girl, the summer maid,
Ah! who would not defend 'er?
But not so shy nor looks afraid
When strapp'd in black suspender.
There comes a time when on the sand
The tale is sad to tell, O!
A button flies—she vainly tries
To swear just like a fellow.

Andrew H. Burke, who has just been renominated for governor by the Republicans of North Dakota, was once a New York newsboy. He was homeless, barefooted orphan when he secured his first situation as errand boy 35 years ago, and he saved enough to go out West before he was 20.

Thomas Carter, chairman of the Republican National committee, used to be a field boy in Illinois and could bind more than some old hands. One day he left a farm, and none in the field ever heard of him until he loomed up as a criminal lawyer in Montana and then in Congress. Then they all recalled "Little Tommy Carter."

J. F. Le Maistre, who recently celebrated the 108th anniversary of his birth at Brighton, Vt., is one of the oldest men in New England. He was born on the Isle of Jersey in 1784. When 15 years old he came to this continent, settling for a time in Quebec. The old gentleman still possesses all his faculties and enjoys life more than many a younger man.

Sir Charles Cox, who died in London the other day, was a character whom Thackeray would have delighted to portray. He was a man whose unusual stature and excessive thinness would have made him noticeable in any circumstances, and those physical eccentricities were accentuated by his singular attire. He wore invariably a dress coat of antique cut, gray trousers, open buff waistcoat, high Gladstonian collar, and an immense neckcloth. His hat was of a style of several generations ago. Sir Charles was a constant perambulator of the streets and a noted attendant at weddings.

At the last garden party given at Paris at the English embassy the "smartest" toilet was that of the Marquis de K. She wore a fourreau of mauve satin, with a very long train, over which came a second dress of pale mauve crepe, caught in round the waist by a draped moss-green velvet belt. The crepe was slightly shirred in front over the bust and fell in a Watteau pleat behind. A drapery of moss-green velvet, covered with Venetian lace, was gracefully attached to the shoulders and sleeves in mauve crepe and hung in deep folds over the tight-fitting cuffs of moss-green velvet Venetian lace that came up to the elbows.

Publishers' Desk.

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

ABOUT "NASBY IN EXILE."

We promised, some time ago, that we should make an offer by which any of our regular subscribers desiring it should be able to obtain a copy of "Nasby in Exile." If the reader will turn to the advertisement of "Nasby in Exile," on the fifth page, and read the terms on which the book may be obtained, he will find under the "Fourth" offer, one addressed to regular subscribers. Read it, and send for the book. You will not regret it.

By the way, we wish some of our friends who have already obtained the book and read it, would take time to write to us and tell us how they like it. We shall be glad to have their opinions.

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO A LITTLE WARBLER.

No doubt it is extremely hard
To reckon as a minor bard;
No doubt it is a painful thing
Men will not listen when you sing;
No doubt it is a dreary thought
Your books are neither sold nor bought;
No doubt you sigh, because your name
Will not go down to deathless fame.

But think a moment. You will find
Some small advantages combined
With these indubitable woes,
You have not earned the hates of those
Who pass their time in biting backs.
You do not pay the income tax.
You will not be the theme of fools,
Nor yet be edited for schools.
—St. James's Budget.

In the Gloaming.

They sat in the hammock at twilight,
And the old folks thought they behaved;
But I, being near, heard her whisper,
"Oh, Jack, you ought to get shaved."
—New York Herald.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

On a farm northwest of the city of Beaverly, Mass., is found this sign forbidding trespassers:—"Any person ketched on these grounds, or cows or wimin will be liabul two fine itself in a skrape."

Did It Easily.

Blinks—Did you hear how that Missouri woman held up a whole train?

Jinks—No, how was it?

Blinks—With her suspenders.—Minneapolis Times.

A Comparison.

The walking delegate does not wear out half so much shoe leather as the striker who is looking for another job.—New York Herald.

Has It Occurred to You?

The People's party takes a pretty big contract when it sets out to live up to its title.—Washington Star.

PLEDGES VERSUS DEEDS.

Democratic Promises Measured by Their Performance—The Record of the Session of Congress Just Closed.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The Fifty-second Congress, with its 158 Democratic majority, the largest majority which any party has enjoyed since the war, made these pledges to the people:

(1) To repeal the McKinley tariff.
(2) To carry free coinage of silver.
(3) To kill the 'reciprocity fraud."
(4) To repeal the bounty on sugar.
(5) To stop the subsidies for ocean mail.
(6) To cut down appropriations $100,000,000.

This Democratic majority of 158, after eight months of prolonged session and faithful salary drawing, fulfilled the above pledges as follows:

(1) Made no attempt.
(2) Split its vote and did nothing.
(3) Made no attempt.
(4) Made no attempt.
(5) Made no attempt.
(6) Increased the appropriations $44,322,870.

After squandering more money than any other American Congress, and failing to carry out, or in most cases even attempt, the measures to which it was pledged, the Fifty-second Congress amended five little flea-bite tariff duties—namely, those on wool, barley, twine, lead and cotton ties. The removal of the sugar duties by the Republican Congress amounted alone to many times all of these Democratic flea-bites combined.

The tariff was to be slaughtered in order to kill off "the trusts and tariff barons which prey on the people." It appears, therefore, that the trusts and tariff barons on which this brave Democratic Congress had its eye were the fellows that raise wool and barley, mine lead and make cotton ties. "The people" who suffered were the manufacturers who consume wool and lead, the distillers who use barley, and the plantations that use cotton ties. As five-sixths of the duty on binding twine had already been removed by the preceding Republican Congress, that duty was not a party issue.

The Fifty-first Congress had a Republican majority of only seven; and yet it fulfilled its pledges and gave the country such an array of important legislation as this:

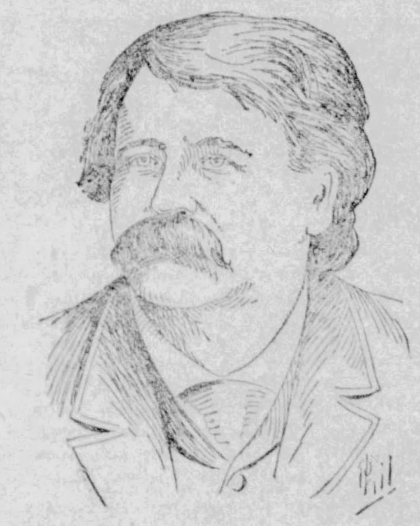
The agricultural college act.
The anti-lottery act.
The anti-trust act.
Various army legislation.
The McKinley tariff, including reciprocity.
Four minor custom laws.
The land grant forfeiture act.
Meat and live stock inspection laws.
Increase of navy act, and other navy legislation.
Admission of Idaho and Wyoming.
"Original package" legislation.
Several pension acts.
The present silver law.
The World's Fair bill.
Immigration legislation.
Indian legislation.
Public land legislation.

Comparisons are odious, especially when made between a Congress which breaks all its pledges and a Congress which breaks all records for progressive and aggressive statesmanship.

AN ELOQUENT ORATOR.

General George A. Sheridan, Who is Now on the Stump.

One of the most powerful and convincing political speakers in the Republican party is Gen. Geo. A. Sheridan, to whom many thousand Republicans in this city and not a few Democrats have listened in the last month. Gen. Sheridan has just closed a series of addresses to thirty meetings held under the auspices of the Republican club of New York. He has been greeted everywhere by great audiences. He has mainly confined himself to a discussion of the tariff, and it is the universal opinion of those who have heard him that no



GEN. GEO. H. SHERIDAN.

more forcible, eloquent or convincing speeches have been heard in this city upon that question.

Gen. Sheridan is thoroughly familiar with that great subject, and possesses the rare faculty of presenting facts and figures in a manner at once interesting and instructive. He is tremendously earnest in all that he says. Quick at response, he is never thrown off his balance by interruptions, never loses his temper, and never fails to rivet the attention, awaken the interest and arouse the enthusiasm of all who hear him.

Governor McKinley, of Ohio, says of him: "General Sheridan is one of the very best of our popular orators. He always charms and instructs his listeners. His rank is of the highest as a cultivated and finished speaker."

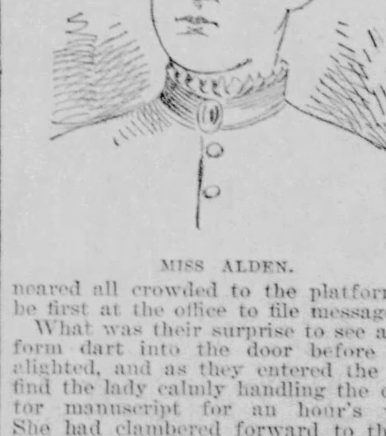
The General will continue to speak during the campaign, and between now and the election will doubtless be heard in all the states regarded os debatable. Wherever he appears the people will have an opportunity of hearing Republican doctrine upheld and advocated in a brilliant and able manner.

SCOOPED THEM ALL.

Miss Alden, Who Led the Rush Into Oklahoma.

At the opening of the Oklahoma strip in 1890 there was a girl reporter, a Miss Alden, who outstripped all rival newsgatherers in the race for the telegraph office.

She had a good pony and so did the other correspondents, but after the rush had been made the horses were too tired to be ridden back to the station, so a passing train was hailed and the little band of correspondents prepared copy as they rode. As the station was



MISS ALDEN.

neared all crowded to the platforms to be first at the office to file messages.

What was their surprise to see a lithe form dart into the door before they alighted, and as they entered the office find the lady calmly handling the operator manuscript for an hour's work. She had clambered forward to the engine and even out to the cowcatcher, and when the locomotive came opposite the depot, made a flying leap in safety to the platform.

Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away

Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form.* Tobacco users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning The Blade canget the book mailed free. Address the Sterling Remedy Co., box 722, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

Science Causerie.

The Burning Mountains.

Aetna continues its flaming course. The latest reports are meagre in items, but they seem to indicate that the eruption will be noted as one of the most terrible in the history of the mountain, mainly because of its long continuance. There are the usual phenomena—a dense canopy overhangs the summit, huge masses of rock are thrown to great heights, the sound of violent disturbance beneath the earth is heard, a sign that the eruption has not reached its end, and the streams of lava are again pouring down the mountain sides. These rivers of molten rock are not likely to cause more disaster than was produced when the mountain began its present discharge of fire, as they will probably run in channels ploughed by the first streams. It is also possible, being warned, to prevent them from doing much more harm, by the removal of cattle and household effects that may lie in their way.

More details of the eruption of the volcano on Great Sangir island, in the Malay archipelago, are at hand. The mischief wrought by this eruption was enormous. Hundreds of natives were killed by the fall of the stones belched from the crater. The houses offered no refuge, for many of them were crushed by the stones and the shower of ashes, and whole families were buried in the burning ruins. Lava poured its terrible streams down the mountain, burning houses and crops and destroying human life. The lowest estimate is that a thousand perished on the mountain slopes and hundreds more in the valley. Famine now threatens to follow, all the crops having been destroyed.

Left-Handedness.

Physiologists have found it a difficult matter to account for the facts that most people are right-handed and a few left-handed. In a recent work Sir Daniel Wilson concludes that left-handedness is due to an exceptional development of the right hemisphere of the brain, and traces the phenomena back to "the early stone age, certain implements indicating that paleolithic man was sometimes left-handed, and certainly was not ambidextrous, as some have maintained. Among the lower animals are individuals that use the left limb more readily than the right. Dr. D. G. Brinton adds that, while it may sound like a "bull" to talk of animals as left-handed who have no hands, the same physiological phenomena is observed in snails. In them it is manifested as a reverse twist of the shell. With the ordinary vine snail, the spiral curves from left to right, but in one specimen in about 3,000 the curve is from right to left; and in certain other mollusks examples are far more common.

A Great Beacon Light.

A great search light will be flashed from the summit of Mount Washington this week. The light will be 1 1-4 miles abeove the sea—the highest in the world. The large area lamp will require a current of 90 amperes, under a pressure of 50 volts. This lamp is placed in a weather-tight cylinder 30 inches in diameter and three feet long. By the use of a mirror, in combination with a very powerful and delicate lens, made for the purpose in Paris, the rays of light are to be sent out of the cylinder parallel to each other in a beam 30 inches in diameter, and intensified many times the power of the original lamp. A Thomson-Houston dynamo, run by a 25-horse power engine, furnishes the power. There is the greatest interest throughout New England in this mammoth beacon.

Marking People.

Perhaps the time will come when all will see the propriety of putting an indelible mark on every human being shortly after birth. Such a practice prevails among savages, who in an early age saw the advantage of it. Such a mark, if made a mark of record, would be of more advantage to civilized persons than to savages. That it is often difficult to identify the dead, as great changes occur as soon as life ceases. Recently the body of a girl was sent from Chicago to a town in Massachusetts after an acquaintance had testified to its identity. On the same day this occurred the body of a man who died of sunstroke in New York was delivered to his presumed relatives; but it was discovered just before burial that the bodies were not those of the persons they were presumed to be.

Fish 10,000 Years Old.

In making railroad tunnels, cuts, etc., and in sinking wells and pits in Nevada, Utah and Arizona, salt strata are often struck at varying depths, sometimes as much as a hundred yards beneath the surface. Hundreds of fish, perfectly preserved, are found in blocks of this pure rock salt. These salt fields are supposed to occupy what was once the bottom of a lake, thirty miles long, fifteen miles wide and many hundred feet deep. The fish found resemble the pike and pickerel species, and are wholly unlike the fish found in the lakes and rivers of that region at the present time. The specimens found are not petrified, but are as perfectly preserved in the flesh as though but recently frozen in a block of ice.

The Best Clothes Line.

Actual experience has shown that the best material for clothes line is ordinary telegraph wire, which is now being sold very extensively for that purpose. Its great advantages are that it never wears out, does not, when properly put up, sag as the ordinary clothes line, never breaks, and does not look unsightly. It can be wiped off whenever the clothes are hung out, and therefore will not soil them as an ordinary hempen line so often does. It is not expensive, and taken all in all is far superior in every respect to the old-fashioned article.—House Furnishing Review.

Europe Growing Cooler.

That Europe is passing through a cold period has been pointed out by M. Flammarion, the French astronomer. During the past six years the mean temperature of Paris has been about two degrees below the normal, and Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany have also been growing cold. The change seems to have been in progress in France for a long time, the growth of the vine having been forced far southward since the thirteenth century; and a similar cooling has been observed as far away as Rio Janeiro, where the annual temperature has been going down for some years.

The Coldness of Space.

Way out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 degrees or 400 degrees below the freezing point of water, some philosophers think, are the dark recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiate space is robbing us of our heat and fighting with demoniac power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill.

Across Thirty Centuries.

There doesn't seem to be much difference between the present style in woman's dress and the style of 3,000 years ago.

They differ only in the waist line.

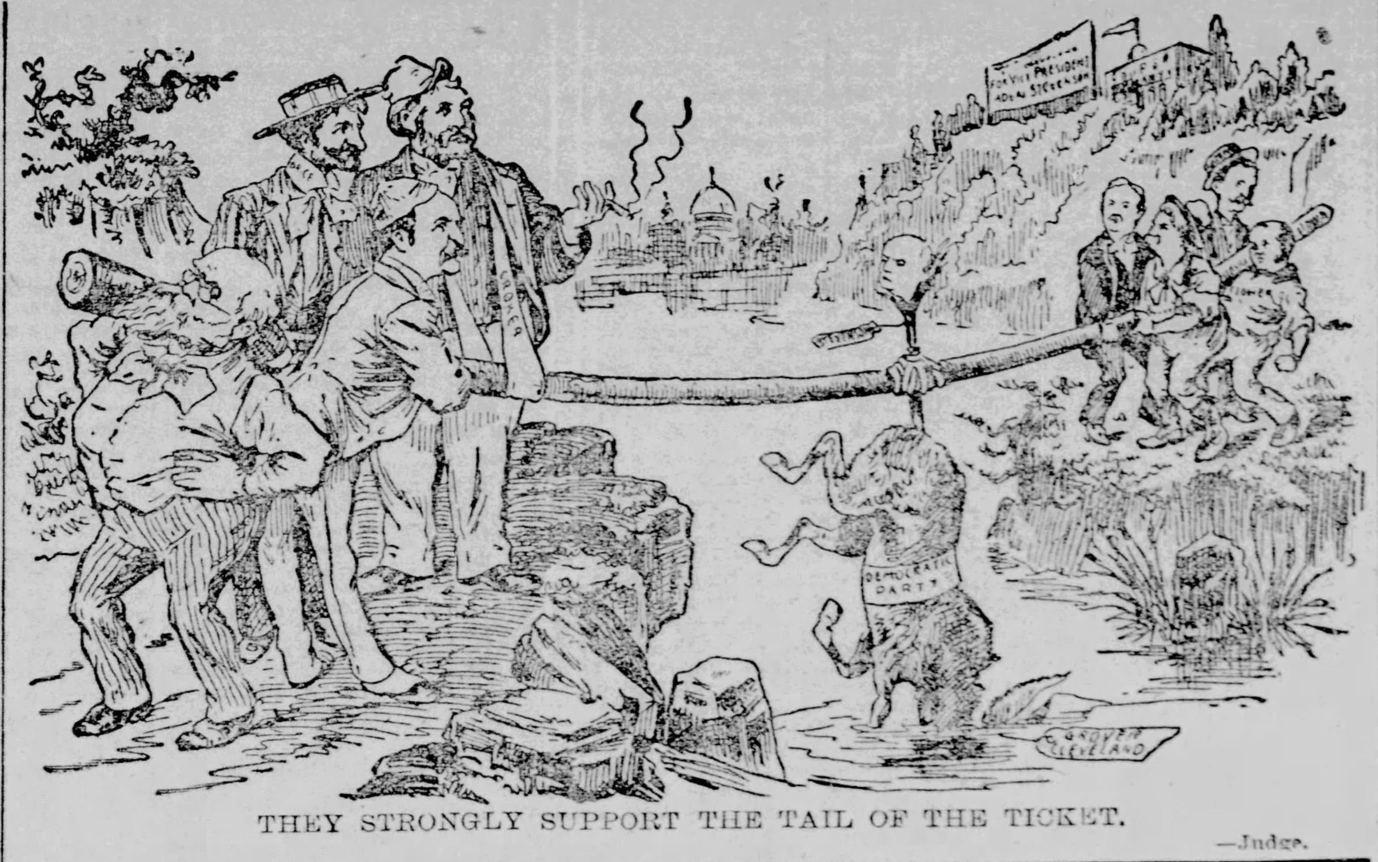
Puck says. Take a look at the vestal in the picture and then at the belle costume a la Russe, and you can see for yourself.

At Cape May.

"Clara, I'm engaged to be married already, and I've only been here two days."

"You sweet thing! Who is the happy man?"

"Dear me, how unfortunate! He forgot to give me his card."—Chicago News.



THEY STRONGLY SUPPORT THE TAIL OF THE TICKET.
—Judge.

"WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN."

A Few Words by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll Spoken in 1880.

I am opposed to the Democratic party, and I will tell you why. Every state that seceded from the United States was a Democratic state. Every ordinance of secession that was drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that endeavored to tear the old flag from the heavens that it enriched was a Democrat. Every man that tried to destroy this nation was a Democrat.

Every enemy this great Republic has had for twenty years has been a Democrat. Every man that shot Union soldiers was a Democrat. Every man that starved Union soldiers, and refused them in the extremity of death, was a Democrat. Every man that loved slavery better than liberty was a Democrat. The man that assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. Every man that sympathized with the assassin—every man glad that the noblest President ever elected was assassinated—was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the privilege of whipping another man to make him work for nothing and paid him with lashes on his naked back was a Democrat. Every man that raised blood hounds to pursue human beings was a Democrat.

Every man that impaired the credit of the United States, every man that swore we would never pay the bonds, every man that swore we would never redeem the greenbacks, every maligner of his country's credit, every calumniator of his country's honor was a Democrat.

I am a Republican. I am a Republican because the Republican party says this country is a nation and not a confederacy. I want to know if the government that took you from your fireside and made you fight for it—I want to know if it is not bound to fight for you. The flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. The government that will not defend its defenders is a disgrace to the nations of the world. I am a Republican because the Republican party says, "We will protect the rights of American citizens at home, and if necessary we will march an army into any state to protect the rights of the humblest American citizen in that state." Any man that is not in favor of human progress, that is not in favor of giving to others all he claims for himself we do not ask him to vote the Republican ticket.

Free labor, love, affection—they have invented everything of use in this world. I am a Republican. We have got the first free country that ever existed. And right here I want to thank every soldier that fought to make it free. Every one, living and dead.

These heroes are dead. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They also sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunlight or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Now, my friends, I want you to vote the Republican ticket. I want you to swear that you will not vote for any enemy of human progress. Go and talk to every Democrat that you can see. Get him by the coat collar; talk to him. Hold him like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, with your glittering eyes. Hold him; tell him all the mean things his party ever did. Tell him kindly; tell him in a Christian spirit as I do, but tell him.

I want you, every one, to swear you will vote for the glorious Republican party. I tell you we must stand by the country. It is a glorious country. It permits you and me to be free. It is the only country in the world where labor is respected; let us support it. It is the only country in the world where the useful man is the aristocrat. The man that works for $2 a day and goes home at night to his little ones, takes his little boy on his knee, and he thinks that boy can achieve anything that the sons of the wealthy man can achieve. The free schools are open to him; he may be the richest, the greatest, the grandest; and that thought sweetens every drop of sweat that rolls down the honest face of toil. Vote to prosper that country.

MARCHING TO VICTORY.

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

Come, sound the good old bugle, boys,
We'll sing the good old song,
We'll wheel the "tariff chariot"
Of Harrison along,
We'll down "old bourbonism"
For a principle that's true,
While we are marching to vict'ry.

Chorus:
Hurrah, hurrah, we'll down old Grover "C."
Hurrah, hurrah, for dear old Gen'ral "B."
And so we'll sing the chorus o'er a land so bright and free,
While we are marching to vict'ry.

The labor of the land we love,
Shall never come to naught,
We'll keep the fires burning bright—
And keep the forges hot—
The anvil's ring shall louder sound,
The shuttle swifter fly,
While we are marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

Then "Johnny Bull" with labor cheap,
Cannot our ports control,
He shall not land his "pauper goods"
Without he pays the toll—
Thus for our "sons of honest toil"
We'll guard their sacred rights,
While we are marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

Our ports we'll never open
To aliens duty free,
Unless they fall in line, boys,
On reciprocity.
The starry flag we love so well
Shall kiss the ocean's breeze,
While we are marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

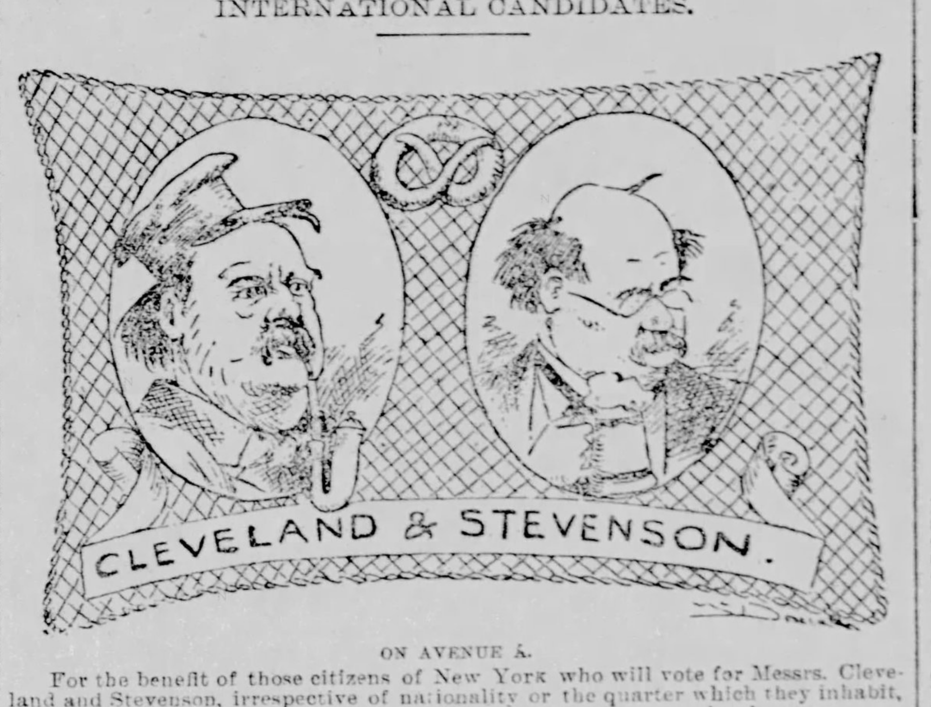
While Cleveland lounged around saloons
And played at "seven-up,"
The "boys in blue" were at the front,
To win the golden cup,
And Harrison who led the van,
Raised high his mighty blade,
While we were marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

The charge that's brought 'gainst Grover's name
He cannot well refute—
He stayed at home as cowards do
And sent a substitute.
To those who fought against the flag
He gave his words of cheer,
While we were marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

Old Grover used the veto power
To crush the "soldier race"—
We'll keep the man of heart and brain
In that exalted place,
To rule the land he helped to save
Amid the battle's din,
While we were marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

But the conflict's soon upon us,
And Cleveland's chance is slim—
We'll march a solid column, boys,
And wholesale veto him,
We'll right the wrongs of many years
And sound our leader's praise,
While we are marching to vict'ry.
(Chorus.)

INTERNATIONAL CANDIDATES.



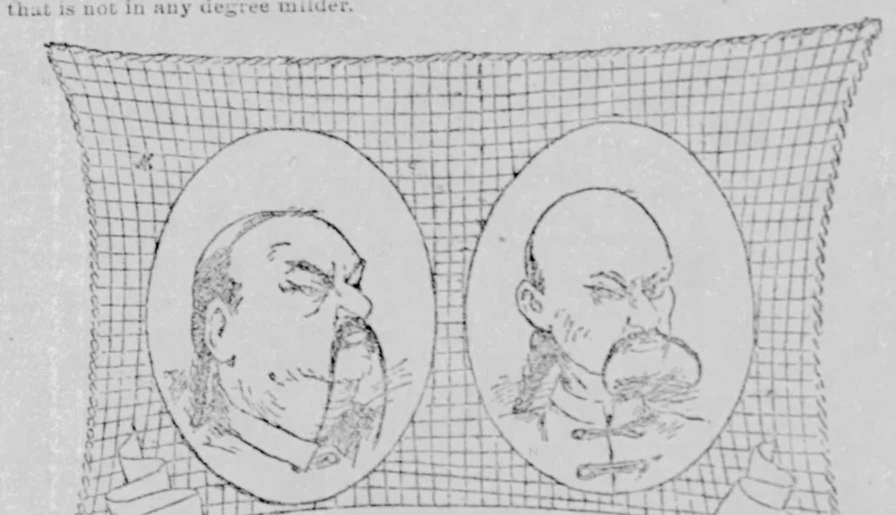
ON AVENUE A.

For the benefit of those citizens of New York who will vote for Messrs. Cleveland and Stevenson, irrespective of nationality or the quarter which they inhabit, the New York World offers these pleasing suggestions for campaign banners.

The voter of German origin sees here Mr. Cleveland as something more than an ordinary native, with a bald head and a mustache. He wears the familiar flat cap of the German workman and smokes the long-stemmed pipe. Mr. Stevenson has, if possible, a more Teutonic aspect and quaffs a stein, thus completing the representation of German institutions.

IN THE FOURTH WARD.

In the Fourth ward, the home of straightforward and aggressive partisanship, the candidates wear a truculent air. Mr. Cleveland will be interested to find how easily his face can be changed from that of a placid German to that of a prize-fighter who has retired from the profession on account of increasing weight. The Vice-Presidential candidate, though of less formidable bulk, has a countenance that is not in any degree milder.



IN MOTT STREET.

The Americans, Stevenson and Cleveland, will not be less surprised than pleased by the portraits of Messrs. Cleveland and Stevenson, of Mott street. It is hard to say who is the handsomer and more distinguished looking mandarin. This banner will be welcome in the Chinese quarter, where the residents cannot but vote for the Democratic candidates, as they do not belong to the same party as Blair.

DON M. DICKINSON,

The New Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee.

Don M. Dickinson, the new chairman of the Democratic national campaign committee, hails from Michigan and is 46 years old. He was secretary of the Democratic state central committee of Michigan during the Greeley campaign, and four years later, when 28, was made chairman of the committee. He was delegate-at-large to the national convention of 1880, and since 1884 has repre-

DON M. DICKINSON.

sented his state in the national committee. In 1887 he was appointed postmaster general by President Cleveland, succeeding Wm. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, who became secretary of the Interior. At the Chicago convention Mr. Dickinson was one of the strongest supporters of the ex-President. With him on the campaign committee is Wm. C. Whitney, the ex-secretary of the Navy. Mr. Dickinson is a lawyer by profession, but has practiced very little since entering politics.

A Cool Idea.

It may be fun to sit and broil
Beside a brawling stream,
And see the fish you cannot catch
In sunlit waters gleam;
But I detest the tangling lines
And curse their snarly strands;
I want to jump right in the pool
And catch fish with my hands.
—New York Herald.

Then They Have Stew for Dinner.

Nothing makes a Chinaman happier, says Mr. Pung, of the Chinese Legation, Washington, than to have a strange dog stray into his house and take up his home with him. Owners of yellow dogs should know this fact.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED on salary, stock warranted. J. E. WHITNEY, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

MATRIMONIAL—Gentleman, 30, of means, desires to correspond with lady of means. T. J. DAVIS, 36 Spring Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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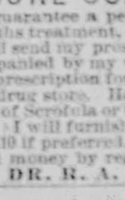

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I guarantee a perfect and lasting cure after six months treatment, or refund your money. For $2 I will send my prescription for either disease, accompanied by my written guarantee. I only use one prescription for either disease; can be filled at any drug store. Have not failed to cure a single case of Scrofula or Catarrh during 33 years of practice. I will furnish remedies and guarantee cure for $10 if preferred. Remember, no cure no pay. Send money by registered letter or money order. DR. R. A. RAVER, Alliance, Neb.

FREE!

To any boy or girl, a Fifty Dollar Bicycle ($50), who will devote a few hours' time in our employ. For further particulars write

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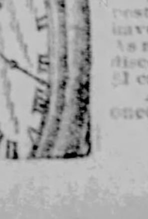

National Ill. Magazine, No. 87, Washington, D.C.

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $3,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo BLADE Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, using, however, a little lighter quality of paper to decrease the cost of postage; and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Recipes" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—except that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since the book was written, and the statements of these chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly BLADE, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can only be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this edition of "Nasby in Exile" will be fully equal to a copy of the first edition, formerly sold for $3.50—as it contains exactly the same illustrations, the same reading matter (except that referring to Irish politics), and exactly the same as originally published.

To give an idea of what the book is, we give the table of contents and list of illustrations, all of which are in the volume as now being printed:

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HOW TO OBTAIN A COPY OF THIS BOOK FREE

First—We design to present a copy of "Nasby in Exile" only to yearly subscribers. We do not offer it in connection with short-time or campaign subscriptions. Every person who reads this advertisement and remits $1 cash for The Weekly BLADE for one year, and mentions at the same time that he desires a copy of this book, will have his name entered at once on THE BLADE subscription list, and a copy of "Nasby in Exile" be mailed free, postpaid, as soon as the books are received from the binder, which will be about the last week in June.

Second—Any person who may remit $1 for THE BLADE and book, can have THE BLADE sent to his own address and the book to that of some other person; or vice versa—that is, the book to his address, and THE BLADE to some other person. Always remember that a copy of the book will be mailed free with each order inclosing $1 for The Weekly BLADE one year, if the book is asked for when the order is sent.

Third—Any one now a subscriber to The Weekly BLADE may obtain one new subscriber at $1, remit the $1 for the new subscriber, and order the book to his own address for his trouble in getting the subscriber. Of course, no book in this case will be sent to the new subscriber; only one book with one subscription.

Fourth—Any one who is now a subscriber to The Weekly BLADE, but whose subscription has not yet expired, but who desires a copy of the book, may remit $1, and have the time of his subscription extended for one year after the expiration of the present subscription, and claim a copy of the book with the order.

Under no circumstances will any one be entitled to a copy of the book unless the book is asked for when the order is sent inclosing $1 for the subscription to The Weekly BLADE for one year.

We will under no circumstances recognize any claim sent afterwards for those who have heretofore remitted $1. Our object is to present this book only to subscribers who remit to us after the reading of this advertisement.

So far as the sale of the book separate from THE BLADE is concerned, it is out of print. It cannot be bought nor obtained in any other way except with the subscription to The Weekly BLADE.

We make this offer during the dull season, to obtain new subscribers to THE BLADE. We could not afford to make such an offer during our renewal season, which would involve our giving away 112,000 books. In point of fact, this is simply an experiment.

[JUNE 30.—Since the first announcement of this advertisement we have received orders at the rate of over 100 copies per day, and the first 5,000 edition has been nearly exhausted. Another edition has been ordered; and owing to the uncertainty of a third edition, all who desire a copy of this book should order during July and August.]

Remittances must be made either by New York draft, money order, express order, postal note, or by registered letter. Checks on local banks are not par with us, because we have to pay for collection, and we must get $1 cash for each subscription under this offer. As many orders as you wish may be sent in one letter; but we cannot in any case allow any discount from the $1 mentioned above, nor use the club rates with this offer. We must get $1 cash with each order, in par funds.

All orders will be entered on our books as soon as received. THE BLADE will start at once, and a book will be mailed. Address all orders,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

HOME TALKS.

HEN-MINDED WOMEN.

Industrial Schools for Girls—Give Them Thorough Training for a Life Work—Skilled Labor in Demand at the Best Prices

In W. D. Howells's latest story he describes the wife of the principal character as being one of the "hen-minded women, who are so common in all the walks of life, and are made up of only one aim at a time, and of manifold anxieties all of the time."

I wonder, severe as this criticism is, if it be not more largely true than we should like to acknowledge openly. It is so easy to drop into a narrow way; the hedgerows of little cares and anxieties spring up so naturally and luxuriantly by our sides; and we cultivate them until they grow to such a size that we can not see over them into the outside world, and become familiar with what is going on there.

Men have what are called larger interests to occupy their minds, though it is hard to see what interest is, in truth, larger than the looking after a household. But it is true that their business takes them forth into a broader sphere of action, compels them to rub against other people, and thus learn of other views and more distant horizons than bound their own. They are obliged to know more or less of what other people are thinking and doing, and they learn that their own cares and anxieties are no greater than those of their neighbors, when they come to understand the matter.

Women, ordinarily, have not the same opportunities. In the country especially their chances of learning what the rest of the world is doing are limited to infrequent social gatherings and an occasional jaunt for recreation. As the years go on, it becomes more and more difficult for them to become anything else but "hen-minded, with but one aim at a time, and with manifold anxieties." Usually the one aim is the education of the children and their settlement in life. It is not so strange that they are enfolded in the cares and duties of the passing day, and see little beyond.

Yet this growth into narrowness is to be deprecated and fought against. It can be prevented or overcome, if there is a sufficiently strong consciousness of the dangers to take the measures necessary in season. The mother whose one idea is the education of her children can keep abreast with them in their studies by devoting a small portion of time each day to reading in the same line. She gains two things in this way: An outlook into the progress of the world, and the potency of knowledge in holding the respect of these young people who are so full of the present and its promises for the future, and who feel that the ideas of even a decade past are obsolete.

We all need to guard ourselves, however, against living in the old things and looking jealously at the new, for the new will soon belong to the past, and the succession of events will move swiftly onward, leaving us so far in the rear that no effort will bring us again in touch with our world, and abreast of the tide.

It has been said so often that it is exceedingly trite, and yet so important as to bear repetition, in speaking of the difficulty that women have in getting wages which are sufficient to support them comfortably, that the trouble lies entirely in a lack of training; that they go into their work without proper preparation; that they do not appreciate the difference between skilled and unskilled labor; that in reality their only thought is to get the work done and the money returned into their hands. While I do not believe that this is absolutely true, there is yet too much foundation for that kind of assertion. Girls start out in life with a dream in their hearts of a home of their own where they will reign supreme. Even though they know that ere this takes place they must support themselves in some way, they believe that the time will be short, for "the prince" will make his appearance and carry them away from all drudgery. They never stop to realize that unless he is one of those who are born with a silver spoon in his mouth they will be likely to have more work and harder work, and work that is never ending, to do, than when employed a certain number of hours for a given amount of money. However, that does not enter into their thought, and therefore what they do is not done as young men do their work, with the idea that it is for a lifetime.

I know this has all been said many times before; I know that the number of women who take up a business or profession to make it permanent leaving the question of marriage in the background is increasing, yet there are too many who take the other course. In fact, there is an army of them who come from homes in which their experience has been narrowed to the daily life by the mother's side, and who have no idea of what is to be done in the outside world in which they go out to struggle for their daily bread. If they be bright and intelligent, they will learn in a comparatively short time that it requires all of their mental powers and a determined industry to succeed.

Too many, however, go through with a hard and bitter experience, and even come to grief because they do not understand that there is no sex in work, but that it is the excellence of what is accomplished that gives a foothold in the industrial world.

Fortunately for this army of girls, there are now industrial schools, where they can be trained in any department of labor which they desire to enter. Such schools have long been established for boys and young men, but those for young women are of recent birth and as yet few in number. Let every girl remember, however, that it is worth making a great effort and considerable sacrifice to enter into the place where she can be taught the best methods of doing what she desires to do for a livelihood. Let her not imagine that the time spent in this apprenticeship is lost; let her serve well and patiently through the course marked out for her by her teachers, and then she will be sure to command not only a position but fair compensation, if not at once, surely in a reasonable length of time. Should she desire to be a milliner, dressmaker, or a good cook, take the time to acquire a thorough knowledge of the rudiments and then of the higher departments of that class of work; and let her remember this—that no matter what may seem to be the exigency of the day, none can afford to slight anything which they have undertaken for another.

It must be acknowledged that parents are greatly to blame in not giving their girls the same chance for preparation that they do their boys. Even to-day when girls are crowding into all departments of industry and into the professions, they do not seem to see the necessity of affording them the best chance for their training. Perhaps I might say that it is partly the fault of society, but it is time that those who have good sense and determination should see that the girls have as good a chance as the boys to make ready for a self-dependent future, so that they need not look to marriage as the only possible certainty in the coming years. When this comes to be a desire of parents strong enough to make them demand opportunities for their girls as well as for their boys, training schools will multiply and grow in efficiency. Meanwhile let me repeat again this word to the girls: If you are going to try to earn your living, be sure to get the best training possible for whatever work you are to undertake, for it is absolutely true that skilled labor always commands the best place and the best pay.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats.

I heard this week of an experiment that had been successfully tried by a friend, that was entirely new to me. Possibly you of the Household have all tried it, but if there are any who have not, I will tell them so they can have a new pleasure next year.

It is, that if you pick the leaves from a lilac bush on the first day of August, you will have a second growth of flowers by the first of the following month. The leaves must, every one, be carefully picked, and there will come new leaves and flowers.

The friend who tried the experiment last year was looked upon by her neighbors as exceedingly foolish to expect such results, and, in truth, she hardly believed she would succeed herself, but she had the pleasure of sending a fragrant plume of the flowers to the unbelievers, on the first day of September.

It is too late for any one to try this year, but if you remember it in time for next year you can prove if it always is so, or if this was an exceptional case.

And who can explain the philosophy of it? Let the Household hear from the wise women on the subject.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Fancy Apron.—Get three-quarters of a yard of scrim, as fine as possible and of a cream tint. The pattern with a broad and narrow stripe makes the prettiest apron. Put some fancy stitches on both sides of the narrow stripes, having it of the same color. Then on the wide stripes use some other color but the same stitch. A pretty way is to work down to within eleven inches of the bottom, then turning the scrim over and beginning at the bottom, work up six or seven inches, finishing the bottom across with a narrow hem; then turn this up on the right side of the apron, trimming the edge across with some pretty lace, one and a-half or two inches wide. Turn this up until it meets the work on the other side, the lace overlapping it. Catch the lace to the apron in spaces six or seven inches apart. Turn the top over to make a hem one and a-half inches wide, and through this run ribbon of the color of the work upon the broad stripes, using number seven or number nine; the latter is, of course, prettier. Have the ribbon long enough to make long loops and still longer ends.

Another pretty apron is made of some bright color of silk. It is straight, with a flounce across the bottom, upon which has been worked some pattern of conventional flowers in heavy buttonhole stitch. The flounce is put on to the apron with a very fine, soft braid, made of narrow bands of the silk. The same braid is put from the waist down, two rows on each side, one shorter than the other. The ends are left unbraided and finished with some fancy ornament. The skirt is sewed on to a pointed girdle, which is tied with a full bow of silk at the back.

Friendship Ladder.—A pretty little souvenir for a young girl is made as follows: Get a ladder with a support at the back, like an easel. If this can not be found at any of the stores, any carpenter or cabinet-maker can easily make it. It should be from ten to twelve inches high and four inches wide. Gild the whole ladder. Then this is the time when the friendship part comes in. Let the owner's young friends present to her a piece of ribbon of their favorite color, long enough to tie in a pretty bow. It should not be wider than number seven. Upon one end of the ribbon the name can be traced with gold paint, and if any of the givers have a taste in that direction, a pretty flower may be painted on the other. Of course they need not be ornamented in any way. These ribbons should be tied in various places upon the gold ladder, which may stand upon the owner's work table or writing desk. This is a pretty gift from a number of girls to some friend whom all love.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Skirt Trimming—The materials for this beautiful fluted trimming for the bottom of underskirts are five colors of fine Saxony yarn and one of yellow crochet silk.

The trimming is worked round and round in points, and fluted, with the colors arranged in a very pleasing way, and this edging will make not only a handsome trimming for fine flannel underskirts, but will ornament other articles that call for a bright and beautiful border.

Take garnet Saxony and a fine steel hook. Make a chain of 3 1-4 yards (which will be 99 points and 2 yards of trimming); join in a ring.

1st round—With the same color as the chain, 1 double crochet in each of 4 stitches; (*)3 double crochet in next stitch; 1 double crochet in each of next 4 stitches; miss 2 stitches of chain, 1 double crochet in each of next 4 stitches; repeat from (*) all around.

2d round—With the same color as first round; (a) 1 double crochet in each of 4 stitches, taking up the back horizontal loop; 3 double crotchets in second of the 3 double crochets; this is the increasing point, and it must be made in the same place in each round throughout the pattern; 1 double crochet in each of next 4 stitches; miss the 2 stitches in the depth between two points, and repeat from (a) all round.

Repeat this second round seven times (nine rounds), not forgetting to increase and to decrease, by omitting two stitches in the depth between two points.

10th round—With light blue.
11th round—Like 10th.
12th round—Yellow silk (ball of wash silk).
13th round—Steel.
14th round—Like 13th round.
15th round—Pink.
16th and 17th round—White.
18th round—Blue.
19th and 20th rounds—Steel.
21st and 22d rounds—Garnet.
23d and 24th rounds—White.
25th and 26th rounds—Pink.
27th round—Steel.
28th round—Yellow silk.
29th and 30th rounds—Light blue.—New York Tribune.

Correspondence.

Much Good Advice to Young Mother.—Choose a young, healthy cow, whose calf is not more than six weeks older than baby. If baby is three months old, the calf could be younger. Keep your cow where she can not get a mouthful of green food, or ensilage; milk her morning, noon, night and midnight. If you have very cold water you could put the milk in a glass fruit can, and by changing the water often, you may get along without the extra milkings, but it is a great risk. I prefer Mattson's rubber nipples for the bottles, of which you need two, as they are softer than other kinds. Rubber tubes mean death. The second and third summers are the worst for all children. When baby is 10 months old, if it is cold weather, you can change cows if you wish. After the first of October, if you are very careful, you will not need to milk the cow but twice a day. If possible, use soft water, but whatever kind is used, it must be boiled before being used to dilute baby's milk. Always keep a loose flannel band around the child, covering the bowels. My two children, left to me, aged 4 and 6 years, wear the flannel bands every August and September, and if they take cold, or eat too much green fruit and have pain, I give them 8 drops of essence of peppermint and a little nutmeg in sweetened hot water, and rub the bowels with a liniment of equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil. If baby cries hard and shows signs of colic, give him a little essence of peppermint and place warm cloths over the bowels and fold the little hands under another one. A nursing mother should never put her hands in cold water, even to wash them, or let the palms of her hands touch anything cold, and should keep her feet warm and dry if she does not wish baby to have the colic. The mother's food often causes baby great suffering. "Thrush" is usually caused by either the mother's or the child's "nursing sore mouth." Use sage tea, in which has been put a little borax or alum. I prefer alum, honey and powdered Golden Seal. Wash your own and the child's mouth, and bathe the breast; a little of it swallowed will not hurt baby. If the disease is a result of broken breast you can never cure it, but may manage to nurse baby a year by greasing and working the breast with fresh lard, to soften the lumps. Be very careful about drafts striking arms or shoulders; get a beef's bladder of the butcher, empty, but not wash, insert a quill and blow it full of air; let dry three or four days in that shape. To use it, cut a piece large enough to cover the entire breast, moisten in warm water and apply. Wear this all the time baby is not nursing.—Mollie.

Some Answers and Some Good Advice.—I would like to answer several questions that have been asked in The Blade. To "Nameless" I would say the husband who uses the money earned by any member of the family, or any of their belongings, without a good reason in which the wife agrees, or without the consent of the owner, is morally unfit to be called husband or father. A man who will not do his best to provide for his family is lower than a brute, and no woman ought to live with such a man, or have a family for him to be brutal to. As to his legal right, state laws differ, but I think in Iowa a woman can protect her earnings.

As to the age young girls should be before going into company, it depends on the disposition of the girl and the company she keeps. Some girls may be trusted at 16, others never. "Cherry Blossom" must judge for herself.

May I answer one more question? I must work off my feelings some way. My husband is playing cards this evening (it is Sunday), and has played nearly all day. Oh, don't tell me there is no harm in cards! Broken hearts, ruined homes, blasted lives, forgotten vows—all! Yea, and a thousand times more, that no tongue can tell, or pen can write. Yet my tale would be simple compared with thousands of others. Boys, if you want your wives to respect you, don't play; if you want them to love you, don't play; if you want honor, don't, oh, don't play cards.

How I cured my babies of colic. I took warm, sweetened water in a saucer, and put in red-hot coal cinders, until the water boiled, or was very hot. This will cure colic, and give relief to a nervous, fretful child, is easily made, pleasant to taste, and absolutely harmless. The child is best to be kept warm.—Sister Susan.

Correspondence Clippings.

Jean Hunt's way of feeding baby lactated food, rice, oat meal, granum, or rex wheat, is, I believe, all right, if you are in or near a large town where you can get the one food and not have to change. To give ice, even once a day in hot weather, to children under two years of age is a positive sin. I have seen children 10 and 12 years of age suffer so terribly from the practice of letting them have ice when small. I saw one child in convulsions from being given a teaspoonful of cold water every hour. It was nearly eight months' old. When water is warm to us, it is cold enough for baby. I have seen other children at the age of five, crippled for life after two years' suffering with rheumatism. The physicians all agreed the fundamental cause was placing the nearly naked child on the floor to feel every draft and change in temperature. Travel with a child under three years' old! Yes, if it is to save its life by getting it out of the city.—Mollie.

I would like to ask "Blue Bell" a few questions. Do you dress neatly and do you behave nicely? If not, these may be the reasons you have not got an escort, for boys do not like slovenly and rude girls. Then, if you desire a gentleman's company, do not let him know it, for if you do, the desire is not likely to be gratified.

Would like to advise "Uncertainty" to never marry a man for a home, unless you love him, for it is a lifetime of toil anyway, and it is best to meet it alone than with a man you do not love. And there are generally trials in married life that only loving hearts can overcome.—Clover Blossom.

I heartily endorse all that Mrs. J. B. Gregory says about play parties, where those kissing games are played. I think that any mother who has her daughter's welfare at heart will do all she can to discourage such games. Why cannot some one send descriptions of games, in which there is no kissing, to the Household, and encourage the young people to use them in the place of the old ones?—Mrs. R. E. M.

L. E.—I am sorry, my dear, that you have such a profound distrust for the human family. Admitting that there are a great many untruthful and unworthy persons, yet we have only to look carefully and we find so many true hearted gentlemen and ladies. Now I think it a great misfortune to be distrustful of every one, and let me tell you the best way out of the trouble is to let Jesus come into the heart and tender our affections. Ask him to help us to love and pity those who are inclined to do wrong. It seems to me there never was a time when grander opportunities for doing good were offered. The rapids of destruction are just a little below, and souls are perishing. Then let us take Jesus for our friend, and His refining graces will enable us to see the good and beautiful traits in other's characters and doubt and distrust will flee from us. May the Lord help us all to be good Christians.—Mary Sager.

Inquiries.

Will some one send names for my twin girls?—Anxious Mother.

Will some one send recipe for cake with banana filling, and one for fig cake? Would also like directions for making a pretty photograph holder—Hoosier May.

Can some one please tell me a sure cure for pimples, freckles and blackheads?—A Subscriber.

Will some one interested in gathering wild roots for market tell me what is "gold thread?" I cannot find it mentioned in the Farmers' Encyclopedia. Where can one learn how to abstract the astringent property from sumac juice, that is, if it can be done? Aside from this taste, it is almost as fine as lemon juice. Of course it must be gathered ere the little spiders infest the sumac "bobs."—Oblivion.

Will some one tell me how to keep my squash vines from dying? They grow off nicely, but when they begin to bloom they turn yellow and die.—Clover Blossom.

Will Jean Hunt tell me how to make a suit from two kinds of cloth, for a little boy 2 years old?—Mrs. S. P. Teagarden.

I am making an initial sofa pillow; would some one tell a good motto for it? and for a banner for a Sunday school picnic?—Louisiana Lib.

Answers to Inquiries.

A Subscriber.—It would be a very foolish thing for you to do, to marry a man after one month's acquaintance. Such haste in marrying will be very apt to bring plenty of repentance afterwards.—Ed.

Clover Blossom.—If the gentleman is an acquaintance there can be no impropriety in walking with him when he overtakes you on the street. If you do not desire his company, you can very easily make an errand into some store, or the house of a friend, and so dismiss him without hurting his feelings. Thanks for your kind words.—Ed.

M. A. Wescott.—It has been stated, repeatedly, that addresses for private correspondence cannot be given in the Household, and that the editor cannot receive and forward letters to correspondents on any subject whatever.—Ed.

Louisiana Lib.—For information concerning the King's Daughters, write to Mrs. J. H. Barkley, 137 Prytania street, New Orleans, the state secretary for Louisiana.—Ed.

Geo. A. H.—You had better consult a lawyer, as the laws on the subject you mention, differ in the different states, and we are not acquainted with the rulings in Iowa.—Ed.

Mary Bearman.—To make sticky fly paper, melt 6 ozs. of rosin in a tin cup, add 3 ozs. lard, which should make it of the consistency of thick molasses, and spread on papers. Lay these where the flies can find them.—Mrs. S. P. Teagarden.

N. F. L.—Magnesia is not hurtful. A good recipe for frosting a cake is, put the sugar in water and let it come to a boil; beat the whites of the eggs stiff, and stir in the sugar.—L. L.

Tell "Vulcan" to give her baby sweet flag tea for the colic, it is the best remedy I ever heard of.—Mrs. R. E. M.

I wish to tell "Sufferer" a simple, but sure, cure for ingrowing toe-nail; just pour hot tallow on the sore. I don't know as I have any more "grit" than the law allows, but it didn't hurt me as I expected. I heated the tallow in a baking box cover, and commenced the performance with the cover in one hand and a palm leaf fan in the other; then, ——. O fiddlesticks! I didn't have to use the fan at all. I continued to do this twice a day four days, and after awhile the nail loosened so I could cut the whole corner off; in a week I could wear my shoes with the greatest ease.—Florence.

M.—To make lady fingers, make a sponge cake batter and drop on oiled paper in the shape of the lady fingers, and after dusting with sugar, bake in a quick oven. When done, press two of them together while warm. There are tins made purposely for these cakes, which are indented the shape required.—Carrie L. S.

Recipes.

Chocalate Cake.—Whites of 4 eggs, beaten stiff; 1 1-2 cupfuls granulated sugar, 2-3 cupful butter. Thoroughly beat these together, add scant cupful sweet milk, 3 cupfuls flour and 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. This makes four layers. For filling, beat the white of 1 egg, add 1-2 cupful frosting sugar, then grate 1 cake of chocolate, add to the sugar and egg; place this between layers and on top, and you will have a cake fit for a king.—Marguerite Ray.

D. Gilbert.—For Graham bread take white bread sponge when it is light, add 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses to 1 qt. of sponge and sufficient Graham flour to make a soft dough. Mix it well, make into loaves and let it rise fully one-half and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.—Genevieve.

Blackberry Flummery.—Boil 1 cupful of blackberries in 1 pt of water for 10 minutes, without stirring them; moisten 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little cold water; stir it into the boiling berries until it thickens. Take from the fire, add sugar to taste and turn into cups or a mold to cool. Serve cold, with sugar and cream.—Alice J.

Tomato Catsup.—Cook 1 bu. of ripe tomatoes, gently, for 1-2 hour. Press through a sieve to remove the skins and seeds; return to the kettle and boil down to 1 1-2 gallons. Add 1-2 gallon of vinegar and boil 1-2 hour; then add 1-2 lb. sugar, 1 1-2 ozs. black pepper, 2 ozs. ground mustard, 1-2 oz ground cloves, 1-2 pt. salt, 1 1-2 ozs allspice, 1 oz. ground ginger, 1-2 teaspoonful cayenne pepper; stir and mix thoroughly until it comes to the boiling point; remove from the fire and add 1 pt. of alcohol. Bottle and seal while hot.—S. T. R.

Sweet Pickled Cucumbers.—To each 7 lbs. of pared cucumbers allow 4 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. cider vinegar, 12 whole cloves, 1-4 oz. stick cinnamon and 2 blades of mace. Heat the sugar, vinegar and spices, and put in the cucumbers, cut in slices lengthwise, and cook until done, but not soft. Let them stand in the liquor until the next morning; then allow them to again come to the boiling point, and stand away again to cool. Repeat this on the third day. Then lift the cucumbers into jars; boil down the syrup until just enough to cover; then pour over the cucumbers. Cover the jars closely and keep in a cool, dry place.—Flora.

Preserved Watermelon Rind.—Pare off the green skin and trim all of the red part of the melon carefully from the white. Cut these in pieces and put them in a stone jar with 1-2 cupful of salt to each 5 lbs. of melon. Cover with cold water and let it stand 5 hours. Drain and soak in clear cold water for 2 hours. If you wish them crisp, dissolve 1 teaspoonful of alum in 2 qts. of boiling water, add the melon rind and let it come to a boil; then throw the pieces in cold water for 15 minutes. Make a syrup of 2 1-2 lbs. granulated sugar and 1 1-2 qts. water. Boil and skim. When the syrup is perfectly clear put in the melon and let it just simmer till you can pierce it with a broom straw, then lift carefully to a large platter and stand aside for 2 hours to harden. To the syrup add the yellow rind of 1 and the juice of 2 lemons and 1 1-2 ozs. of green ginger. Boil 10 minutes, and when the melon rind hardens put it in glass jars and strain the boiling syrup over it. Cover closely and keep in a cool, dry place. Citron may be preserved in the same way.—Mrs. G. Lowell, Mass.

Baked Tomatoes.—Cut slices off from the stem end of 6 large tomatoes and carefully scoop out the seeds. Fill the tomatoes with a mixture of finely chopped, cold, boiled ham, mushrooms, bread crumbs, a little butter and salt and pepper. Sprinkle bread crumbs, moistened with melted butter, over the top and bake in a hot oven for 35 minutes.—Ivy Leaf.

Origin of a Popular Saying.

According to the historian Hume the Prince of Orange, afterward king of England, is responsible for the proverbial expression about "dying in the last ditch." When Holland was so beleaguered by her enemies that the salvation of the country from annihilation seemed impossible, the duke of Buckingham remonstrated with William on his course, and asked him to change it, alleging that the country was on the verge of ruin. "There is one means," the prince answered, "by which I can be sure not to see my country's ruin. I will die in the last ditch."

A Bad Spell.

There is a young fellow in a State street wholesale house who is not particularly strong on spelling. The other day he made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. When his employer called his attention to the peculiar spelling of the word forty he said: "Oh, yes; how very careless of me. I left out the gh!"—Hartford Post.

Her Home.

He (after the introduction).—Pardon me, but your accent leads me to believe that you are from the South.

She.—You are quite right. I live in South Chicago.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Three Things to Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most Merit.
Hood's Sarsaparilla has won unequalled Success.
Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest Cures.
Is it not the medicine for you?

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

THIS IS WORTH READING

LECTURE ABOUT KINDERGARTENS.

Their Relation to Social Reform Explained by Mrs. Wiggin—Excellent Thoughts for Mothers and Other People.

CONCLUDED.

Everybody seems merry and content and as their good-byes are said, kisses are wafted back into the school-room, for the rules of polite society are generally observed. It is a little piece of the millenium. Children are more tidy in a well kept room, they are inclined to be ashamed of uncleanliness and try to live up to the place in which they find themselves. We can see the kindergarten games, led by the teacher who has grown into the spirit, and forget the spectacle. It brings tears to the eyes of any woman; and I have seen more than one man surreptitiously wipe away his tears. Is it the self-forgetfulness of the children, or is it a touch of self-pity that the years have brought with the inevitable yoke, or is it the sight of so much happiness? Sidney Smith says that, if you make a child happy now you will make him happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. Together is the key word of the 19th century, and the kindergarten, of all places I know, knows the magic of that word. Working together; and the child is inspired to live his own full life and his life touches other lives. Nor is it the unity of the little birds who love in their little nests because they would fall out if they did not. Everything in the kindergarten begets the spirit out of which religion grows. In the morning, when the children are ready to be good, they are trained to the pleasure of right doing, and are shown the goodness of the Creator to all created things. No parent whether a bigot or unbeliever could object to the religious instruction given in the kindergarten. The child soul and the child heart are led to everything true and holy. The world seems determined to vaccinate children with religion for fear they will take it the natural way. I think the simplicity of ways and means in the kindergarten has a moral influence upon children of all classes. To make the most out of little is the daily lesson. The blocks, the sticks, the lumps of clay, are so homely, so unpretentious, yet hear the hum of sweet content when the little people are at work or play. I have learned more philosophy, more self-control, with the children's eight little cubes, or the six or eight little sticks, than I ever learned by any agency in the world. It is almost impossible to find a simple, natural, healthy bread-and-butter child in these days. Take the question of toys. Every thoughtful person knows the simple, old-fashioned playthings are heathful. Imagine a child who has only to press a button, the toy does the rest! Imagine a child brought up on talking dolls that say: "Pa, Pa, Ma, Ma!" Already they have begun to improve on her. An electrician told me of a superb altruistic doll, just to be put upon the market. You press a button and ask the test question, "Will you have some candy?" when with a smile she will answer: "Give brother big piece, give me little piece." If the thing gets out of order, and I devoutly hope it will, it will return to the state of nature and horrify the bystanders by saying: "Give me big piece and brother little piece." Think of having to play with a model of propriety, a high-minded monstrosity like that! Does it not make you long for your dear old darkey-doll with the ravelled mouth and the stuffing coming out of her legs, "creatures not too bright and good for human needs?" That darkey, how we loved her! With what devotion we nursed the one with the broken head! In these days a new head can be bought and replaced. Would the children of those dear, dark ages have thought of taking off the head of Belinda to buy a strange head and gluing it on to Belinda's body? Dolls had a personality in those times, and have yet to a few simple backwood souls. Think of Charles Kingsley's song, "I once had a little doll, dears." Can we imagine that being written of one of these?

Last but not least, the physical culture that goes on in the kindergarten goes on in the right direction. Deadly vices are nourished in the weak diseased bodies in tenements of great cities. If we could draw every three year old child from these influences and give them three or four hours of sunshine and health, and if we could see kindergarten games in all the parks, we would be doing humanity a tremendous service.

I have sought to show in this lecture what is the relation of the kindergarten to social reform, that it is a plan of reformation, which in view of certain evils of the day we would do well to follow, first through the development of the child's powers, second, by the attempt to make moral culture a little less immoral, looking to the growth of moral self-directing power in the child, therefore resulting in temperance, self-reliance and industry, none of them drawing-room accomplishments and therefore in small demand. The assuring to the senses, beauty, harmony and order as well as the moral effect of happiness, the training of the child's social nature to teach the brotherhood of man as well as the fatherhood of God.

It is easier in my opinion to raise money for the free kindergarten than any other single charity. To the self-made man who thinks other schemes unprofitable show how the kindergarten teaches industry, self-reliance, and he says: "Oh, that is good sense, count on me, I never went to college, look at me!" You look at him, and if you look at him with even common intelligence he gives you money. Show the man interested in art how the kindergarten is a primary art school. Explain the influence of music. Tell your story to the great hearted man, and as soon as he can see through his tears, show your subscription book. One time in Portland, Oregon, I was reading "Patsy," (and I think I have no more than common vanity) I saw a silver-haired gentleman, his eyes streaming with tears. I inquired who this much affected gentleman in the front pew was. He was a billionaire; he wept all the evening, and we thought he would give liberally. He was called upon at 10 o'clock the next morning. Alas, he gave ten dollars! So these tearful people have to be seen soon. Take your skeptic into your kindergarten, and let him see for himself. The mother-heart is generally sound on this subject, and needs little persuasion. But getting money is not the only work of a kindergarten association; there is more delicate and difficult work. It must have its kindergartens carried on in the proper way that the public may have good object lessons before their eyes, spreading the details as well as the technicalities of the work, showing people the soul of the method; and when all is said and done the heaviest of the work falls upon the kindergarten. That is why I am convinced we should do all that money can do, so that women of culture and genius will gravitate toward this work. It is the women who can make the kindergarten the center of regenerating life, who must press these noble theories into practice.

There is no more difficult position in the universe than that of the kindergartner, though she be some times treated like a nursery-maid; and my mind convinces me the kindergarten is truly something on the road to perfection.

There is no more beautiful and encouraging work in the universe, than taking the babies and giving them a bit of motherliness. The kindergarten is the mother to the motherless and the father to the fatherless. If one can give money only, even a single subscription, give it. If she can give time, give that; perhaps she has only time for the right words spoken in season. Do not lose the opportunity. There is no woman worthy the name who can not give a heart throb or drop a tear as a thank offering for her children, or as a pledge for the hidden future or a consolation for empty arms. Of course, men can solicit or sit on school boards and preside over assemblies, and give an air of strength and solidity to the undertaking, but the real work must be done by women.

The kindergarten is not for poor children alone, that is as a charity; neither for the rich child alone—a luxury. But the idea of expression is the proper birthright of every child. The child of poverty and vice has still within him, however overlaid with the vice of ancestry, the germ of good. Let us stretch out our hand and lift that poor little germ of good and help it to live and thrive and grow.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:—We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LOCKPORT, ILL.

Minnie Dodge, Arthur F. Coon.

MT. AUBURN, ILL.

Willie Peterson.

Names this week, 3. Total, 32,506.

The above embraces all names received up to August 16.

The Sugar Plum Tree.

From the Chicago News-Record.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar plums tempting you so.

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white night-cap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

—Eugene Field.

FAIRY STORY—NO. 1.

ELEVE.

A very beautiful fairy living away off to the east where the sun rises, thought she would journey across the earth to the west where the sun sets.

She wanted to know what was going on in the world of men and women, and all in what way it was different from fairy-land. Taking her wand of gold in her hand, she was at once lifted up and borne along like a soft summer breeze, gently and easily. She knew that to touch this wand would take her wherever she wished to go without any care on her part; so she floated along, using all her powers to see what was taking place below.

As she sailed through the air she felt suddenly pulled downward and knew that she was needed somewhere, so she took in her hand another wand, of purest pearl, which caused her to descend into the atmosphere that was drawing her from her course.

She need not have allowed it to draw her down, but chose to so do. She was so light and pure that any heaviness in the air pulled upon her just as the strap in the car, which the conductor pulls, rings a bell notifying the gripman to stop or start.

Now misery of any kind sends out around itself and up into the air a heaviness which is felt by the fairies we are telling about, just as distinctly as the bell is heard in the car.

This fairy, protected and propelled by the pearl wand, let herself be drawn down and soon found herself in a room where a sick child lay crying upon the bed. The mother was sitting near, trying to soothe and help her child, but nothing seemed to ease his pain.

Pretty soon his crying ceased and he looked up, opening wide his eyes as if he saw something wonderful. His mother was frightened, for she thought her boy was going to die. She went to him and said, "Is my little boy better?"

All he said was, "A beautiful fairy." Then she was sure her child saw an angel who had come to take him away, and tears poured down her face at the idea.

The child paid no attention to his mother, but continued to look upward. After looking a few minutes he sprang from the bed saying, "Mamma, I am all well now; the fairy has made me well."

This was quite true. The child was perfectly well and remained so, to the joy of his mother and father. They did not understand how he was cured, but did not puzzle themselves about the matter, being satisfied to have him well again.

The fairy knew and was glad as she went up again into the pure air and on her way. After awhile she felt herself again pulled, and obeying the call, found herself in a room where a woman was beating a little boy because he had not money enough in his bag, for his day's work of blacking shoes.

He was cold and hungry, but all he had instead of supper and fire was the cruel blow. This woman was not his mother, but he lived with her as he had no other home. She had taken him from the place for children who have no parents, and promised to take good care of him.

The fairy saw all this, and it made her indignant; so she raised her hand, saying, "Stop! Is this the way you keep your promise to a motherless child?"

As she raised it to strike again, the woman's hand dropped to her side, and she turned about and prepared some supper for the child. She did not know of the fairy, nor see her, nor hear her voice, but she was changed from that moment, and never wished to strike any one again.

Fairies have a way of making people know just what they wish them to know, and have a language all their own; yet people always catch their meaning when they are near.

This fairy left the child contented and again pursued her journey.

The next time she was drawn down, she found a little girl sitting on the steps of a house crying with cold. She had ragged and thin clothing on, and her lips and hands were purple with cold. She had her little feet tucked under her to keep them warm. From the steps on which she sat she could look down into the basement dining-room, and see children eating their supper. This made her cry all the more, for she was hungry.

The fairy came and stood by her side, though of course she could not see her, as fairies are never seen, and whispered in the little red ears, "There is a good home for you, and you shall have it. Come, let us go and find it."

The child caught the whisper and stopped crying. She began to strike her little hands together to warm them and to rub her ears and cheeks. It was hope that made her do this. She started up to go and find the home and of each one she met she asked in a pretty baby voice, "Has you dot a home for me?"

Her voice was so sweet and it was so very pitiful to hear one so small, asking for shelter in this unusual way that, however hurried the man or woman was, he or she stopped to see from whence the inquiry came.

She passed many who gave no reply save a look of deep pity, but she had been filled with hope of a warm, comfortable home, and with belief that there was one all her own.

At last a woman heard. She stopped and looked at the little one, and having two children at home, she felt loving and tender toward all motherless ones. The faith in that little face and voice as well as the pitifulness, touched the motherly heart of the woman, and she could not say no.

And beside all this, the fairy who had been with the child all this time whispered to the woman, "Suppose one of your children was cold and hungry, and begging shelter," so she replied to the child, "Yes, little one, I have a home for you; come with me."

The little girl laid her hand in that of the woman and gladly went with her, for with a child's instinct she knew she was kind and good.

The children at home were glad to have a playmate and welcomed her heartily. It was very much like having a new toy or a "live doll" as children often call a little wee one.

Now shall I tell you who this kind fairy was? For this is a true fairy story.

Well, it was a kind loving thought sent out into the world by some little boy or girl just like you.

Suppose you sit by the window looking out, each thought you have goes right out from you and starts on a journey round the world, just like a fairy. It sails along like a soap bubble in the air and lights on some little boy or girl who is unhappy or sick, or on some tired mamma or papa to help them.

Suppose you think to yourself, "What a beautiful world this is; how well and strong I am. I wish all little boys and girls were well like me."

Well, that kind well thought goes sailing along until it finds some one who is sick. It goes into his thoughts and he begins to think about being well, then he feels better, then well. Because your thought was a healthy thought and carried health right along to the sick one.

As you look out of the window, you see a man strike a horse, and you say, "Stop! You must not do that. God made that horse and he loves it."

Your thought goes traveling along till it finds some one who is cruel to a child or animal, when it sinks into his mind, repeating your words, "Stop! You must not do that," and the uplifted hand will drop.

Suppose you sit thinking, "What a good home I have. There must be such an one for every little girl and boy and they ought to have it; they must have it."

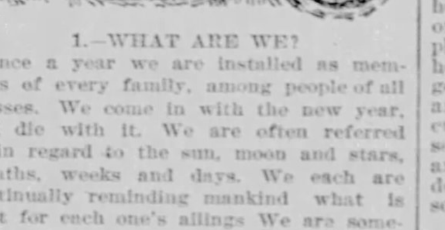
Well, your thought goes out and travels on and on, perhaps for a year or so, waiting for a homeless child to fill with hope.

At last it will find some child who wants something very much and the thought will come to it that the very thing it longs for really belongs to it, and he will believe and believe this until it comes to pass.

So you see our thoughts are fairies, and we must be very careful to leave them sweet and gentle and loving, so they will be good fairies.

Another thing, let me tell you, every thing that starts out on a journey through the air must return, because the earth is round; it must come right back to the sender.

So these fairy thoughts go around the world and then come back to the boy or girl who sent them, with the added blessings they have gathered, to rest upon his or her head like the hands of the Savior when He blessed little children.—The Cup Bearer.



1.—WHAT ARE WE?

Once a year we are installed as members of every family, among people of all classes. We come in with the new year, and die with it. We are often referred to in regard to the sun, moon and stars, months, weeks and days. We each are continually reminding mankind what is best for each one's ailings We are sometimes humorous, sometimes instructive, and often get hung; but this does not cause death. We have more pages than a king. We are sometimes called a table, but we have no legs, though we have a back.

MYRA SCOTT.

2.—ANAGRAMS.

(Works of a popular English author.)

1. Sophistic old Boy.
2. Edgar Y. Banrub.
3. Deli's story of Chi and Hing.
4. Anna smote Erie.
5. Bellyn is a chicken.
6. Maysoden Bend.
7. C divided a flopper.
8. Piper Wack's pick.

3.—CONNECTED DIAMONDS

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    o o o             o o o
      o         o         o
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            o o o o o
              o o o
                o
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Upper diamond—Down—In Toledo; a color; over (Latin); a great weight; in town.

Across—A consonant; track of a wheel; a building used at railway stations; a cave; a consonant.

Lower diamond—Down—A letter; curtail harvest; to spring; to open; in Blade;

Across—A letter; to make a low sound, as some birds; fruit containing seed without kernel; a number; a letter.

Left diamond—Down—An exclamation; to appoint; before; (5 and 1) consonants.

Across—A consonant; a beverage; in that place; a single point on a card; in Toronto.

Right diamond—Down—In brook; a serpent; uneven; the goddess of mischief; a consonant.

Across—A consonant; a serpent; attempts; mature years; in house.

Connecting words, across—Near that place.

Connecting words, down—More than sufficient.

4.—QUOTATIONS.

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  o o o o               o o o o
    o o o                 o o o
      o                     o
           o o o o o o o
              o o o
                 o
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Top—Across—A consonant; a woman's name (Abbreviation); Comparative of blind; burnt sugar.

Down—A consonant; a note; to spoil; things given; a precious stone; a note; a consonant.

Left—Across—A consonant; a note; a man's name (Abbreviation); part of an arrow; by (Lat.); a note, in cloth.

Down—Pertaining to the Cimbri; comparative of violent; a gentle blow; a consonant.

Right—Across—A consonant; a man's name (Abbre.); a French measure; a loud noise; a word that denies; a vowel and a consonant; in Detroit.

Down—Intelligent; to languish; part of the body; a consonant.

Bottom—Across—Dressed; impelled by rowing; a color; in palace.

Down—A consonant; an exclamation; a plant; an ambush; a fowl; a man's name; a consonant.

MARY EDDY.

5.—ANAGRAMS. (FLOWERS.)

1—A kitchen utensil, a long breath.
2—To spoil, a pronoun, ore.
3—An ensign.
4—Confectionery, a cluster.
5—Pleasing, a vegetable.
6—Agreeable, a man's name.
7—To fasten, a consonant.
8—A part of speech, vowel, dental
9—Herds.
10—A duration of time, to mourn.
11—A bird, to press forward.
12—To dart, pastry.

6.—PATCHWORK.

1—I saw the last of human mould

That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.
2—Thou'rt fairer than the poets can express,
Or happy painters' fancy when they love.
3—There is a comfort in the strength of Love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain or break the heart.
4—Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense.
5—So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low "Thou must,"
The youth replies "I can."
6—While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all.

(The initials of the authors of the above quotations will give the name of the author of the following quotation:)

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Answers to Prize Puzzles

1. Tobacco.
2.—

```
      A              C
    A L P          T O M
  A R M O R      T O N I C
A L M A N A C O N C E A L
  P O N D S      M I E N S
    R A S          C A S
      C              L
      T H E        S E E
  T H A N K      S L A P S
C H A N C E L E A T H E R
  E N C O R      E P H O D
    K E R          S E D
      L              R
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3. London, done, nectar, tartan, tannin, inimical, Calcutta.

4. Robert Edward Lee; Benjamin F. Butler; Braxton Bragg; William T. Sherman; George Gordon Meade; Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

5. ARTHUR
JACKSON
FILLMORE
CLEVELAND
WASHINGTON
JEFFERSON
HARRISON
MADISON
MONROE

Hurrah for Harrison and Reid!

6.

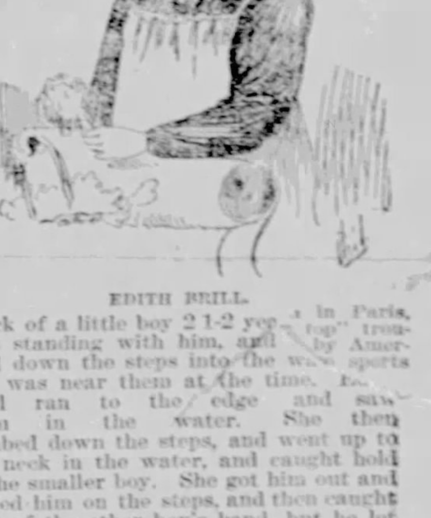
Pace	Mace
Alex	Ilex
Rage	Sage
Rall	Sall
Moat	Boat
Path	Oath
Ambo	Umbe
Wall	Tall
Pint	Oint
Tame	Name

BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

Edith Brill Honored With a Medal for Bravery.

Edith Brill, of Woolwich, England, though only 10 years old, has been honored as a heroine by no less distinguished a body than the Humane society of that country. The society's bronze medal and certificate were publicly presented to her in the town hall of Woolwich a few days ago. She saved one little boy from drowning and attempted to save another, in both cases under circumstances of great risk to her own life.

The little girl was playing with a number of children in Woolwich dockyard, when two of the children fell into the King William dock. A boy standing at the top of the steps over-balanced himself, and in falling caught hold of the



EDITH BRILL.

frock of a little boy 2 1-2 years in Paris, was standing with him, and by American bled down the steps into the water sports one was near them at the time. Brill ran to the edge and saw them in the water. She then climbed down the steps, and went up to her neck in the water, and caught hold of the smaller boy. She got him out and placed him on the steps, and then caught hold of the other boy's hand, but he let go, and tried to catch hold of her leg, and was drowned. The story of the rescue was obtained from the little girl herself and other witnesses at the inquest, and the coroner brought her bravery under the notice of the Royal Humane society.

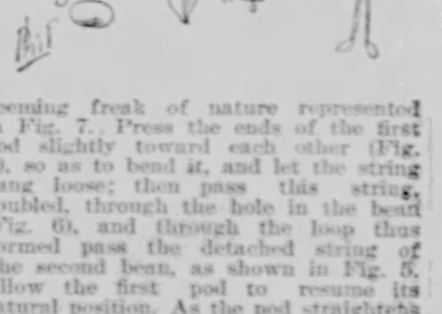
TRICK WITH BEAN PODS.

Something Simple to Puzzle the Boys' Brains.

Make two parallel slits along the underneath part of one of the pods, as in Fig. 1, so as to free the fibrous string which runs from end to end, leaving it uncut at the two extremities. (Fig. 4.) Carefully shave the inner surface of this string until it is flexible, and take all the beans from the pod.

Make a hole through the middle of a bean (Fig. 3) large enough to admit of the passage of the string doubled. Cut off the ends of another bean, leaving the string which unites them intact (Fig. 2).

You have now, in Figs. 1, 2 and 3, the material for the execution of the



seeming freak of nature represented in Fig. 7. Press the ends of the first pod slightly toward each other (Fig. 4), so as to bend it, and let the string hang loose; then pass this string, doubled, through the hole in the bean (Fig. 6), and through the loop thus formed pass the detached string of the second bean, as shown in Fig. 5. Allow the first pod to resume its natural position. As the pod straightens itself the string will be drawn through the hole, bringing with it, in a loop, the string of the second pod.

Now the question is: How can the bean be removed without breaking the bean or either string? To do this you have only to reverse the process here explained. Nothing can be more simple—when one knows how.

TWO WORLDS.

If I could trade time backward till
I stood on cold primeval soil,
Before one life was born to toil,
To hope, and dream, and thrill;

Back through the cycles which have passed
Since that antiquity of earth,
Where silence brooded at the birth
Of flowerless forms and vast;

What monstrous and unliving thing
Would that wild forest-world appear
To me, whose soul is tuned to hear
The whisperings of the spring!

To hear the woods and fields rejoice,
The song of love in palm and pine,
And, sweeter still and more divine,
Some passionate human voice!

—Once a Week.

A Platform Philanthropist.

Primus.—I am told that your lecture last night was really a literary treat.

Secundus.—Thanks, awfully. Who told you?

Primus.—The box office man. He said you were five hundred dollars out of pocket by it.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

With and Without.

Witherby.—I saw you on the train the other day coming from Boston. How did it happen that you were not in a parlor-car?

Bingo.—My wife was with me.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE BUFFALO STRIKE.

The New York Militia Called Out—Cars Burned Sunday Night—Is the Homestead Affair to be Repeated?

Buffalo, Aug. 13.—The switchmen employed on the New York, Lake Erie & Western, the Lehigh Valley, Reading and the Buffalo Creek railroads, are on a strike. The object is virtually to obtain higher wages, although the question of the ten hour day is involved, and of necessity becomes auxiliary to the wage question.

The decisive action was taken at a meeting of the local organization of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association of North America, held last evening. Grand Master Frank Sweeny, of Chicago, who has been in the city for a day or two, was present. All the roads centering in Buffalo were represented, and the grievances of the men fully discussed. The outcome was that the union men employed upon the three roads mentioned, decided to go out on a strike at 12 o'clock midnight. The switchmen are those employed to couple cars, make up and send out trains, and in a general way perform the work around the yards. They are not, as the name would seem to imply, those who turn the switches. The strike was fully sanctioned by Grand Master Sweeny. About 200 men thus far are out.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The police commissioners were busy to-day swearing in special police on account of the railroad strike. The sheriff was also busy swearing in special deputies for duty in the yards at Cheektowaga, which is outside the city limits and beyond the jurisdiction of the city police. The sheriff will not call upon the military except as a last resort.

At 11:25 o'clock last night Erie car No. 48458 loaded with lumber was discovered to be on fire in the yards south of Clinton street. A still alarm was given, and the flames were extinguished by a plug stream from the Gilbert Car works, though not before the roof of the car had been burned off, and the lumber badly damaged. Afterwards the police found an empty kerosene oil can in the ruins of the car. It is a clear case of incendiarism. The fire department complain that the work of the men at the former fires was much impaired by the cutting of hose by unknown parties. Twelve lengths of hose were cut and rendered useless during the night.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 16.—There was no sensational development in the switchmen's strike during the night, and the situation has improved. With the two excellent regiments of the national guard in the field, and the police reinforced by 200 specials, the feeling is much more reassuring than yesterday.

The calling out of the militia by the sheriff is generally commended, especially as his deputies proved practically worthless, and many of them deserted at the first show of opposition. The police claim to be able to handle the strike inside the city limits, but in the town of Cheektowaga, where the militia was sent, the situation is different.

Ordered Out at Midnight.

The national guard of New York state was ordered out at midnight last night, and the local companies at once began to make preparations.

During the progress of the military preparations Gen. Doyle said: "You can say that the national guard is never ordered out at midnight to put down a riot with blank cartridges. Every man that leaves this arsenal to-night will carry 38 rounds of ball cartridges, and be prepared to shoot. If there is any necessity for shooting, you may depend upon it there will be hot work. This regiment has a fine record at rifle practice, and was never in better condition for duty than to-night. I am going through with the first battalion, and am going clear through the lines, if the strikers have set up any lines. We are not going out for fun."

Col. Welch arrived at William station, outside the city line, about 1 o'clock. His special object apart from keeping the peace in a general way, was to protect the big trestle near New York, about which there was considerable uneasiness. It was loaded with coal, and from remarks dropped during the day it was believed that an attempt would be made to set fire to it during the night.

The first battalion of the 61st was followed by the first battalion of the 74th, under Col. Fox. They arrived at William street at 2:35 o'clock, and took up position near the 65th. Camp fires were lit, and the men camped for the night. Other detachments of the two regiments followed later on. The soldiers will not be used for patrol duty, but will be held to put down disturbances.

Webb Arrives.

Third Vice-President H. Walter Webb, of the N. Y. C., is in the city to-day, called here by the gravity of the situation, and the possibility of the great four-track road being affected.

He has been in close consultation with the attorneys of the road and its officials, and while acknowledging the serious nature of the strike, is confident that with proper and timely protection all will come out right. In conversation with a reporter, Mr. Webb said:

"The strike has not extended to our road, and we are not aware that any of our men are anxious to join in the strike. The only danger that we have felt is that our men might be driven from their posts by the strikers on the other lines. I have consulted with our superintendents and foremen, and that is the only way in their opinion that the strike is likely to affect our road. From what I learn I think that the switchmen would have been driven from their posts last night had it not been for the calling out of the military. There will doubtless be a resumption of the attempt to-night, and the military will have to be relied on for protection. All we ask is protection from violence, and we shall have no trouble. Our men are all right, and the only trouble will come from their being forced by the mob or strikers from their duty. I am pleased to hear that the National Guard at other points is in readiness to be thrown into Buffalo. Even if not brought here, the mere fact that the militia is ready for this purpose will have a quieting effect on the rioters."

Most of the military at Cheektowaga were very keen for active service this morning. They appeared in good spirits and joked among themselves, but had very little to say to the strikers. In fact, few came within talking distance of them. Some of the boys didn't take rations with them, and were in consequence very hungry by the time noon arrived.

Both regiments wore fatigue uniforms, with overcoats thrown over their shoulders, although the weather was extremely hot along the tracks and those on actual guard duty found it very fatiguing.

GENERAL STRIKE IS PROBABLE

Men on Other Lines Will Go Out Through Sympathy.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 16.—A special from Lyons says: A great amount of perishable and time freight is arriving here from Buffalo and being transferred to the Fall Brook, run down to Corning and thence over the Erie to its destination. One train of 30 cars of meat went through last night. There appears to be quite a number of switchmen who belong to the union here, but not enough to make much of a break.

Owing to the action of the Fall Brook and Central Hudson in accepting freight from the Lehigh and Erie, it is thought that a general strike may be ordered on these lines, especially at this point, which is very important as regards transferring. Officials at Lyons think it probable that the switchmen will be ordered out all along the Central and West Shore, in sympathy with the Lehigh and Erie strikers.

A REVOLUTION IN TENNESSEE.

Miners Attack the Stockades at Oliver Springs.

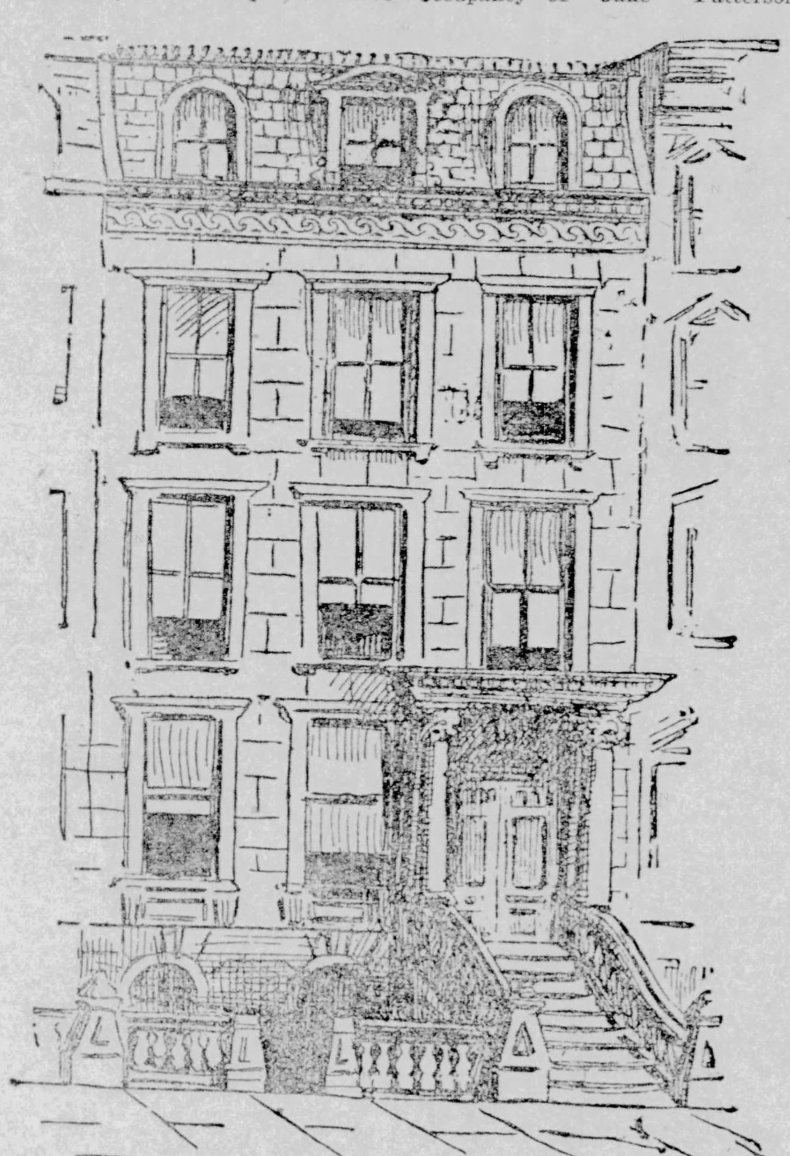
Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 16.—Miners have attacked the stockades at Oliver Springs and were repulsed. Two guards were wounded. Second attack looked for at any moment.

DAUGHTERS WIVES AND MOTHERS Is the name of a book FREE to Ladies. contains full account of DR. MARCHISI'S Catholicon and Cleansing Wash. Cures all female complaints. It has restored to health and saved many noble lives. Two bottles free—address DR. MARCHISI, 35 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y. Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon and Cleansing Wash is for sale by all Druggists.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

Where Chairman Carter and His Confreres Carry on the Work That Will Elect Harrison and Reid.

New York, Aug. 13.—(Special.)—Taking one consideration with another a comparison of the headquarters of the national committees of the two parties impress one with the idea that the Republicans have some advantages. To begin with, their headquarters have a more business-like appearance. They are fitted up in elegant style, and there is an air of business activity about them. Everthing looks business like. In the front part of the large and elegant brown stone building is the general reception room, which was the parlor of the mansion. That is separated from what were the back parlors simply by a Japanese portiere. Back of that the big back parlor has been cut up into little rooms for each man



HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

REPUBLICAN EMBLEMS.

employed there simply by running high wire screens across the room. The large and handsome dining-room, which opened off the back parlor, and which is reached by the main hall of the building, is Secretary McComas's office. A high roll-top desk, covered with letters, papers and everything else that pertains to a business of this sort, occupies a position in the center of the waxed floor.

THE BLAINE MOTTO.

Chairman Carter has his office up-stairs in the big front room; his private secretary, an expert stenographer, has his desk close at hand, and a corps of clerks are engaged in adjoining rooms.

smarter than the New York or Chicago or Podunk man, but for this particular line of work the Washington man, who has a large acquaintance among members of Congress, and politicians who come and go, is much more valuable.

Col. H. L. Swords, a big and good-natured fellow, who is credited with winning a heap of cash on Harrison in the campaign of 1888, has his old place of sergeant-at-arms, and is in charge of the rooms. Chairman Carter's room is the front one of the second story, with a private room off it where he meets leaders in stictly private confab. A desk at the window, with a typewriter and stenographer attachment, is reserved just now for the occupancy of "Jake" Patterson, the broad-beam chairman of the state committee. It is a big desk with a big chair appropriate to the ponderous head of the state machine. Against the wall opposite the desk is a leather sofa. There is a big table in the middle of the room, with chairs around it. The rear room on this floor is the private headquarters of Cornelius N. Bliss, the treasurer of the national committee. Mr. Bliss is a handsome and portly gentleman, who was President Harrison's own choice for treasurer. In the basement are the mailing rooms. The headquarters are in a three-story and basement brown-stone house, with a high stoop, opposite the architectural ornate Temple Emanu-El, and only a stone's throw from the church of the Heavenly Rest, where worshipped the late President Chester A. Arthur. A huge flag floats from the top story windows of the headquarters, and on its front are big campaign placards, with such emblems as a sheaf of wheat and a sickle, a strong arm holding a blacksmith's hammer, and an eagle with outstretched wings, cluthing in its talons

CHAIRMAN CARTER'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

a scroll with the legend, "Protection and Reciprocity," the talismanic motto of the Blaine men.

Chairman Thomas H. Carter is the head of the national committee of nine members, with a vice chairman and a treasurer and a secretary. Of all of them, outside of Treasurer Bliss, ex-Congressman Lewis, E. McComas, the secretary, is the best known to New Yorkers. Mr. McComas's clothes are the pride of the local leaders. To see the secretary walk down Broadway on a hot afternoon or evening in these dog day, in a white lawn tennis suit, with a broad-brimmed straw hat and natty shoes, is to behold a picture of personal comfort and studied elegance that charms the eye. This is Chairman Carter's full board of councillors:

Vice Chairman—Michael H. De Young, of California.

Treasurer—Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York.

RECEPTION ROOMS, REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.

Secretary McComas receives the callers, and where their business is of sufficient importance to warrant it, visits Chairman Carter, and discusses the matter with him, then, if Mr. Carter wants to see the callers, they are ushered up to him. He is obliged to do this, for if he should see everybody who calls his time would be absolutely occupied in this one feature of the work.

One advantage which the Republicans seem to have is in the personnel of their office force. A very large proportion of the employes at the Republican headquarters are men who have had long years experience in Washington. It is not menat by this that the Washington man is likely to be any

Secretary—Lewis E. McComas.

Executive Committee—J. S. Clarkson, of Iowa; Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey; Joseph H. Manley, of Maine; Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut; Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin; Richard C. Kerens, of Missouri; William O. Bradley, of Kentucky; William A. Sutherland, of New York; John R. Tanner, of Illinois; W. J. Campbell, of Illinois.

Cannot Come Back.

Washington, Aug. 10.—The Treasury department has decided that a foreigner who makes a contract in this country to work here and then returns to his own country, cannot come back to the United States for the purpose of fulfilling his contract, without violating the provisions of the alien contract labor law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GLADSTONE AT OSBORNE.

Where He Will Kiss the Hand of His Sovereign—Probable Make-up of His Cabinet—No Sensations.

London, Aug. 15.—Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Sir Algernon Edward West, left Carlton Gardens at noon today, en route for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to lay before her majesty the

HENRY LABOUCHERE.

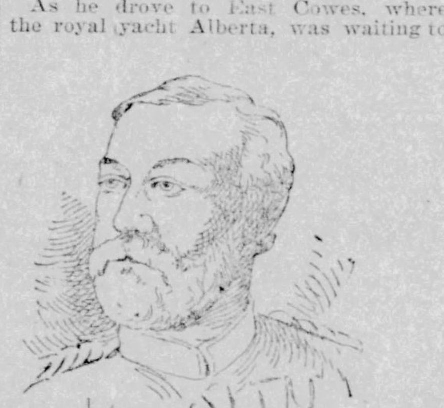
names of those who will comprise his cabinet, and to carry out the old custom of kissing the hand of the sovereign.

Notwithstanding the persistent rumors as to his physical condition, Mr. Gladstone appeared to be remarkably sprightly. To judge from his appearance, he did not look upon the journey to Osborne House in the light of a vere task. On the contrary, his manner indicated that it was a pleasure jaunt for him. A considerable number of persons had gathered about the doorway of the house in Carlton Gardens, and when the Liberal leader appeared, looking fresh and smiling, he was the recipient of hearty cheers.

Entering the carriage, he was at once driven to Waterloo station, where a small crowd, including a few notable men, were gathered to see him. Mr. Gladstone took his seat in a first-class saloon car, and then he extracted a tuberose from a small box and carefully pinned it in a buttonhole of his coat. As the train pulled out of the station the crowd cheered, and Mr. Gladstone responded by lifting his hat and bowing.

London, Aug. 16.—Mr. Gladstone, who yesterday visited the Queen at Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, to lay before her the names of those who will comprise the cabinet, left Osborne House on his way back to London, at 9:30 o'clock this morning.

As he drove to East Cowes, where the royal yacht Alberta, was waiting to



SIR HENRY F. PONSONBY.

convey him across the Solent, the road was lined with people who had gathered to bid him farewell. He was greeted with cheers along the entire route. A heavy rain was falling, but this in no way dampened the enthusiasm of the crowd.

Twenty minutes after leaving Osborne House, Mr. Gladstone was on board the Alberta, the lines were cast off, and she was steaming across the Solent. A choppy sea was running, and the yacht rolled and pitched quite heavily, making the passage one of discomfort. Mr. Gladstone was conveyed to Southampton, where he took the 11:20 train for Waterloo Station, London.

He is enjoying excellent health, and shows no sign that his trip to and from the Isle of Wight caused him any fatigue. The enthusiasm manifested yesterday at Waterloo station and at various points along the route of Mr. Gladstone's journey were repeated upon his return to-day.

Upon his arrival at Osborne House yesterday, Sir H. E. Ponsoby, the

LORD ROSEBERRY.

Queen's private secretary, received him at the entrance, and conducted him to the apartments prepared for him.

After Mr. Gladstone had partaken of luncheon, the Queen gave him audience, and he kissed her hands in accordance with the established usage. On his appointment as first lord of the treasury, Mr. Gladstone submitted the names of the members of his cabinet. The Queen's dinner guests at Osborne House included, besides Mr. Gladstone, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Earl of Ducie.

Mr. Gladstone will take the office of privy seal as well as that of first lord of the treasury. Lord Brassey will be viceroy of Ireland.

Despite the falling rain and the general cheerlessness of the day a large crowd, among which were many ladies, waited for hours to receive Mr. Gladstone in the vicinity of Mr. Stuart Rendle's house in Carlton Gardens, where Mr. Gladstone is stopping until he takes up his official residence in Downing street. When he drove up to the house from Waterloo station, he was given an ovation, the crowd waving hats, umbrellas and handkerchiefs and cheering him to the echo.

He smilingly bowed his thanks for the reception, and then entered the house. After the lapse of a brief interval he merged again accompanied by his wife and daughter. The party entered their carriage and were driven to Kensington to attend a wedding.

Upon his return from the wedding Mr. Gladstone met the members of the new ministry, and a conference between them is proceeding at this hour—4 p. m.

The New Ministry.

The London News is authority for the statement that the following is the make-up of the new ministry:

Earl Roseberry, foreign secretary; Baron Herschell, lord chancellor; Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer; Herbert H. Asquith, home secretary; Right Hon. Henry H. Fowler, president of the local government board; Right Hon. H. Campbell Bannerman, secretary of war; Earl Spencer, first lord of the admiralty; Right Hon. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland; Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, president of the board of trade; Sir Charles Russell, attorney general; John Rigby, solicitor general; Right Hon. Samuel Walker, lord chancellor of Ireland; Mr. McDermott, attorney general for Ireland; Right Hon. Edward P. C. Majoribanks, patronage secretary; Alexander Asher, solicitor general for Scotland, and Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, lord advocate.

Messrs. Bryce and Acland will also have seats in the cabinet, while the Marquis of Ripon, Earl H. Kimberly and Sir George O. Trevelyan will undoubtedly be members. The Earl of Aberdeen is mentioned to succeed Lord Stanley, of Preston, as governor general of Canada.

A LOST ART DISCOVERED.

It Was Known Only to the Pyramid Builders.

Quebec, Aug. 13.—Local scientists say that one of the most wonderful discoveries of recent years is that made by a poor blacksmith of this city named Ferdinand Allard. It is the long lost art, known to the pyramid builders of Egypt, of hardening copper. Axes and other edged tools made of hardened copper have been exhibited by him, which in edge and temper rival the best steel of the present day.

Allard prepared a sheet of his hardened copper, 1 3-4 of a line in thickness, and had it tested at the government rifle ranges here. At the first shot fired from 40 yards distance, the bullet was shivered into a thousand fragments; on the second, the missile, striking the copper more fairly, was completely flattened, but remained embedded in the plate, which it merely dented lightly without cracking it in any way. This is claimed by experts to be vastly superior to anything the best steel could do under like circumstances.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

The Selection of Dresden Meets With General Approval.

London, Aug. 13.—Arrangements for the meeting of the International monetary conference are progressing. The selection of Dresden finds approval among the English delegates. In regard to the personnel of the English representatives the Associated Press correspondent heard the opinion of a prominent currency expert, Mr. Currie, according to his authority, is the stronest man appointed. He has no tendency whatever toward bimetallism; on the contrary, he is sound for a single standard.

Mr. Currie is a man of great financial ability generally, and is a leading member of the banking firm of Glynn, Mills, Currie & Co., besides being a member of the council of India. He initiated the Baring Bros.' settlement with the Bank of England, and is otherwise known among financiers as a man of first rate capacity.

But his appointment has special significance for the American government, as meaning that his influence will overrule any inclination of his co-delegates toward an arrangement satisfying America. Of th other delegates Sir C. W. Fremantle is a monemetallist, Sir W. H. Hozldsworth and Gen. Strachey are bimetallists, and Mr. Murray, who is a treasurer, is mutual.

SEIZING VESSELS IN BERING SEA.

Quite a Number of English Ships Captured by Uncle Sam's Cruisers.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 15.—H. M. S. Warspite while returning to Esquimalt harbor from a cruise on the west coast ran over a sunken rock in Discovery Pass, and sustained some serious injuries, the extent of which are not yet known. She will go on the dock at Esquimalt.

Seizures by United States men-of-war in Bering sea have been made of the following vessels: British schooner Mountain Chief, of Victoria, by the Adams. Her crew killed seals and violated the modus vivendi. The vessel was delivered in charge of a British man-of-war. The whaling bark Lydia was intercepted by the Richard Rush while taking newly killed seals from aboard the whaling bark Northern Light in Bering sea. A prize crew was placed aboard, and she was sent to Sitka. The whaling schooner Jane Grey was seized by the Mohican for not leaving Bering sea after having been warned.

The British steamer Winifred, of Victoria, one of the vessels which transferred her cargo of sealskins to the British steamer Coquitlam at Port Eleeches, was seized by the Rush, with fresh killed seals aboard. The United States fishery commission steamer Albatross took the Winfred in tow, and sailed for Sitka, August 3.

LIVING ON CACTUS AND MESQUITE.

Terrible Suffering on Both Sides of the Rio Grande.

Havana, Tex., Aug. 13.—The suffering among the laboring classes of the Mexican population on both sides of the Rio Grande is appalling. Many families have been living for days on cactus plant and mesquite beans. Many children have died of fever and billousness. The relief committee issues four pounds of corn to each person a week—merely enough to keep the life in their bodies.

A good rainfall has, within the last week, swollen the river so that in many places it is over its banks; but the water comes too late to be available for this year's crops. Clothing, too, is badly needed. In some cases whole families go about nearly nude, and when cold northers come the suffering will be great.

THE REBELLION IN ALGERIA.

Moorish Troops Advance Toward the Seat of War.

Tangier, Aug. 10.—At 8:30 this morning the Moorish troops made another advance in the direction of the territory occupied by the rebellious tribesmen. They ascended the hills and set fire to a number of villages. The inhabitants fled upon the approach of the troops. They also set fire to the bushes to prevent the tribesmen from finding shelter among them.

A portion of the troops, assisted by a force of Kabyles, have made an attack upon the rebellious Angheras and two divisions are proceeding to support the sultan's forces.

KICKING ON FREE COINAGE.

Alarming Fall in the Rates of Indian Exchange.

London, Aug. 10.—A special dispatch to the Times from Calcutta says that leading papers there, in view of the alarming fall in the rates ot exchange, urge the government to immediately close the mints to the free coinage of silver. They complain that the government is doing nothing to face the great crisis.

THE CHOLERA STILL INCREASING.

At Teheran the Fatalities Average Sixty Per Day.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 10.—Advices from Teheran, the capital of Persia, show that the cholera is increasing in virulence. The fatalities now average 60 daily. An official report just issued shows that on Sunday there were reported from all the cholera-infected districts of Russia 4,261 new cases of the disease. On the same day 2,177 persons died of cholera.

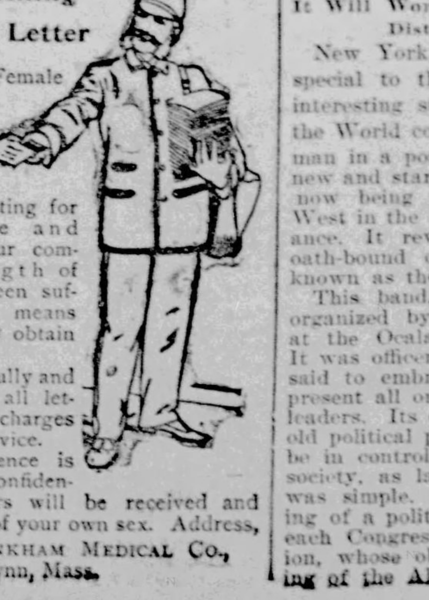
Smuggling Chinamen In.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 10.—Large numbers of Chinamen continue to arrive here from British Columbia. A few remain in Toronto, but the most of them go West, and it is said that they are smuggled into the United States by the way of Sarnia and Windsor, the amount being paid of $50 a head.

Roder Confessed.

Copenhagen, Aug. 10.—Henry B. Royder, the United States consul here, who is under arrest charged with having misappropriated the sum of 200,000 kroners, has confessed that he is guilty of embezzlement.

Treating Ailing Women by Letter



Most cases of Female diseases can be treated as well by us through the mails as by personal consultation. In writing for advice, give age and symptoms of your complaint, state length of time you have been suffering, and what means you have tried to obtain relief.

Mrs. Pinkham fully and carefully answers all letters of inquiry, and charges nothing for her advice.

All correspondence is treated strictly confidential. Your letters will be received and answered by one of your own sex. Address, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., Lynn, Mass.

WE WILL Deed You a Ten-Acre Orange Grove Tract in Ocala, Fla.
WE WILL Loan You $1,000 to Build You a House in Ocala, Fla.
WE WILL Deed You a Villa or Business Lot 40x100 ft. in Ocala.
WE WILL Pay Your Traveling Expenses to Ocala and return.

FREE! ALL ABOARD FOR OCALA, FLA. A City of 6,500 Population. $14,000,000 Annual Trade.

New Settlers AND NEW HOUSES WANTED

$250,000 CASH LOANS

From the profits of the Company we will loan an amount not exceeding $1,000 cash to each person desiring to build a house in Ocala, Florida, who answers this advertisement. For security, a mortgage, payable in ten years, will be taken on the property built upon. Thirty-four new houses were started last week. Twenty House Plans furnished free.

The yearly business of Ocala aggregates $14,000,000; has 3 railroads, 3 banks, 10 churches, 5 hotels, electric lights, water works, etc. Over $25,000,000 have been invested during the past three years, making Ocala the grandest city in the State.

We will deed to each person answering this advertisement within thirty days a ten-acre orange grove tract, free, with a written contract agreeing to set out in orange trees and superintend property until the same comes into full bearing. We will deed each applicant one free villa or business lot 40x100 feet. We will pay your traveling expenses to Ocala, Florida, free. The object of these offers is to attract new settlers to Ocala.

DIRECTIONS.—Send your full name, post-office address, County and State by return mail and you will be sent directions which will enable you to secure a villa or business lot, free; a ten acre orange grove tract, free; a loan of $1,000, free; and your traveling expenses to Ocala, free.

NO CONDITIONS.—No charge for lots; no charge for orange grove tracts; no charge for deeds; no charge for $1,000 loan; no charge for a free trip to Ocala. The Ocala & Silver Springs Company has a Capital of $1,000,000 and owns or controls large hotels, houses, high-grade 8 per cent. guaranteed dividend securities, real estate, and other properties in Ocala and vicinity, aggregating in value $2,125,000.

OBJECT.—The Company is giving away one-half of its villa and business lots, and one-half of its orange grove tracts for common-sense business reasons. Experience has proved to us that the majority of those accepting free deeds for these properties will build homes, when a $1,000 loan is made to them, and engage in business, and thereby quadruple the values of their own lots, as well as those reserved by the Company. Our plan of town-building is a great success. The population of Ocala has increased during the past four years from 2,000 to 6,500 people. This offer may not appear again. Write to-day. It costs nothing for postage—we pay that. Agents wanted at $100 monthly salary.

OCALA AND SILVER SPRINGS COMPANY, 170 WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

THE SCALE SIGNED.

The Effect It Will Have on the Carnegie Company—The Mills Will Start This Week—Several Still to Sign.

Pittsburg, Aug. 12.—The settlement of the iron scale between the manufacturers and the Amalgamated association is pretty generally satisfactory to the operators of the different mills, judging from the expressions of those seen yesterday. However there is a great deal of conservatism on the part of the manufacturers in giving their views on the settlement, but all are preparing to start up, and by the beginning of the week nearly all the mills will be in operation.

At the Amalgamated association headquarters evident satisfaction was depicted in the countenances of the various officials. It arose over the adjustment of the wage trouble with the local manufacturers. President Weihe, in speaking of the subject, said: "I am heartily glad the differences have been settled. We are to-day preparing the scales for presentation to the manufacturers. Owing to the fact that there is much preparation necessary about the mills, none of the manufacturers will be able to resume until the latter part of next week. I am expecting President Gompers and Secretary McGuire of the American Federation of Labor, in the city, but do not know when they will arrive. James H. Nutt, the representative of the Shenango Valley Manufacturers' association, was in the city, and before he left last evening he made arrangements with the Amalgamated association for a conference between the two organizations over the adoption of the Western scale, as modified yesterday."

Will Use Full Number of Men.

Pittsburg, Aug. 12.—In an interview with Secretary Lovejoy, of the Carnegie company, yesterday, he said, concerning the statement made some days ago that it was the intention of the company to operate the Homestead plant with about half the number of men at work there before the strike, it is not true. When in full operation, the works would still employ 3,800 men. In making the statement, Superintendent Potter, he said, meant, that it was possible to run the mill with half the regular force. He did not mean that it was to be done permanently.

SECOND PLOT TO KILL FRICK.

Superintendant Byrnes Knows Nothing of It and Thinks it is False.

New York, August 12.—Superintendent Byrnes said this morning that he knew nothing regarding the subject mattr of thed ispatch from Pittsburg which states that an anarchist named Aaronstaun had left this city for there a couple of days ago with the avowed intention of killing H. C. Frick, the manager of the Carnegie Co.

The dispatch in question says that the second plot to kill Mr. Frick was revealed to Mr. Otto Eberhard, Austrian vice consul in this city. Superintendent Byrnes said he had not seen the vice consul nor heard from him concerning any plot to kill Mr. Frick. He added that no information had come to him from any source regarding the man Aaronstaun. Superintendent Byrnes places little faith in the story that such a person has gone to Pittsburg to kill Mr. Frick.

ARE BOYCOTTING CARNEGIE STEEL.

The Latest Move of the Amalgamated Association.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 13.—The latest move of the Amalgamated association is an attempt to get the iron establishments of Pittsburg and elsewhere to refuse materials that come from the Carnegie mills. A circular headed, "Appeal to Workingmen," is now in the course of distribution. It reads thus:

"You are requested not to work up the materials that may be shipped from the works of the Carnegie Steel company during the present strike. By so doing, you will help us gain a victory in our present struggle for organization.

(Signed.)

COMMITTEE OF STRIKERS."

The Pittsburg firms will be first supplied with the circulars, and then attention will be turned to other manufacturers.

MILLION IN GOLD FOR GERMANY.

The Yellow Boys Exchanged for Treasury Notes.

New York, Aug. 16.—A crucial test of the policy of the government was made yesterday, when Heidelbach, Yckelheimer & Co. tendered $1,000,000 in treasury notes which were issued on account of the silver purchases, and demanded for them $1,000 000 gold for shipment to Germany by to-day's steamer. The treasury officials made no demur, but paid out the million gold in exchange for the treasury notes, and then the gold was carted away and put on the steamer.

The transaction excited some comment, as no home institution or home banking firm has ever, in the history of the government, made a like demand on the treasury, and in some quarters an impression prevailed that the exporting firm took this step, not so much to make the profit on the shipment, which in itself is too insignificant for any banking firm to consider, but really for the purpose of forcing a crisis.

Assistant Treasurer Roberts was at the sub-treasury while the gold for Germany was being carted away. He admitted that it was the first time such a demand was made, although gold has heretofore been given partly for old and partly for new treasury notes. He said, in reply to questions: "No steps have been taken by the administration to prevent or obstruct the exportation of gold. The government stands ready to meet all of its obligations in gold, and will pay them all in gold. Our free gold balance now amounts to $112,000,000."

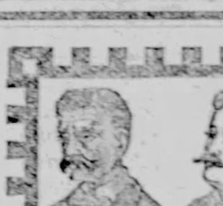
By this statement of Treasurer Roberts, it is clear that the government has already resolved on a plan to pay all the silver treasury notes in gold if it is demanded.

THE BAND OF GIDEON'S OBJECT.

It Will Work in Every Congressional District in the Union.

New York, Aug. 15.—A Washington special to the World says: A highly interesting story was communicated to the World correspondent yesterday by a man in a position to know. It sheds a new and startling light on the campaign now being waged in the South and West in the name of the Farmers' Alliance. It reveals the existence of an oath-bound order within the Alliance, known as the "Band of Gideon."

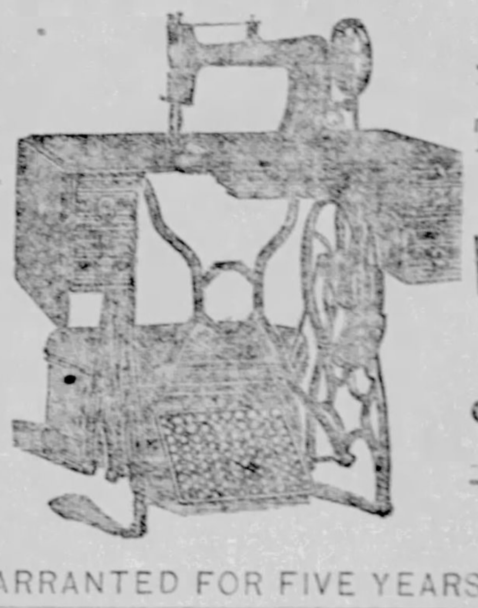
This band, as the story goes, was organized by Dr. Macune and others at the Ocala meeting two years ago. It was officered at that meeting, and is said to embrace in its membership at present all or nearly all of the Alliance leaders. Its object is to strike the two old political parties wherever they may be in control. The plan of this secret society, as laid down by Dr. Macune, was simple. It contemplated the raising of a political legion of 300 men, in each Congressional district in the Union, whose object should be the spreading of the Alliance party.



FREE TO MEN Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" and wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when for a 2-cent stamp I will send you FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the Prompt Lasting Cure of Lost Power, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Energy, all drains and losses, varicocele, and to enlarge, strengthen and develope weak, stunted organs, from early or later excesses or use of tobacco and stimulants, lack of vigor in old or young men quickly restored. I send this prescription FREE of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct after you receive the recipe, or advise your friends to do so. But you can do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me as it will cure where all else has failed. Write at once as this advertisement may not appear again. CHAS. E. GAUS, Box 383, Marshall, Mich.

THE NEW BLADE
SEWING MACHINE!
IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.
Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.



THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. - - - DOES PERFECT WORK.

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c.

A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

THE LOST HUSSAR LOCATED.

British Guineas and Silver Bars are Brought Up by the Dredge.

New York, Aug. 13.—Capt. Thomas Simonds, of the hydraulic dredge, Little Giant, that is anchored in the Sound, just south of Port Morris dock, was very serious yesterday. "We should hit it soon," said he to his chief assistant. He had been grappling day after day for something like $4,800,000, lost with the British ship Huzzar. After the first plunge of the bucket about one cubic yard of mud was dumped upon the grating. When the men began to sort and wash for treasure, the captain saw something yellow glitter in the silt and picked it up.

It was an English guinea of the time of Geoorge III It was in a state of perfect preservation, and only a little blackened by the water. Half a dozen more were found, then two gold buttons from the uniform of a British naval officer. The next plunge of the bucket brought up a quantity of copper coin, worn very thin by the water. Capt. Simonds's weather-beaten face relaxed, and he smiled. "We are right over the stuff, I am certain," said he, "and I expect to have all of it up very soon." He spoke very quietly, too.

Then the bucket brought up two short, square bars, tarnished and pitted by brine. On being scraped they proved to be of pure white metal. Capt. Simonds took them to a jeweler on Third avenue, and they were pronounced sterling silver. "I guess we've got there," said the captain. That ended the find of the day, but it established beyond doubt that Capt. Simonds has located the lost Huzzar and her enormous treasure, and is perhaps on the threshold of great wealth for himself and other members of the company. This is, as far as known, the only coin and precious metal ever recovered from the wreck, except 30 guineas by a wrecking party in 1876.

GOV M'KINLEY WILL BAPTIZE IT.

The Great Elwood Tin Plate Works To Be Opened September 15

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 15.—The great tin-plate works at Elwood, this state, erected by the American Tin-plate company, headed by Col. A. L. Conger, will be opened on September 15. The plant is nearly finished now, but the owners were determined to have it "baptized" by Governor McKinley, and the date was arranged to suit his convenience.

He will deliver the principal address, but Gen. Alger, Governor Chase, of Indiana; Governor Fifer, of Illinois, and other well-known public men will be there. It will be an all-day meeting, with an all-day lunch, and the Republicans propose to make it one of the biggest campaign gatherings seen in the West.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE OF ALABAMA.

Jones Elected Governor by Nearly 12,000 Majority.

Montgomery, Aug. 10.—The official returns of 58 of 66 counties give Governor Jones 9,386 majority. There are eight counties from which official returns have not been received, but the majorities in which are pretty accurately known. Four of these counties give majorities for Governor Jones as follows: Baldwin, 34; Monroe, 280; Washington, 200; Wilcox, 3,705; a total of 4,219. Four give Kolb majorities as follows: Coffee, 700; Covington, 47; Henry, 1,514, and Winston, 100, a total of 2,361. This leaves Governor Jones with a clear majority of 11,244.

THE SNOW MELTING IN MARS

And Lakes Being Formed as Big as Lake Erie.

New York, Aug. 10.—The Herald prints a dispatch from Professor Pickering, of the Harvard university, at Arequipa, Peru, as follows: "In my observations of Mars I have seen two large areas near the equator which are permanently blue. Near the edges they appear light blue. The light is slightly polarized. The total size of the area is about 500,000 square miles, one-half the size of the Mediterranean sea. On June 23 a small dark spot appeared in the southern snow cap. Later this spot increased rapidly, and early in July it was a thousand miles long, dividing the snow in half. One million six hundred thousand square miles of snow have melted within the last 30 days. The melted snow has apparently been transferred to the seas, across the land.

Small dark areas, surrounded by snow, appeared on July 10, and two days later I first saw a dark line in the fork of a "Y" shaped mark, in the direction of the seas. The line became more conspicuous on July 14, and on the 16th a dark area about the size of Lake Erie appeared on the northern side of the stem of the Y, which was connected with the northern sea. The next day there appeared a large dark area near the northern sea. This had grown fainter by July 13, and a new area appeared, to the north of the northern sea, which concealed its line. The line north of the "Y" had disappeared, but the area of the "Y" had extended.

On July 24 a large dark area, apparently either a lake or sea, appeared near the melting snow, and on July 25 the southern branch of the "Y" became very narrow. The outlines of the northern sea were seen again, a narrow white line stretching north from the snow. Many other changes were noted. Rapidly changing faint whitish areas were seen. Green areas near the poles have not been seen for many weeks, but traces were recently suspected, and a light green area was distinctly seen near the north pole last night."

COL. KING'S NECK SAVED.

Gov. Buchanan Commuted His Sentence to Life Imprisonment

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 10.—Governor Buchanan, in Nashville, this evening, commuted the sentence of Col. Clay King, who was sentenced to have been hanged next Friday for the murder of David H. Postea on March 15th last, on a public street in this city. Unusual pressure was brought to bear upon the governor for the past few days. Petitions signed by thousands from Tennessee and Kentucky deluged the chief executive, and delegations from military and civic societies besieged him.

The wife and daughter of the condemned man, and the wives and daughters of other prominent citizens made personal appeals. Senator Harris and other leading politicians made several calls upon him, and succeeded in securing the desired commutation. The prisoner heard the news with but little interest. He has been indulging in stimulants of late, and seemed indifferent to what was transpiring.

The Cattle Still There.

Pond Creek, O. T., Aug. 12.—Large herds of cattle are still being grazed in the vicinity of Pond Creek, but the removal of the troops from Enid to this place, has given the herders no little uneasiness.

Cruiser No. 11 Launched.

Boston, Aug. 12.—Cruiser No. 11 was launched yesterday, and christened the Marblehead. There was not a single hitch in the launching.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE G. A. R.

The Big Barracks Now Going Up The Nation's Capital Preparing for the Raid of Old Soldiers.

Washington, Aug. 13.—During the past few months inquiries have been coming into G. A. R. encampment headquarters by the thousand touching upon all sorts and manner of things, and in order to convey the fullest possible information to all members of the Grand Army, Chairman Edson has prepared a circular which will be mailed to every post in the United States. It is fully as interesting to the public as to the G. A. R. men abroad. The most important points of the circular are as follows:

Notice for Free Quarters.

"To those requiring free quarters it is especially requested that they be prompt in sending notice by September 1, 1892, of the number and name of the posts requiring accommodation. Each application should be signed by the commander or adjutant of the post. It is suggested that all expecting free quarters should bring blankets to be used at night. No accommodations or quarters of this character will be furnished to others than members of the G. A. R.

It is earnestly requested that all posts who have been assigned to quarters, with the number of men specified, advise this committee at once whether the number will be less or greater. This is important in order that the committee may accommodate others or save expenses. It is also requested those who intend to supply their cots or mattresses should so inform the committee.

Owing to the large attendance that will be in Washington at the coming encampment, and that the capacity to furnish meals and quarters will be taxed to the utmost, it is plain that people other than members of the G. A. R. would be running a great risk of not securing accommodations and incurring serious discomfort if they do not act upon the suggestion above made by securing quarters through the committee on accommodation or otherwise, before leaving for Washington. Those who are early will, more time being given, undoubtedly make the most satisfactory arrangements.

Good quarters can be secured for lodgings at from 75 cents to $1.50, and good board and lodgings at from $1.50 to $2.50 per day, in private houses. Hotel accommodations for many hundreds can still be secured, at prices ranging from $2.50 to $5 each per day.

Avoid Extra Baggage.

It is recommended that visitors should avoid bringing baggage other than satchels, and such as they can carry with them. Experience of visitors at former encampments shows that a large portion of the baggage checked has been very difficult to find. Considerable quantities of it are never found, and that which has been was frequently recovered too late to use during their visit.

The committee are endeavoring to make arrangements for people to visit battlefields and camping grounds. Although not fully completed with the railroads, the effort that is being made is to accommodate all who wish to make such visits. Committees will be stationed at different points like Richmond, Fredericksburg, Winchester, Gettysburg, etc., to furnish information and direction to the people to reach, in the shortest way, the different battlefields and camping grounds. Later more complete information will be furnished.

All reunions will be held upon what is known as the "White Lot," immediately south of the Executive Mansion. The area is ample to erect all tents, large and small, that will be required for reunion purposes during the week of the encampment. Concentrating all the reunions to be held in this way at one point, it is believed, will secure in the highest degree successful meetings of the veterans. All communications in regard to making arrangements for the holding of reunions should be addressed to Col. John McElroy, chairman of the committee on reunions.

The Other Details.

Many of the other details having been worked out, the committee and Chairman Edson are now working out a plan by which those who occupy the barracks can be fed expeditiously and cheaply. There will be about 20,000 of these men, and a dining shed will be put up in which will be located a great counter from which lunches will be served. It will be impossible to furnish a hot meal in this fashion, but the caterer will supply the best materials of such articles as he offers. His service will be subject to the inspection of the committee, and he will be required to provide the best of everything at reasonable prices, such things as coffee, tea, chocolate, milk, sandwiches of all kinds, pork and beans, pastry, etc. Efforts will be made to feed 1,000 men at a time.

The dairy lunchrooms and restaurants have agreed that there should be no increase in prices, and the committee will do all it can to prevent any such thing being done, for they consider it would be a disgrace to the city to have such a thing attempted. In this connection, however, it may be well to suggest that householders would exercise the point of prudence to lay in a full supply of staples for family use before the crowds swoop down upon the city.

PROPOSED GRAND NAVAL REVIEW.

It Will Exceed Anything of the Kind the World Ever Saw.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Under the act of Congress authorizing the President to invite foreign naval powers to participate in the naval review to be held in New York harbor next April, the State department has issued invitations in the name of the President to the naval powers of the world. The Navy department will soon take up the plan and scope of the proposed review, and begin preparations to make the rendezvous the most imposing the country has ever witnessed.

It is expected prompt acceptance by foreign powers will be received, and that the finest and most modern ships of war will be sent to take part in the pageant. It is quite certain that every ship of modern construction in our navy that can possibly be spared from service abroad, will be ordered home, to rendezvous in Hampton Roads preparatory to proceeding to New York, and it is fully expected that the review will equal if not exceed any naval concentration of war vessels the world has ever seen.

OUR COMMERCE WITH MEXICO.

The United States Leads all Other Nations in Carrying It.

Washington, Aug. 11.—Minister Ryan, in transmitting to the State department recently published statistical tables of Mexican foreign and domestic shipping movements for 1891, calls attention to the highly gratifying condition of our ocean commerce with the neighboring republic. He says:

"It will seem that more American steamers entered the Mexican ports than those of all the other nations of the world combined; that American sailing vessels entering were infinitely in excess of those of any other country; and that Mexico's domestic or internal commerce was carried by more American steamships and sailing vessels than those of all other nations combined, with the single exception of Mexico itself. Another table manifests the great increase in Mexico's maritime movement during the said fiscal year over the preceding; how large a part the United States contributed thereto is indicated above."

The Civil Service Commission Lays Down the Law.

Washington, Aug. 12.—For the first time since its establishment, the civil service commission has issued a proclamation calling public attention to the provisions of the civil service law, relative to political assessments, and to warn against infringement of the law. The commission will vigorously prosecute any violation.

Welch Reaches Washington.

Washington, Aug. 13.—H. T. Welch, the veteran of Co. K, Eighth Infantry, who started from Mt. Pleasant, Mich., for Washington, July 1 last, pushing a wheelbarrow, reached here at noon yesterday. Notwithstanding his age, Welch stood the journey very well. He has letters of introduction to the President from the governor of Michigan and ex-President Hayes. He will stay for the Grand Army encampment in September.

JOHN G. WARWICK IS DEAD.

The Massillon Congressman Expired on Sunday.

Washington, Aug. 15.—The sudden demise of Congressman John G. Warwick last night occasioned much regret.

Mr. Warwick was overcome by the heat some days ago, and his sufferings were aggravated on Tuesday by dysentery. The doctors called in did everything they could, but without success. The patient was unable to retain anything on his stomach. Although he had the best medical aid in the capital, he sank rapidly and died at his rooms in the Riggs house, in this city, about 9 o'clock last night.

Mrs. Warwick, who was spending a few weeks at Atlantic City, was telegraphed for last Friday, as was also

JOHN G. WARWICK.

the son, W. K. L. Warwick at Massillon, and both were at his bedside to the last.

Sergeant-at-Arms Yoder has charge of the funeral arrangements, and has selected Senators Brice and Hill, on behalf of the Senate, and Representatives Donovan, of Ohio; Carothers, of Kentucky; Hurd, of Missouri, and Bynum, of Indiana, on the part of the House, as honorary pall-bearers. The funeral train will leave here at 7:40 o'clock, and arrive at Massillon at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. The funeral services will be held in the Episcopal church, of which the deceased was a member.

Mr. Warwick was serving his first term in Congress as successor of McKinley, whom he defeated after one of the most memorable and bitterly contested campaigns in the history of Ohio politics.

Mr. Warwick was nearly 62 years of age, and was a native of Ireland. He came to America in 1850, was interested in mercantile pursuits, milling, mining and farming, and entering public life was elected lieutenant governor of Ohio as a Democrat in 1883.

THE ELECTION IN ALABAMA

The Political Outlook—The "Official" Count.

Washington, August 11.—(Special.)—The official count Tuesday was very tame. It was merely a ministerial proceeding, and the attorneys who were gathered in each of the counties to prepare for the contests sat silently by and heard the returning boards read of the reports of the inspectors of the various precincts. If the report was regular nothing could be done; if irregular, the only thing that could be done was to throw out the irregularly returned votes. Contests must be instituted in the courts, and they will be instituted in several counties.

In a number of counties boxes were thrown out because of alleged irregularities, and in one county particularly, Pike, the organized Democrats threw out enough votes to overcome a majority, as shown on the face of returns, of 600 for Kolb and give the county to Jones by 150. This act has created a storm of indignation among the followers of Kolb, and many men of broad and liberal views who are on the other side deprecate the use of such means to carry an election. Similar reports come in from other counties, and while there are some who say the breach is healed, men who are candid enough to stare facts in the face as they are can see no way to bring the sundered Democratic party together.

A leader of the organized Democracy stated that he regarded the situation as one full of gravity when he thought of how the late election would bear on the contest in November. There had been hundreds of incidents in this election which tend to embitter the factions. One of them was the fact that as a rule the Kolb people were not allowed representation at the polls in many counties, and when they sent men there to stand on the outside to watch the vote they were in some instances ill-treated and driven away.

Kolb still claims that he has carried the state by 10,000, and insists that he will be the next governor. He said today: "If I am counted out of my victory won in Monday's election, Alabama will go for Harrison in November. In 1890 the majority of Gov. Jones was, in round numbers, 97,000 over Long, white Republican. It will be 15,000 or less this year, according to the returns."

INSPECTION OF IMMIGRANTS.

None Allowed to Embark Without Thorough Precautions.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Assistant Secretary Spalding, who has just returned from a visit to Europe, resumed his duties at the Treasury department yesterday. He said he had visited London, Liverpool, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg and Bremen, and had obtained much valuable information in regard to the immigration service. He was much pleased with the system of inspection of immigrants at the ports named, and especially with the precautions taken against the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases.

The principal transatlantic steamship companies, he said, put all their steerage passengers through a thorough cleansing process before allowing them on the vessels. Not only are the immigrants compelled to take a bath in the tanks specially provided for the purpose, but they are also compelled to submit their clothing and effects to a thorough disinfection. Gen. Spalding said he was satisfied that the regular steamship companies are co-operating effectively with the local immigrant authorities in their efforts to keep out all classes of undesirable immigrants, and that they are especially vigilant at the present time to prevent the shipment of persons or goods from all cholera-infected districts.

In Gen. Spalding's opinion the principal obstacle to the enforcement of the immigrant laws is the peripatetic tramp steamer, and it will be his constant endeavor, he said, to put this class of vessels under the same system of inspection at foreign ports as that is practiced on regular steamers. Gen. Spalding said he had devoted his entire time to the study of the immigration question and had had no time for the consideration of the other matters he had originally intended to investigate.

THE EMPEROR IS DISPLEASED,

Consequently Mr. Tsin Will be Fired From His Snap at Washington.

Washington, Aug. 10.—It is learned that the Chinese minister to this country will be relieved of his mission in the next month or two and that his place will be filled by the appointment, most probably, of Mr. Shui, formerly secretary of the legation here, and now holding a place under his government in China.

It is alleged as the reason for the change that the emperor of China is much displeased with the course of Mr. Tsin, the present minister, in his alleged transactions looking to the establishment of an International bank in China and as a result of information sent from this country to the Chinese officials calling attention to publications in the papers reciting these facts, the emperor has ordered an investigation into the matter.

Proving Embarrassing.

Washington, Aug. 10.—The execution of the eight-hour law as applied to the construction of public buildings has proved so embarrassing to the officials of the Treasury department that the Attorney General has been asked for a legal construction of the provisions of the act.

Georgia Democrats.

Atlanta, Aug. 11.—Governor W. J. Northern was renominated yesterday by the Democracy of Georgia.

MR. PORTER'S CHURCH STATISTICS.

Methodist Episcopal Leads in Number of Churches, Communicants, Etc.

Washington, Aug. 15.—Superintendent Robert Porter, in an address prepared for delivery at Asbury Park yesterday, makes public the preliminary figures of the church statistics of the eleventh census, which are both curious and interesting. There are shown to be in the United States nearly 150 separate and distinct church organizations, holding to widely different creeds.

After the seven great denominations, Congregational, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, and Episcopal, have been accounted for, the other 134 religious associations represent less than 15 per cent of the church edifices, and less than 11 per cent of the aggregate value of church property.

The following table shows the number of churches in the United States today as compared with forty years ago:

Number of Churches.

Denominations.	1850.	1890.
Congregational	1,706	4,736
Lutheran	1,221	6,559
Methodist	13,338	44,244
Presbyterian	4,836	12,463
Roman Catholic	1,227	8,766
Baptist	9,360	39,412
Episcopal	1,461	5,605
All other	5,007	20,461
Total	38,183	142,256

The value of church property for the same period is as follows:

Denominations.	1850.	1890.
Congregational	$7,970,195	$43,335,437
Lutheran	2,884,286	34,218,234
Methodist	14,826,148	130,018,070
Presbyterian	14,557,089	94,876,233
Roman Catholic	9,256,758	118,381,516
Baptist	11,001,127	68,0[illegible]526
Episcopal	11,384,210	73,586,201
All other	15,596,558	68,777,086
Total	$87,446,371	$631,221,303

According to the returns of the eleventh census, the number of communicants in five principal denominations for which statistics have been completed, are as follows:

Denominations.	Number of Communicants.
Congregational	512,771
Lutheran	1,199,514
Methodist	4,255,377
Presbyterian	1,278,835
Roman Catholic	6,250,045
Total	13,496,522

The communicants of the Baptist and Episcopal, with those of other denominations, will bring the aggregate up to about twenty million in all.

WAS OMITTED FROM THE BILL.

Another Blunder by the Late Democratic Congress.

Washington, Aug. 11.—Considerable disappointment is felt at the postoffice department over the unexplained omission from the sundry civil bill of an appropriation of $5,000, which had been asked for to enable the sixth auditor's office of the treasury department—which audits postmasters' accounts—to employ twenty people for six months, at the rate of $500 per year, to assort several million paid money orders which have accumulated and are hourly accumulating in the office, and which in their present state prevent the settlement of thousands of postmasters' accounts.

When the sundry civil bill was prepared, this item was embodied in it, and the department understood that it was going through all right. The employes were selected, being out of the classified service, and most of them had been notified to report for duty on the 15th inst. The fact that no provision had been made for the employment was not discovered until yesterday, when it was found necessary to rescind all action in this respect. The omission of the item will cause vexation and delay to thousands of postmasters throughout the country, who desire settlement of their money order accounts.

There are several million of these money order blanks, representing business transacted at various offices, now stacked up in the storage rooms of the sixth auditor's office.

ALABAMA FOR HARRISON.

Probable Fusion Between the Republicans and the Alliance—The Latter Will Support the Force Bill Now.

Washington, Aug. 11.—(Special.)—It seems to be pretty well settled now that an effort will be made to carry at least a portion of the electoral vote of Alabama for the Republican candidates. A party of Alabama Republicans have just passed through here en route from New York, where they had a conference with the Republican national committee, and while they are reticent as to what they did accomplish, information from other sources leads to the belief that their visit will lead to a step of this kind.

It will be remembered that the statement was made in this correspondence the day after the Alabama election that the developments in that election were already resulting in a sentiment among the Alabama people in favor of the elections bill. This sentiment is already making itself felt. "The Alliance people of Alabama are now thoroughly in favor of the force bill, so called," said one of the members of the party to your correspondent.

"As a result of the developments at last election."

"Certainly. They are now fully alive to the necessity for it."

"Then they really believe that they were defrauded in the election?"

"Believe it, why man, they know it; it is fully apparent that they carried the state by 20,000, and that they were merely counted out, or the other people in, by the Democrats. The Alliance carried every county in the state having white voters. It was only in the counties where the colored votes predominate that they dared to resort to the old methods of false returns. But they worked those counties for all they were worth."

"Well, how dow you expect anything different in the Presidential election?"

"Because the Alliance people have elected probate judges in many of the counties, and the probate judges appoint the election officers. And they will see that men are appointed who will not permit frauds in favor of the Democratic party. Then, too, there are to be United States marshals at the polls in the national election, and if the Republicans and Alliance combine on an electoral ticket, it is likely that Alliance men will be appointed deputy marshals. And with the belief in their minds that they were counted out by the Democrats, this time they will be likely to make any attempts in that direction decidedly uncomfortable."

"Do you think the Alliance people will be willing to enter upon an arrangement of this kind, by which the electoral ticket will be divided between their party and the Republicans?"

"Why not? They are very hot over the fact that the Democrats have just counted them out in the state elections. Indeed, they would be likely to support a full Republican electoral ticket if the Republicans would support some of their Congressional nominees. This may be the plan agreed upon. If it were adopted, there could be several Alliance Congressmen elected from Alabama, who could be relied upon to support the elections bill."

"That would be something of a novelty, would it not, to see Alliance members supporting a force bill?"

"Well, they are thoroughly disgusted with the frauds practiced upon them in the late election, and now they are for the elections bill."

"Then you think Alabama could be carried for Harrison by this combination?"

"Yes, easily. It can be carried with one-fourth the labor and expense that Indiana can."

Whitelaw Reid Will Speak at Springfield, Ill.

New York, Aug. 16.—T. Whitelaw Reid, who leaves for the West on Wednesday morning, will be accompanied on the trip by Congressman Burrows, of Michigan. Mr. Reid will go direct to Springfield, Ill., where he will speak on Tuesdey evening.

He will then return Eastward as far as Ohio, visiting the home of the Reid family, and making speeches at different points in the state. He expects to be back in New York in about ten days.

The President at Loon Lake.

Troy, N. Y., Aug. 12.—President Harrison is leading a quiet life at Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks. Drives and walks in the woods and fishing excursions pass the time. The President has taken a large double room at the Loon Lake house for an office. Mrs. Harrison is greatly improved since the President's arrival, and her regaining of strength is made manifest by the increased number of her daily drives.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Additional Grand Officers Appointed—The Night Given Over to Receptions and Entertainments—Cincinnati's Fight.

Denver, Aug. 12.—The Paladin commandery, of St. Paul, and Darius, of Minneapolis, kept open house all day and their first guests were four Apache Indians, whom they decorated and gave enough badges to make a suit of Indian clothing. The grand commandery of Texas also kept open house, and so did the Mississippi Knights and Kansas City commandery, No. 10. Montana headquarters were thronged all day, and Colorado commandery, No. 1, entertained several hundred guests.

All the clubs and headquarters held large crowds, and jollity reigned supreme. The Thirteenth Battalion band of Hamilton, which accompanies St. Bernadd's crack commandery of Chicago, gave a complimentary concert to an attendance of several thousands. Maysville commandery, of Kentucky, entertained all day, and thousands attended the entertainment given by the Elks at Elitch Gardens. The grounds were handsomely decorated and illumin-

HUGH M'CURDY.

ated, and there was lots of fun. The Modoc club, of Topeka, Kan., and the famous Webster quartette, of Minnesota, attracted much attention by their fine singing.

At the afternoon session of encampment grand officers were appointed as follows:

Deputy grand master, W. Larue Thomas, of Danville, Ky.; grand generalissimo, Reuben H. Lloyd, San Francisco; grand captain general, H. B. Stoddard, Bryan, Tex.; grand senior warden, George M. Moulton, Chicago; grand junior warden, Rev. H. W. Rugg, Providence, R. I.; grand treasurer, H. Wales Lines, Meriden, Conn., (re-elected); grand recorder, W. B. Isaacs, Richmond, Va., (re-elected).

The remaining grand officers will be appointed by the grand master at the installation to-day. It was decided to hold the twenty-sixth triennial conclave at Boston. Ninety-six votes were cast for Boston, and 78 for Cincinnati. Grand Commander Mellish, of Ohio, made a grand fight for Cincinnati, in opposition to the report of the committee, which favored Boston. Sir Rugg, of Providence, R. I., replied complimenting Sir Mellish on his energetic stand, but assuring the officers of the encampment that Boston could do all that was promised by Cincinnati.

THE MURDERED SAILOR BURIED.

Thousands Attend the Obsequies at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 15.—With measured tread, to the solemn music of muffled drums, 6,000 representatives from naval, military, civic and patriotic organizations yesterday joined in the funeral procession of Charles W. Riggin, boatswain's mate of the U. S. S.

Baltimore, who was killed in the streets of Valparaiso by Chilean soldiers, and at the command of a Chilean officer, while wearing the blue of the American navy.

At least 200,000 others silently watched the cortege as it moved from Independence hall to Woodland cemetery, where several thousand more were permitted to enter the cemetery, listened attentively to the funeral oration and sermon, and witnessed the religious services at the grave.

THE CAMPAIGN IN KANSAS

Republicans Have Never Taken so Much Interest.

Topeka, Aug. 10.—Never in the history of the state have the Republicans of Kansas shown such interest as in the pending contest. For the first time they are confronted with a combined opposition on electoral, state and Congressional tickets. The state, which gave President Harrison 82,000 majority in 1888, and became the banner Republican state of the Union, is now placed in the doubtful column. But the Republicans realize the situation and are organizing every school district with a view to prosecuting the most vigorous campaign ever witnessed in the state.

Conditions are radically different from those of 1890. Two years ago the Republicans could not get a hearing in Kansas. In 1890, though the Republican state central committee sent out flaring posters and gaudy banners, only the faithful turned out, while a three line notice in a country paper and a written notice on a fence post brought an Alliance procession a mile long. This has been reversed now. The Alliance people are met on every hand with poor meetings, while the Republicans are more successful in getting a hearing than they have ever been.

The "ten cent contributions" of the Alliance for a campaign fund have ceased. Two years ago all was life and activity around the Alliance headquarters; to-day the place is deserted, and the officers of the Alliance who hang around in the dusty office admit that there has been a falling off of 30 to 40 per cent, but they add gloomily: "They will vote all right."

At Republican headquarters, on the contrary, all is activity. Men are coming in from all parts of the state to confer with the chairman and executive committee. Every mail brings in a hundred encouraging letters; money is coming in from men who have never contributed a dollar to the campaign fund before. Business men are seen in the anterooms and in the rotunda of the building where the committee meets.

Well posted party leaders who have watched the rise and fall of the Farmers' Alliance, and who are familiar with the fact that the People's party is losing strength daily, declare it as their belief that the entire Republican electoral, state, Congressional and legislative ticket will be elected. The combine of Democrats and Populists on Presidential electors will make it a very close fight, but the party leaders confidently claim a majority of 15,000 to 20,000 for Harrison and Reid, and a majority of 35,000 to 40,000 for the Republican state ticket. If these majorities are obtained Kansas will elect eight Republican Congressmen, a Republican legislature, which will insure the return of Senator Perkins or some other Republican. The party is in fine fighting order in Kansas and a splendid victory is certain.

The Columbus Monument.

New York, Aug. 12.—The chairman of the executive committee for the monument of Christopher Columbus, yesterday received the following cable from Prof. Guitano Russo, the sculptor of the monument: "R. S. S. Garigliano, carrying the monument of Christopher Columbus, sailed this morning from Genoa, direct to New York."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

NATIONAL POLITICS.

The Campaign Will Not be Lost or Won on the Force Bill Issue—The Late Alabama Election.

New York, Aug. 16.—(Special.)—The events of the past few days have materially changed the situation as viewed from this standpoint, and they have cleared the atmosphere materially from the Republican standpoint. The people who, a fortnight ago were in an uncertain attitude, are rapidly coming to the front ready to work for Republican success.

It is understood that Mr. Reid, before his departure, had matters so arranged that there is every reason to expect the cordial co-operation of Senator Platt in the campaign, not only in this state, but elsewhere.

Information received here from absolutely reliable sources shows that Senator Quay can be relied upon to cordially co-operate with the Republican committee and give them the benefit of his advice and experience. Equally satisfactory reports come from Maine, and Mr. Blaine, while unwilling to go actively into the campaign with the shadow of his great personal affliction, in the loss of another son over him, will be heard from in no uncertain tones before the campaign has progressed far.

Interesting Developments.

Another interesting development of the past few days has been the apparent elimination of the Force bill, so called, as a prominent issue in the campaign. The Democrats, who were anxious to make it an issue, find that they have bitten off more than they can chew. They discover that the only people whose political standing they had expected to affect by it, think the Force bill is a pretty good thing. There were two classes of voters whose spinal columns were expected to stiffen up materially by a talk of the Force bill. These were certain Democrats at the North, and the Alliance people at the South. The most important use that was to be made of this issue was in attempting to hold in line in the Southern states the Democrats who are inclined to leave the Democratic party and support the Farmers' Alliance or third party candidates.

But the recent Alabama election has changed all that, and the Democrats discover to their horror that the very issue they had hoped to utilize in holding Southern voters in line is driving them away from their party. The Farmers' Alliance people in Alabama, as foretold in this correspondence the day following the Alabama election, are now out and out supporters of an election bill—Force bill, if you choose to term it such.

Felt the Effect of Fraud.

For the first time in their lives they have felt the effect of election frauds in an adverse way. And the result is that they now see the value of the proposed elections law. They are now in favor of a law of this general character, either under state or federal authority. The result is that the Force bill issue is no longer a telling one with them. Indeed they welcome it, and are prepared to take sides in its favor. In the North, where they hoped to make this cry a successful one, it is also found that there is no sympathy with a crusade against legislation intended to promote fair elections. And the more the Force bill, so called, is studied the more the voters come to understand that its intention is simply fair elections where fairness can not be had without it. As a consequence, the Force bill cry, it is found, is not going to be any more effective in the North than it now will be in the South.

Piece of Good Fortune.

It is likely that comparatively little will be heard about the Force bill during the campaign, and that the Republicans can afford to assume the defensive in demanding fair elections and will be co-operated with by the Alliance people generally. No greater piece of good fortune could have happened to the Republicans than the Alabama election, which not only showed the wisdom of this particular piece of legislation which the Republicans originated, but at the same time made it absolutely certain that the Democrats will not be able to hold the Alliance people in Democratic lines.

The Fourth Michigan district is now represented in Congress by the famous Julius C. Burrows, who will probably be renominated by the convention which meets in Allegan, Mich., to-day

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The event of greatest significance in the world's finances during last week was the drop in the price of silver bullion. It was of importance as showing that the trouble caused by the continued fall in price of the white metal is by no means confined to this country, but extends to all commercial nations, particularly to Great Britain's vast Indian empire. In point of fact, the problem of the successive drops in the price of silver is a far more serious one to the English commercial and financial interests than to ours, and it is probable that the international silver conference will have British attention sharply and hopefully directed to its proceedings, when it meets. The New York Financial Chronicle, however, is skeptical of any decisive action on the silver question, basing its opinion on Mr. Gladstone's views as to silver. It says:

Among our old papers we found this week a cutting from the Manchester Guardian of July 10, 1889, containing a letter from Mr. Gladstone, giving his views on bimetallism. This letter was written in answer to a request from Mr. R. L. Everett, of Rushmere, Ipswich, asking Mr. Gladstone to receive a small deputation of his supporters to speak on the money question. He says that the standard of value is subject to fluctuation. "Such fluctuation is economically an evil, and every wisely governed state should seek to have for its standard of value the commodity which is least subject to fluctuation. That commodity, as I conceive, is gold, and to adopt any other standard, or to add to gold any other metal more subject to fluctuation than gold, would be to increase that fluctuation and therewith the consequent inconvenience or distress." We see nothing in those words to encourage the holding of a monetary conference. And so long as Great Britain thinks that the United States is on the short road to silver payments this letter will represent the tone and action of its public men; for they will leave their own and India's "inconvenience or distress" to be cured as they hope (and as they think they have good reason to hope) by the culmination of our great folly. Great Britain will, we believe, fail to realize its expectations now, just as it failed to experience its forebodings about our greenbacks years ago. The miscalculation grows out of an underestimate of the extent and endurance of this young and vigorous nation; the theories are all correct, but the period allowed for their action ought to be greatly lengthened. In the meantime (that is before the retribution so often foretold comes) our people get educated and correct their errors.

The price of silver reached its lowest recorded price in the world's history on Friday in New York, touching 82 1-2 cents per fine ounce. This is equal to 63.8 cents for the value of the pure metal in the standard dollar, and a ratio of 25.64 to 1 between the actual bullion values of equal weights of gold and silver. The absurdity of trying to keep silver coin at par with gold, under free coinage and unlimited legal tender, at our coinage ratio of 16 to 1, ought to be apparent to every one.

The money market in New York was inactive last week, call loans at 1@2 per cent. Time money was freely offered, but business was light, the rates being 2 per cent for 30 days, 2 1-2 for 60 to 90 days, 3 per cent for 4 to 5 months, and 3 1-2 for 6 to 7 months. The gold exports for the week amounted to $1,000,000.

The stock market was generally a waiting one last week. Henry Clews & Co.'s circular of Saturday very correctly gives the situation in the following:

The stock market has had several influences to contend against which could not have been foreseen, viz.: reports of damage to the corn crop, unfavorable rumors concerning the Reading deal, and further shipments of gold. The latter were not important; but the time of year and our peculiar sensitiveness at seeing the precious metal flow to Europe, attach greater importance to these shipments than they would otherwise receive. Unquestionably there is a great deal of uneasiness concerning the future of our currency system, both at home and abroad, which this loss of gold stimulates. At the same time, there is more alarm than necessary in some quarters; and though the dangers are real, they are quite distant. The very fact that they are better understood to-day than ever before is of itself an omen of good. Foreigners, who have been sending back their holdings of Americans for months past on this account, have failed entirely in in measuring the change of sentiment towards silver which has taken place in the United States. They fail to appreciate that the power of the silver lobby at Washington has received its first real rebuke, and that henceforth the tide of battle between silverites and anti-silverites is likely to be in favor of the latter. Unless all indications fail, the next Congress will witness a more vigorous and able campaign against existing silver follies than has yet been seen. It is this hope that the remedy will be applied before the crisis comes, as well as confidence in our ability to carry the burthen, that has induced American bankers and capitalists to purchase and hold the securities which Europe has sold. It was the want of this confidence, as well as the unsatisfactory state of trade and finance abroad, which forced Europe to sell.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Crop Reports Are Not Up to The Expectations.

New York, Aug. 13.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Crop reports are not quite up to expectations, and are construed as indicating a deficient supply of corn and oats, while any possible deficiency in wheat and cotton will be more than met by surplus stocks. But prices have advanced quite sharply, and exports of domestic products fall below last year's. The great industries are all doing remarkably well, excepting the iron manufactures.

The particular feature of the week has been the rise in breadstuffs, 2 cents in corn and 3-4 cents in oats, while wheat declined 3-4c, with sales of only 13,000,000 bushels. Western receipts were 4,930,000 bushels in four days, and Atlantic exports 2,309,000 bushels. Pork advanced 75 cents per barrel, but lard declined 1-2c. Oil rose 5c and coffee 1-4c, but cotton fell 1-8c, though exports are larger than a year ago, as crop reports grow more favorable. It should not be forgotten that if exports of products, which for two weeks have been 7.5 per cent lower at New York than last year, should be restricted by an advance in prices, the outflow of gold would be likely to continue, and before long to affect speculative markets. Imports continue extraordinarily large, at New York for three weeks 30 per cent larger than last year, and such a movement would insure further gold exports unless other conditions change.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 189, as compared with 184 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 227.

VERY FINE WEATHER IN IOWA.

Corn is All Right if Frost Does Not Come Too Soon.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 16.—The Iowa Crop Bulletin says: The weather of the past week with temperature and sunshine slightly above the normal, has been all that the most exacting farmer could desire in rapidly pushing the corn and bringing it up to its usual advancement for the season. With late frosts the corn crop seems to be assured, but the total output will fall materially below the average. The rainfall has been somewhat local in its character and yet enough has fallen for all growing crops, except in Decatur and Wayne counties, where pasture and corn are needing rain. Some damage to small grain is reported from the Northwest corner of the state by hail and wind.

Harvesting is nearly completed in the northern part of the state and threshing has begun. Oats are of very light weight and are yielding from 12 to 30 bushels per acre. Rye and barley are making a better showing although hardly up to the average. The ground is in splendid condition for fall seeding. It seems to be the general feeling of farmers that this will be taken advantage of and a large acreage of fall grain sown.

ABUNDANT RAINS IN TEXAS.

Corn Will be a Fairly Average Crop in That State.

New Orleans, Aug. 12.—The Times-Democrat's San Antonio special says: Abundant rains continue to fall over the Southwest Texas district and the suffering among stock has been completely relieved. Crops have also been greatly benefited. Many farmers in the drouth-stricken districts planted corn in July, and with late fall rains will make good crops. Recent rains through Mexico enhance the prospects of fine crops in that republic, and the importation of American corn will soon be discontinued.

Some fear that with the present contracts the Mexican markets may be overstocked. This will leave Texas practically without a market for its enormous corn crops, and cattle men are prepared to feed large quantities of beef cattle with 20 and 25 cent corn. Never in the history of Texas has she raised such a large corn crop, and many farmers are now beginning to harvest and contract their crops while they can get from 25 to 40 cents per bushel.

ENORMOUS KANSAS WHEAT CROP

A Car Famine Feared by Grain Men in That State.

Topeka, Kas., Aug. 15.—The Daily Capital has reports from seventy of the 106 counties of Kansas on the corn crop. In some counties the yield will be the largest for years, and in others not more than one-fourth of a crop will be raised. This condition will not apply to over four counties.

Farmers are threshing wheat, and the yield is larger than ever before in the state. Grain men fear a car famine when the bulk of the crop is thrown on the market.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of The Toledo Blade, Toledo, O., Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1892.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

U. S. 4s coupons	115½	116
U. S. 4s, registered	115½	116
U. S. 2s	100 bid	100 bid
Pacific 6s of '95	107 bid	...

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York this Afternoon.

Noon—Money on call easy at 1½@2 per cent. Sterling exchange quiet and steady with actual business at $4.86¾@4.87, for 60-day bills, and $4.88@4.88¼ for demand; posted rates, $4.87½@4.89. The trading in the stock market was still very light after 11 o'clock, but the firm temper was maintained and further slight fractions were gained in all portions of the list without the development of any feaure. At noon the market was still dull but firm at about the best prices of the morning.

Sales to noon: Listed, 65,700; unlisted, 5,000.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
A. C. O.	47⅛	47½	46¾	47⅛
At.	38½	39⅛	38½	39⅛
A. S. R.	108¼	109⅜	107⅝	108½
C. S.	59¼	59⅜	59¼	59¼
C. G. T.	81⅝	82¼	81⅝	82⅛
C. B. & Q.	102	103¼	101¾	103¼
C. C. C.	66¾	....	....	66
D. L. W.	157	....	....	157
Erie	27½	27¾	27½	27¾
H. V.	....	....	....	....
J. C.	134	135	133⅝	134
L. S.	135¼	135½	135	135½
L. N.	69¼	69½	69⅛	69¼
Lead	39¾	40½	39½	40½
Lead pfd	94¾	95½	94¾	95⅝
M. P.	59	59¼	59	59¼
N. A.	13⅝	13¾	13⅝	13⅞
N. E.	36¾	37	36⅝	37
N. Y. C.	113	114	113	114
N. P.	21	21	21	21
N. P. pfd.	55⅝	56¼	55⅝	56¼
N. W.	117⅛	117½	117⅛	117⅛
N. C. O.	127¼	128	127¼	128
O. M.	53⅜	53¼	53⅜	53⅛
P. M.	....	....	....	....
R. T.	8⅝	8¼	8⅝	8⅛
R. G.	58⅞	59⅛	58¾	59¼
R. I.	80⅞	81⅝	80⅞	81⅞
Silver	84¼	....	....	84¼
St. P.	82¾	83	82¾	82¾
Tex. P.	....	....	....	....
U. P.	38⅝	39⅛	38¾	38¾
W. P.	25½	....	....	25½
W. U.	100	100¾	99⅝	100⅛
W. C.	....	....	....	100⅛

Trade.

The general trade of the country was of seasonable volume during the past week, and trade was satisfactory.

Condition of the Grain Markets Up to the Close To-day.

This morning trade in wheat was a little slow, with a steady feeling at a fractional decline. Afterward, under good purchases by New Yorkers, the market firmed up. At Liverpool wheat and corn were quiet and 1-2d lower. London quiet but steady. The English visible supply of wheat showed an increase of 2,000,000 bushels. Decrease on ocean passage, 784,000 bushels. Corn started weak and lower, advanced a fraction, then declined.

At Chicago August wheat opened at 77 3-8c, fell to 77c, then noted 77 1-8c, 3-8c under yesterday's close; at Toledo it started at 78 3-4c and improved to 78 7-8c, 1-4c down, and at St. Louis it opened at 72 3-4c, fell to 72 5-8c, then rose to 72 3-4c, 1-8c lower.

August corn at Chicago opened at 52 3-4c, rose to 53 1-8c, and then fell to 52 3-8c, 3-4c lower.

This afternoon the markets for wheat closed weak, with the December future in the lead in sales. Corn was dull and lower.

At Chicago August wheat closed 1c under best price of the day, at 76 7-8c; at Toledo it was 3-8c under top price, at 78 3-4c, and at St. Louis it was 1-4c lower, at 73 1-4c.

At Chicago August corn closed 1-2c under top figures, at 53 5-8c; at New York August corn closed at 60c.

Receipts at Chicago to-day: Wheat, cars, 934; grade, 125; corn, 572; grade, 303; oats, 428; grade, 125. Estimates for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 650; corn, 300; oats, 217.

Wheat exports from India during past week were 320,000 bu., of which 80,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 240,000 bu to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1891 were 1,320,000 bu. The total shipments since April 1 were 20,860,000 bu., of which 12,800,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 8,060,000 bu. to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 27,460,000 bu., of which 11,400,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 16,060,000 bu. to the Continent.

Chicago Close.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—(Special to J. M. Cronenberg)—Wheat—The market has been persistently hammered, but has yielded very slowly. It is getting so near September that the longs in that month have been changing over and buying the later options. For this reason the raiding made more impression on September than any other future. The amount on ocean passage decreased nearly 800,000 bushels. Receipts are running pretty large, but at current prices they find ready buyers. The body looks for much advance while wheat is being marketed so freely, but the most experienced and conservative houses say that prices are very low and are pretty certain to go considerably higher before a great while.

Corn and oats have been well sustained. The weather is getting uncomfortably dry again and if we do not get rain soon the chances are that corn will begin to walk up the ladder again, and oats likely to follow. Outside markets are quite as bullish as Chicago, and farmers are firm believers in better values for both.

Provisions have not sympathised in the slightest degree with the weakness in other products. The market has been particularly for cash property, showing that the firmness is not due so much to speculation as to an active consumptive demand and decreasing stocks.

Chicago Tips.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—(Special from Wright & Haughey): Wheat opened easy with lower cables and little news of a bullish nature except some reports of light yield in the Northwest. Liverpool closes a penny lower, Paris 40 centimes off. Large receipts at primary points and light demand caused a gradual wearing away of prices here, closing our market ⅛c under yesterday. One feature to-day was the selling of September and buying of December by carriers spreading the difference.

The market was very sluggish and slow, but yielded closing in ⅛c of bottom. It is probable receipts of winter may decrease some in states east of Kansas. The decline is due to pressure of wheat on the markets and no effort made to depress it. Supply and demand seems to have full sway. Corn loses ⅜ of a cent for the day and closes at bottom. The snap seems out of it for the moment and the bulls are waiting to see if it will go a little lower.

The weather at present is not causing any special features. The tenor of our advices are of the same nature, however. From this state there will be little if any over half a crop with favorable weather from now out, and reports of oats are universally poor. With dragging wheat, corn may go lower, but will sell over present price oftener than under, in our opinion.

Provisions closed strong and higher, September pork 10 cents and January 2½c up. Lard 15 cents and ribs 10@12½c higher. Light receipts of hogs to-day, 9,000, give better tone for the market, but trade was dull during most of the session. With grain declining provisions showed good strength; 20,000 hogs for to-morrow.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

There was a dull market for wheat, this afternoon, excepting for December, which was taken freely. Prices were lower but steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 79¼@78¾c, ⅝c under yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 73c; No. 3 soft red, 73½c, Lake Shore; No. 4 soft red, 68c; No. 2 white, 75c.

August and September wheat, 79¼@78¾c, ⅝c decline; October, 79⅝c; December, 82@81¾c, ⅛c lower.

Prices of August and September wheat to-day:

Aug.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	79⅛	79⅛	78¾	78¾
Chicago	77⅜	77⅜	76⅞	76⅞
New York	....	....	....	82
St. Louis	72¾	72¾	72⅝	72½
September—				
Toledo	79⅛	79⅛	78¾n	78¾n
Chicago	....	....	....	....
New York	....	....	....	....
St. Louis	73¼	73½	73⅛	73¼

Corn—No. 2, 52c, cash and August.

Oats—No. 2, 34c.

Rye—No. 2, 67½c, cash, August and September.

Clover seed—Prime cash, nominally $7; October and November, $5.90.

C. A. King & Co. report street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 77c; white wheat, 79c; corn, 49c; oats, 34@36c; rye, 62c.

Toledo Produce Market.

There was a fair market for produce this morning. Butter was less firm. Eggs steady. Poultry in demand at quotations. Vegetables show no change in price. Fruits sell well at quotations given. Fresh meats same as yesterday. Salt meats steady. Lard unchanged.

A Butter—Creamery, 24@25c; dairy, 18@20c; common kinds, 13@14c.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, 16c.

Poultry—Turkeys, dressed, 13@14c; chickens, 1 to 1½ lbs., 12½c live; old fowls, 12c dressed; woodcock, each 25c.

Vegetables—Cabbages, doz., 30@60c; radishes, doz. bunches, 12½c; encumbers, doz., 8@10c; potatoes, bu., $1; sweet potatoes, bbl., $5; beets, doz. bunches, 20@25c; onions, bushel, $1; celery, bunch, 25c; corn, doz., 12@15c; onions, doz. bunches, 12½c; cauliflower, doz., 50c@$1.50; tomatoes, bu., $1; egg plant, doz., $1; mango peppers, bu., 70c; lettuce, lb., 6c; endive, doz. bunches, 25c.

Fruits — Watermelons, each, 15@25c; muskmelons, bbl., $3@3.50; blackberries, bu., $4@4.50; huckleberries, bu., $3@3.25; lemons, box, $8; oranges, box, $6.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs., $7; calves, lb., 7@7½c; lambs, lb., 8c; mutton, lb., 7c.

Salt meats—Heavy mess pork, per bbl., $13; short mess, $14.50; clear mess, $15; short clear, $13.50. Hams—Sugar cured, 18 lbs. and over, $13; 15 lbs., average, 13½c; 12 lbs. and under, 14c; shoulders, lb., 10c; breakfast bacon, lb., 12c for clear, and 11c for rib; clear bacon, sides, 9c; bologna, 6c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces, lb., 8¼c; bbl., 8½c; half bbls., 8¾c; 50-lb. tins, 8¾c; refined lard, tierces, 7c; 50-lb. tins, 7½c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb., 5½c; light hides, steers and cows, 3½c; calf, 6c; kip, 6c; cured hides, heavy steers, 7c; light hides, 4½@4⅞c.

Wool—Washed, 25@28c; unwashed, 16@18c.

Hay—Timothy, per ton, $10@12 from wagons; mixed hay, $7@9.

Turpentine.

Wilmington, Aug. 16.—Turpentine firm at 26c.

Grain and Produce.

Milwaukee, Aug. 16.—Rye easier; No. 2, 67c. Barley quiet; September, 63½c.

Buffalo, Aug. 16.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, 91¼c; No. 1 Northern, 84¾c; No. 2 red, 81c. No. 2 corn, 57c.

Cincinnati, Aug. 16.—Flour firm. Wheat firmer at 75@76c. Corn quiet at 53c. Oats easy at 33½c. Rye quiet at 67c. Provisions stronger. Whisky firm; sales of 692 bbls at $1.15.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 16.—Closing—Wheat weaker; No. 1 white and No. 2 red cash, 78c; September, 78¾c; No. 3 red, 72¾c. Corn weaker; No. 2 cash, 53c. Oats weaker; No. 2 white, 36¾c; No. 2 cash, 34c. Rye nominal; No. 2 cash, 67c.

St. Louis, Aug. 16.—Close.—Wheat lower; cash and August, 77½c; September, 73¾c asked; December, 77⅛c asked. Corn, lower; cash and August, 48c; September, 48⅞c bid; October, 48⅝c; May, 49c nominal. Oats, cash higher at 33¾c; futures, lower; August, 34c; September, 32¾c bid; May, 35⅝c asked. Pork steady at $13 00. Lard higher at $7 65. Whisky firm at $1 10.

New York, Aug. 16.—Wheat—Receipts, 88,000 bu; sales, 835,000 bu; market moderately active; Sept., 82 13-16c; Oct., 83 15-16c; Dec., 86⅝c. Rye dull, weak; Western, 68@71c. Corn—Receipts, 88,800 bu; sales, 95,000 bu; market dull and lower, weak; Aug., 60c; Sept., 58⅝c; Oct., 58⅛c; No. 2, 61@62c. Oats—Receipts, 40,900 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; market dull and easier; Aug., 37⅝c; Sept., 38¼c; Oct., 38⅝c; Western, 38¼@46c. Beef dull; extra mess, $6@7. Pork firm; quiet; new mess, $13.75@14.25; old mess, $13@13.50. Lard firm and quiet at $8.35. Butter—Receipts, 11,460 pkgs; Western dairy, 14@18c; creamery, 17@24c. Cheese, 7¼@9c. Eggs higher; fair demand; Western, 19@20c. Sugar steady, fair demand; crushed, 5 1-16c; granulated, 4 7-16c. Petroleum, $5@5.50 for crude; refined, all ports, $6.05@6.10. Spirits turpentine quiet, easy at 28¼@29c. Molasses dull, steady; New Orleans, 25@35c. Freights quiet, steady. Rosin steady at $1.20@1.27½. Tallow firm, quiet at 4⅝c. Hops more active and firm; Pacific coast, 20@25c. Coffee barely steady; trading light; free offerings and light buying; Rio spot steady at 14½c for No. 7.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—Sept. wheat opened steady and ⅛c lower, at 77½c. Sept. corn started ⅛c lower, at 52⅝c, and advanced to 52¾@52⅞c. Sept. pork opened 5c higher at $12.40, sold at $12.37½, and advanced to $12.42½. Sept. lard started 7½c higher, at $8.05, sold at $8, and firmed up to $8.02½.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—10:45 a. m.—Wheat—Sept., 77⅛@77¼c; Dec., 79⅝c. Corn, Sept., 52⅝c; Oct., 52⅜c. Oats—Sept., 33⅜@33½c; Oct., 34⅛c. Pork—Sept., $12.32½; Jan., $13.40. Lard—Sept., $8.02½; Jan., $7.32½. Ribs—Sept., $8; Jan., $6.87½.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—Close.—Wheat easy; cash, 77c; September, 77⅛@77¼c; December, 79⅝c. Corn lower; cash, 52¾c; September, 52⅝c; October, 51⅞c; May, 52⅝@53c. Oats easy; cash, 32⅝c; September, 33¼c; October, 34⅛c. Pork firm; cash, $12 35; September, $12 45; January, $13 42½. Lard firm; cash, $8 10; September, $8 12½; January, $7 35. Short ribs firm; cash, $8 10; September, $8 10; January, $6 87½. Rye easy at 64½c. Barley nominal at 63@64c. Flax seed steady at $1 03½. Timothy seed firm at $1 40. Butter and eggs firm. Whisky, $1 15.

Live Stock.

St. Louis, Aug. 16.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000 head; market active and strong. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000 head; market 10c higher; heavy, $5.50@5.90; mixed, $5.50@5.85; Yorkers, $5.70@5.80. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; market higher.

Cincinnati, Aug. 15.—Hogs—Strong; common and light, $4@5.65; packing and butchers, $5.25@5.85; receipts, 3,620; shipments, 1,300 head. Cattle—Strong; receipts, 1,570 head; shipments, 190 head. Sheep—Receipts, 5,525 head; shipments, 800 head; market stronger at $3@5.25; lambs, common to choice spring, $3@6.75 per 100 lbs.

Buffalo, Aug. 16.—Cattle—Receipts, none through, 7 on sale; market steady; no very good here. Hogs—Receipts, 29 loads through, 17 sale; market strong for good corn-fed, slow for grassers; heavy corn-fed, $6.05. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, none through, none on sale; market steady for good to extra sheep; easier for lambs; choice wethers, $5; good sheep, $4.50. Lambs—Native, best, $5.65@5.75.

Liverpool, Aug. 16.—Pork—Demand fair and market unchanged. Lard—Demand poor to fair; spot firm at 40s 9d; Aug. firm at 40s 9d; Sept. firm at 41s; Oct. firm at 41s. Wheat—Demand fair; No. 2 red winter steady at 6s 5½d; No. 2 red spring steady at 6s 6d. Flour—Demand fair. Corn—Demand poor; new mixed spot dull at 5s 1½d; Aug. dull at 5s; Sept. dull at 4s 9½d; Oct. dull at 4s 9½d.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—The Evening Journal reports: Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 head; market slow and weak on natives, some salesmen quoting 10c lower; Texans the best sellers to-day; western slow; top natives, $4 90@5 15. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000 head; market opened 10c higher, early sales showing that advance, closed with advance lost; rough, $5 30@5 55; good mixed, $5 70@5 80; prime heavy, $5 90@6 10; light, $5 35@5 90. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; both sheep and lambs steady.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 15.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,100 head; shipments, 2,600 head; market for good steers was steady and others 10@15c lower, all grades selling at $2.40@4.20; cows steady at $2.10@2.25; stockers and feeders steady at $2.15@2.70; Texas and Indian steers 10@15c lower at $2.05@3.10. Hogs—Receipts, 1,800 head; shipments, 1,800 head; the market was 5@10c, mostly 10c, higher; all grades, $4.45@5.85; bulk, $5.50@5.60. Sheep—Receipts, 400 head; shipments, 1,600 head; the market was steady.

Cleveland, Aug. 16.—(Elrick Bros' report—Exclusive to the Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts light; market dull and unchanged. Hogs—Receipts, 10 cars; shipments 2 cars; market strong and higher, with a good demand; best mixed grades and heavies, $5.95@6; good York weights, $5.80@5.90; grassers, $5.50@5.75; corn-fed pigs, $5@5.25; common and grassy stuff, $4@4.50; stags and roughs unchanged; market closed firm; all sold. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts light; market slow, with a fair demand.

The British Grain Trade.

(Grain in Great Britain is sold by the "quarter" of 480 lbs., or 8 American bushels. The quotations below are per quarter A shilling is about 25 cents; a penny, 2 cents.)

London, Aug. 15.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: English wheats are in large supply and prices show an average fall of 6d. The existing reserves are estimated at 800,000 quarters. The weather favors the harvest. The wheat crop is now expected to reach 8,250,000 quarters, which will be about 500,000 quarters under the yield of 1891. Barley promises an average yield of better quality than usual. Oats will yield ten per cent below the average. The market for foreign wheats has varied. Indian shows an advance of 3d on final crop reports, showing that the yield is seriously deficient. There has been a rise of 3d in American, owing to the lessened promise of the spring wheat crop, but Russian wheat is 6d lower. The first official estimate of the wheat crop of Russia places the yield at 35,000,000 quarters, including the crop in the Caucasus and in Poland. This is 8,000,000 quarters over the trade estimates. Though the report is hardly credited, it has shaken wheat prices in Eastern Europe. The total yield in France is calculated at 36,000,000 quarters of fine milling wheat. Corn is a turn dearer. American is held for 23s. Barley, beans and oats are quiet. To-day's market closed fully 6d lower for English and foreign wheats. Barley and oats each declined 3d. English and American flours declined 6d. Corn was firm. Linseed was 6d dearer.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Aug. 15.—The market has been active and strong during the week. Trashes and fine tobaccos were sought with eagerness, and speculators turned their attention to medium red burleys. Official quotations are:

BURLEY.

	Red.	Colory.
Trash	$5 50@ 6 00	$6 50@ 8 00
Common lugs	6 00@ 6 50	8 00@ 9 50
Medium lugs	6 50@ 7 00	9 50@11 00
Good lugs	7 00@ 9 00	11 00@15 00
Common leaf	9 00@11 00	14 00@18 00
Medium leaf	11 00@14 00	16 00@18 50
Good leaf	14 00@17 00	18 50@22 00
Fine leaf	17 00@19 00	22 00@25 00
Selections	19 00@22 00	25 00@32 00

DARK.

	Light.	Heavy.
Trash	$2 50@ 3 50	$2 50@ 3 50
Common lugs	3 50@ 4 00	3 50@ 4 00
Medium lugs	4 00@ 4 50	4 00@ 4 50
Good lugs	4 50@ 5 00	4 50@ 5 50
Common leaf	5 00@ 6 00	5 50@ 6 50
Medium leaf	6 00@ 7 00	6 50@ 7 50
Good leaf	7 00@ 8 00	7 50@ 9 00
Fine leaf	8 00@10 00	9 00@10 00

GREEN RIVER.

	Colory.	Brown
Trash	$4 00@ 5 00	$4 00@ 5 00
Common lugs	5 00@ 6 00	5 00@ 6 00
Medium lugs	6 00@ 7 00	6 00@ 7 00
Good lugs	7 00@ 8 00	7 00@ 8 00
Common leaf	8 00@10 00	8 00@ 9 00
Medium leaf	10 00@12 00	9 00@10 00
Good leaf	12 00@14 00	10 00@12 00
Fine leaf	14 00@16 00	12 00@14 00

Unsound and otherwise defective, 1@3c lower.

Wool.

Philadelphia, Aug. 15.—Wool is in fair demand at quotations: Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, XX and above, 28@30c; X, 26@28c; medium, 33@34c; coarse, 32@33c; New York, Michigan and Western, fine or X and XX, 25@26c; medium, 32@33c; coarse, 32@33c; fine washed delaine, X and XX, 32@33c; medium washed combing and delaine, 34@36c; coarse do, 33@34c; Canada do, 32@34c; tub-washed choice, 36@38; fair, 35@36c; coarse do, 33@34c; medium unwashed, combing and delaine, 25@27½c; coarse do, 24@26c; Montana, 16@22½c; territorial, 13@21c.

Cotton Markets.

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 15.—Cotton easy; middling, 7c; receipts, 47 bales; shipments, 523 bales; stock, 26,960 bales; sales none.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 15.—Cotton dull and nominal; middling, 7⅜c.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 15.—Cotton quiet; middling, 7 1-16c; sales none; receipts, 200 bales; shipments, 4,000 bales; stocks, 49,800 bales.

New York, Aug. 16.—Cotton futures opened steady; Aug., 7.05; Sept., 7.02; Oct., 7.11; Nov., 7.21; Dec., 7.31; Jan., 7.40; Feb., 7.48; March, 7.58; April, 7.69; May, 7.79.

	Opening.	High.	Low.	Close.
September	7.02	7.06	7.02	7.05
October	7.12	7.17	7.11	7.15
November	7.20	7.27	7.20	7.28

Petroleum.

Cleveland, Aug. 16.—Petroleum quiet; s. w., 110, 6¼c; 74 gasoline, 7c; 86 gasoline, 10c; 63 naphtha, 6½c.

A ROAD WAGON FREE.

$32.00

To introduce our goods, we will give one of these elegant Road wagons to any one who will sell Six (6) for us. Regular price is $65.00, we sell it for cash with order for $32. If you are looking for a bargain in Vehicles or Harness send for our free catalogue. Foster Buggy & Cart Co. 15 Pike Bld. Cincinnati, O.